

CRIME IS RIFE IN THE BIG MEG!

Another bumper crop of cases for Dredd in this action-packed volume, collecting together some of the very best in 2000 AD thrills! Stories include the full-blooded horror of Cry of The Werewolf, illustrated by comic-legend Steve Dillon (Preacher) and the return of the fatties in Requiem For A Heavyweight, illustrated by Dredd co-creator Carlos Ezquerra.

Written by comic supremos John Wagner (A History of Violence) and Alan Grant (Batman) with art by a whole galaxy of prestigious artists, this is 2000AD action turned up to the max!

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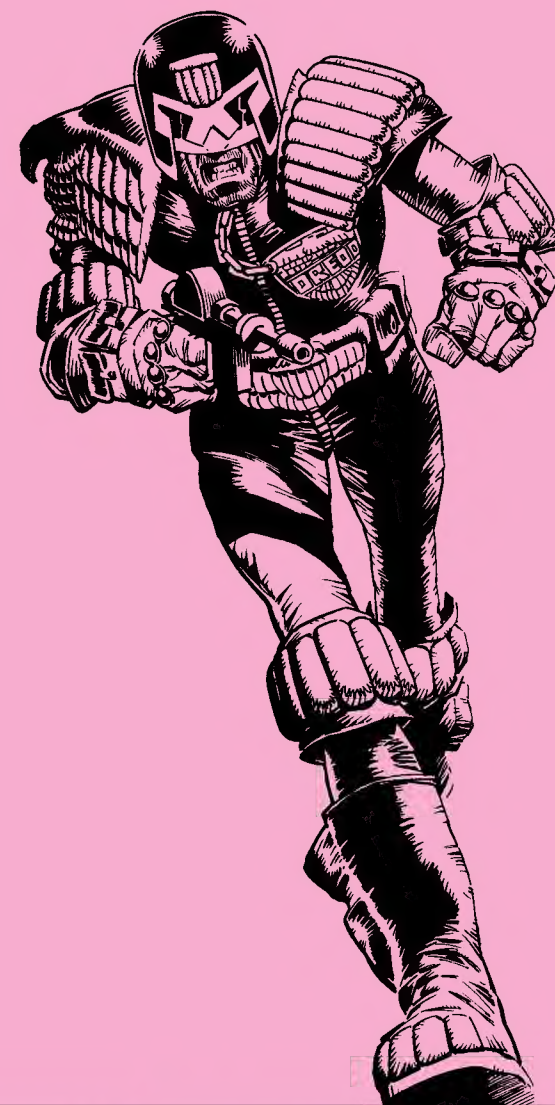


JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE
CASE FILES

07

2000AD PROGS
322 - 375
YEAR:
2105 - 2106



JUDGE DREDD THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 07

2000AD PROGS 322 - 375
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Written by
John Wagner
Alan Grant
Art by
Steve Dillon
Ron Smith
Carlos Ezquerra
Cam Kennedy
Ian Gibson
Kim Raymond
Steve Dillon
Brett Ewins
Jim Baikie





JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 07

JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER AND CARLOS EZQUERRA

JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 07

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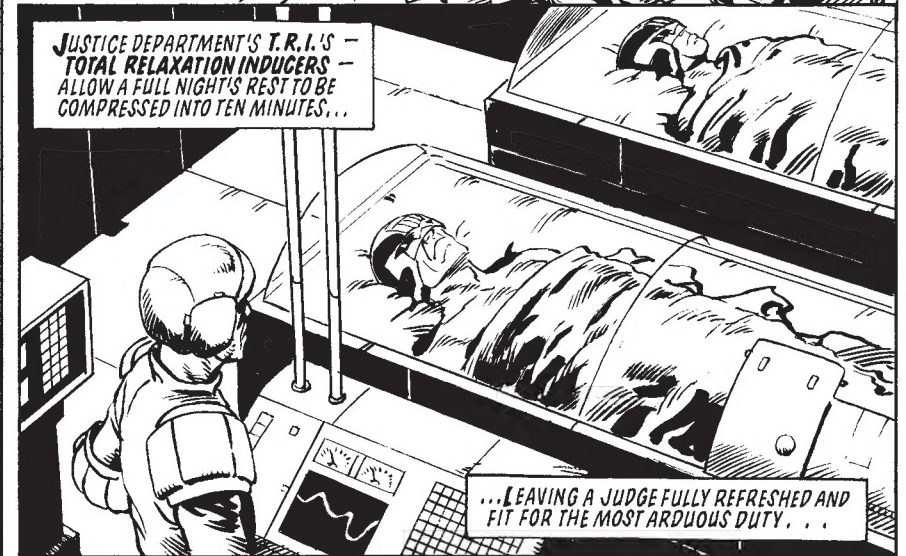
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...AND THIS NIGHT WILL BE ARDUOUS -

ONE THING ABOUT THIS CITY THAT NEVER CHANGES - FULL MOON ALWAYS BRINGS OUT THE CRAZIES.

TONIGHT, THE MOON WILL BRING OUT MORE THAN JUST THE CRAZIES. . .

A CRACK HAS OPENED IN THE FOUNDATIONS OF NORMAN PITLIK CITYBLOCK -

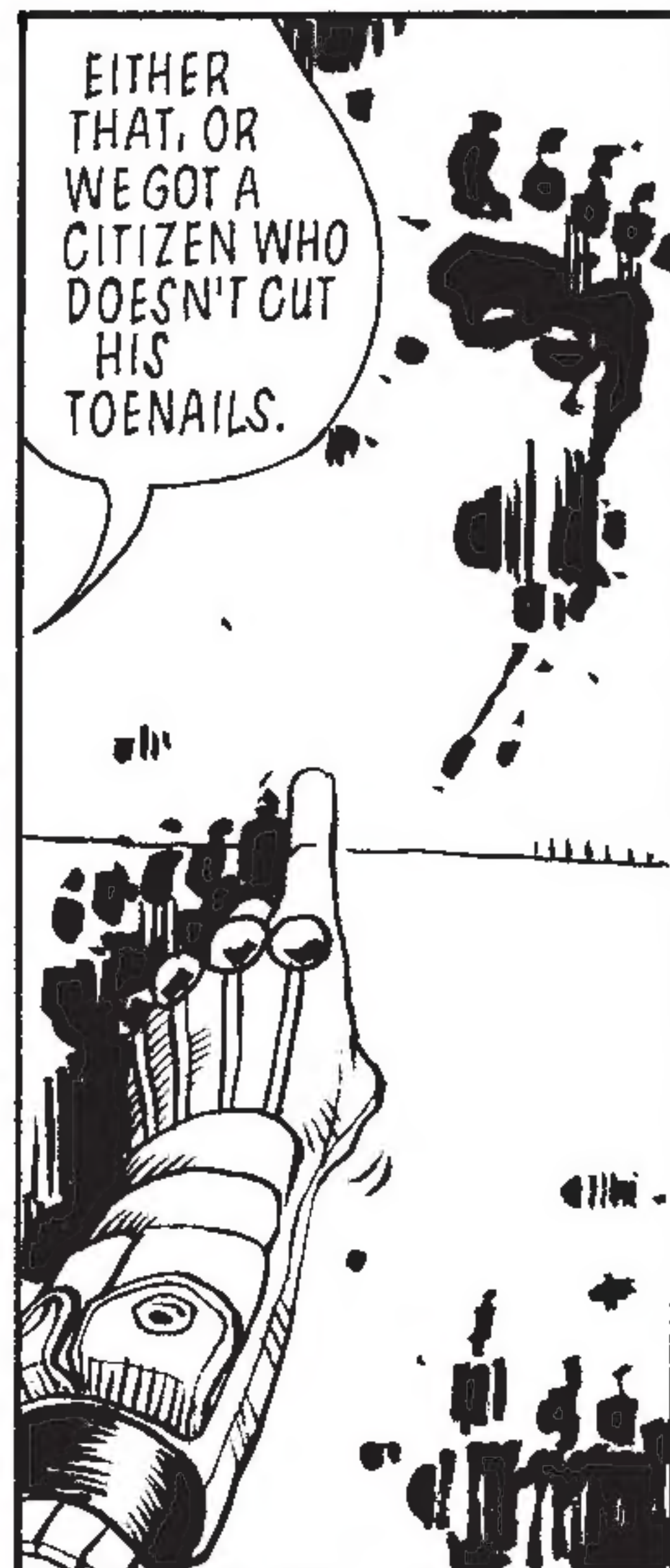
-A CRACK THAT STRETCHES DOWN TO THE NIGHTMARE WORLD OF THE UNDERCITY!

TONIGHT... THE WEREWOLF STALKS!

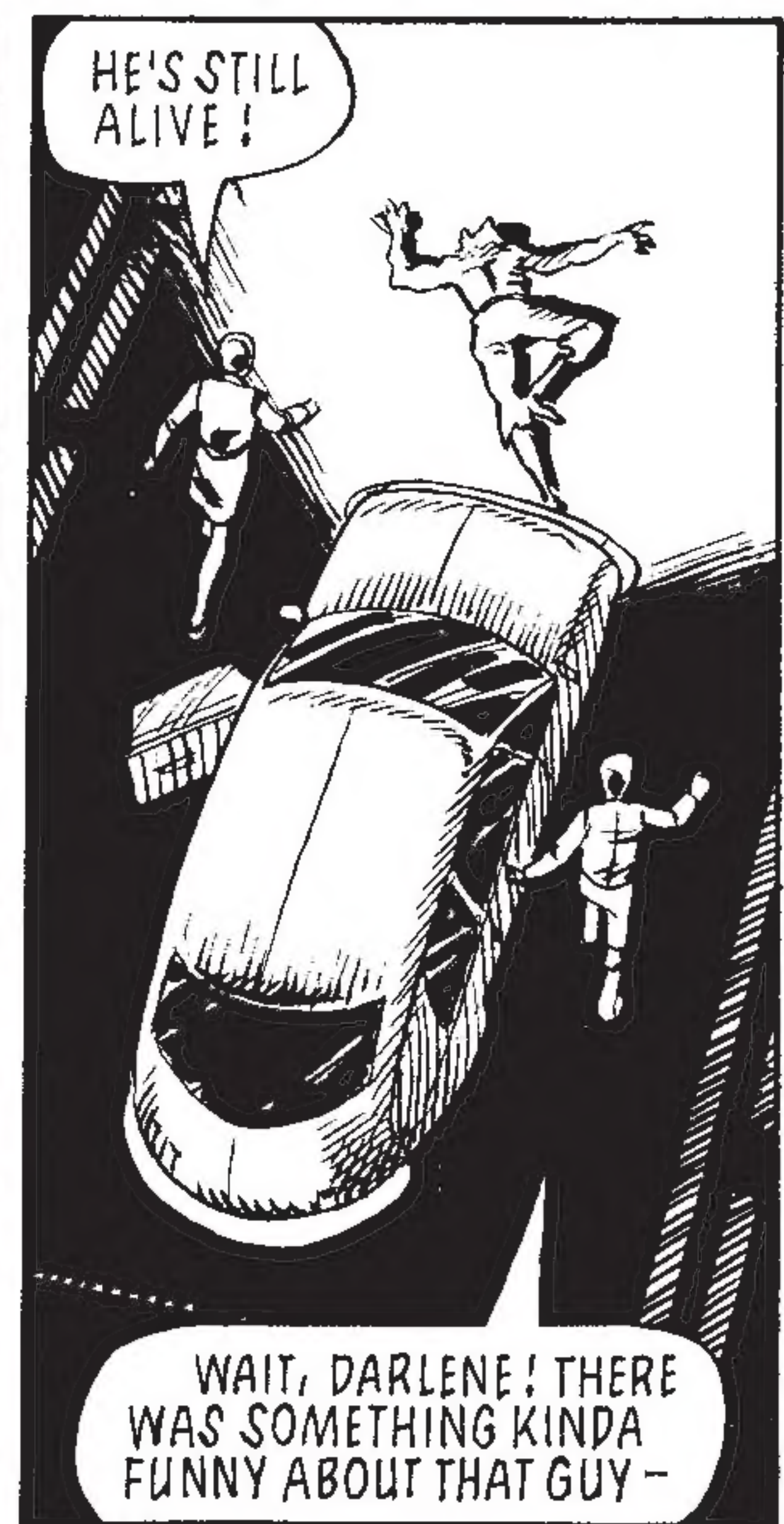


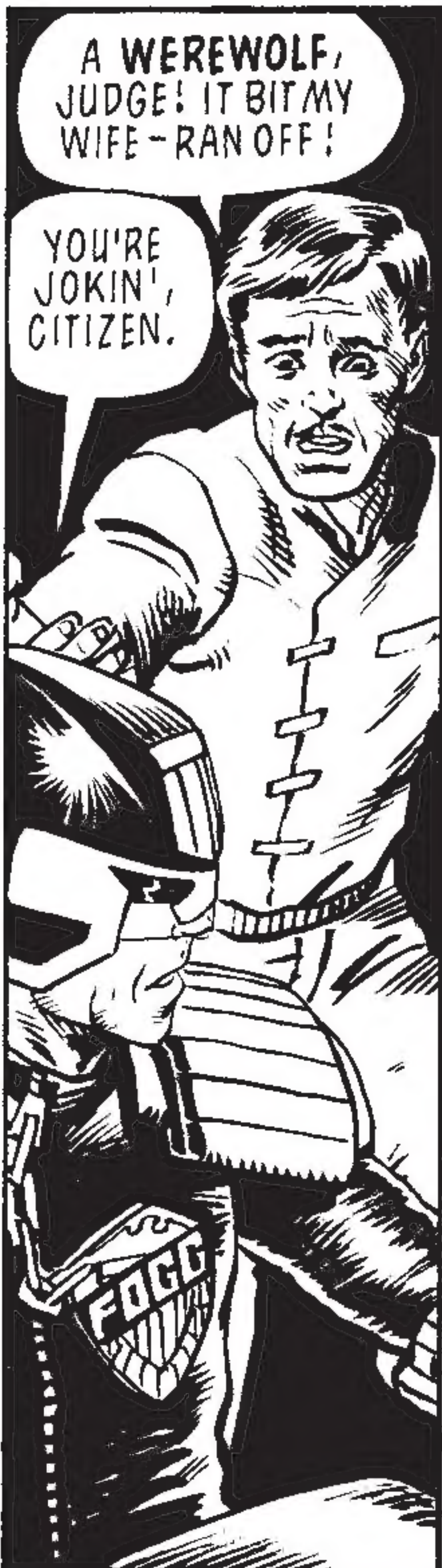
WH-WHAT WAS THAT?





MEANWHILE, ON A QUIET CITY LINKWAY —





CRY OF THE WEREWOLF

PART 2

A FULL MOON SHINES ON
MEGA-CITY ONE -
AND SINISTER BEASTS
ARE AT LARGE!

THREE
DIRECT HITS
AND IT'S
STILL
CLIMBING!



SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
STEVE DILLON
LETTERING
T FRAME



PAT-WAGONS ARE SOON ON THE SCENE. JUDGE FOGG DISMISSES THE CREATURE'S VICTIM -

BETTER GET THAT BITE TREATED, CITIZEN. YOUR NEAREST MED-UNIT IS FOSTER GRANT BLOCK.



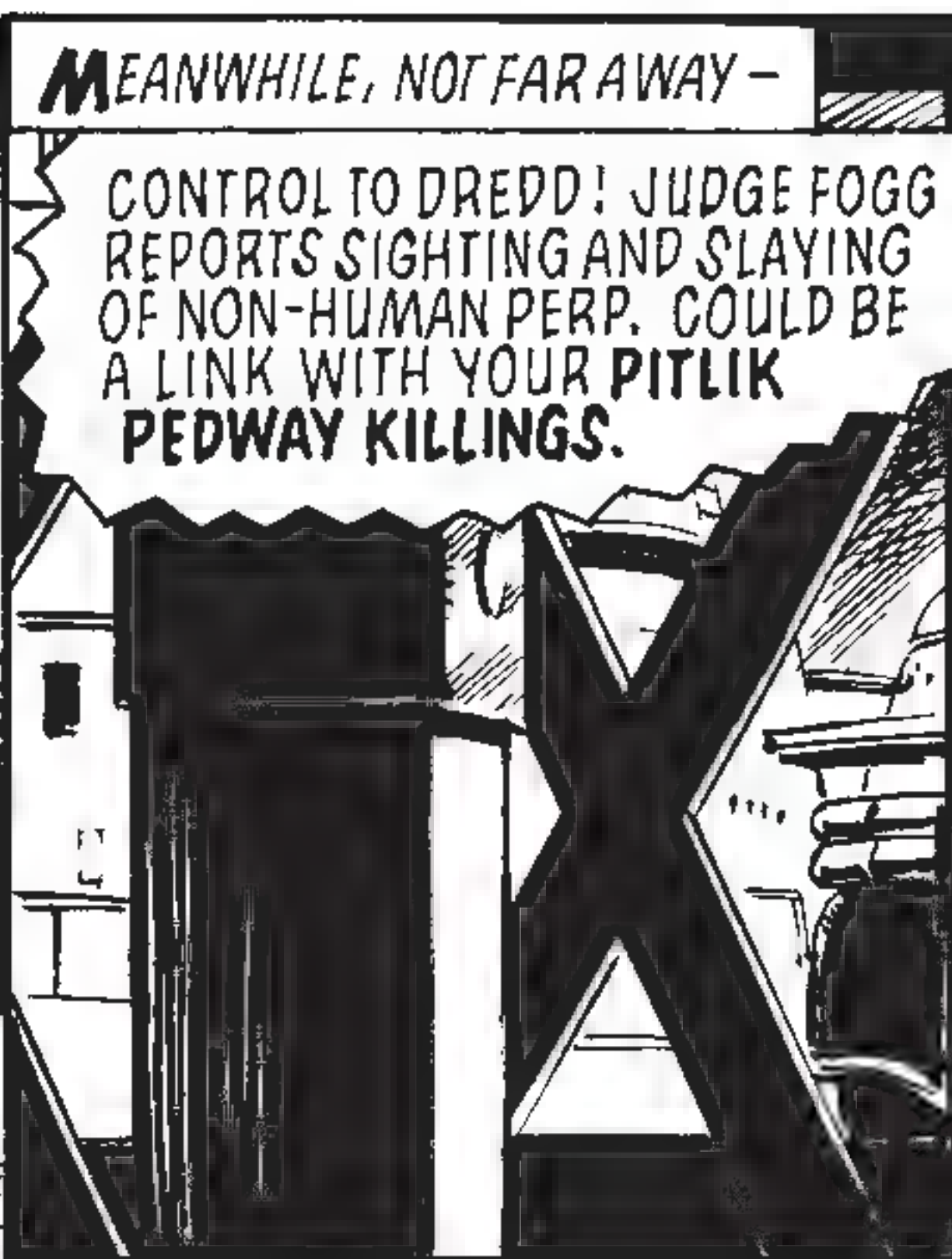
BLEEDING'S STOPPED NOW, FLOYD. FORGET THE HOSPITAL, I JUST WANT TO GET HOME AND LOCK THE DOOR.

OKAY, DARLENE. WE'LL PUT SOME ANTISEPTIC ON IT WHEN WE GET THERE.



MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY -

CONTROL TO DREDD! JUDGE FOGG REPORTS SIGHTING AND SLAYING OF NON-HUMAN PERP. COULD BE A LINK WITH YOUR PITLIK PEDWAY KILLINGS.



CREATURE DESCRIBED AS HUMANOID, AVERAGE HEIGHT, THICKLY BUILT, HEAVY PELT COVERING ENTIRE BODY. LONG CLAWS AND DISTENDED CANINES. DISTINCT WOLFISH APPEARANCE TO HEAD.



WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT - WEREWOLF?

YEAH - AN' I'M BUGS BUNNY!



AROOO OOOO O

UP THERE!

DROKK!

VRMM

MOVE IT, BUGS!





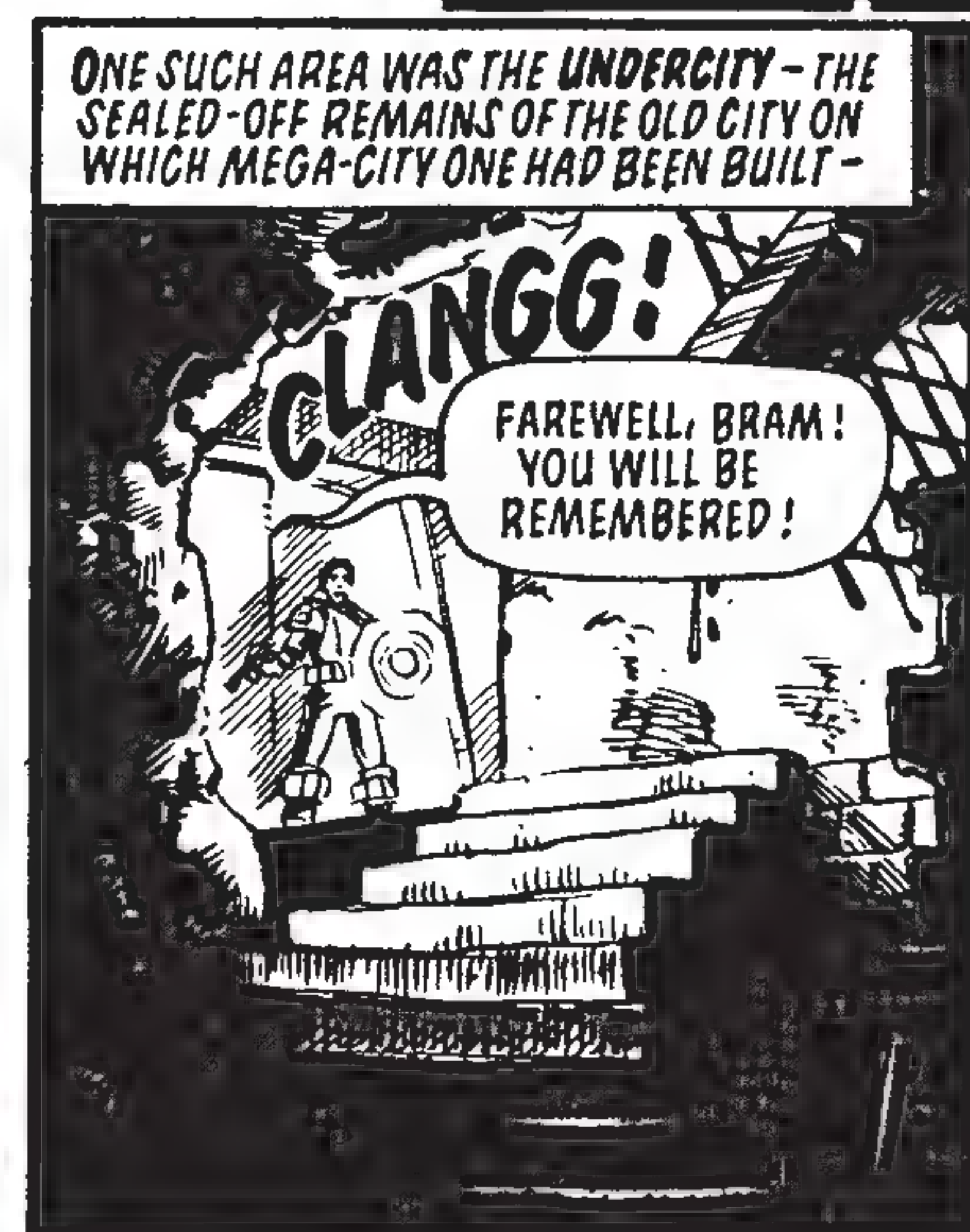
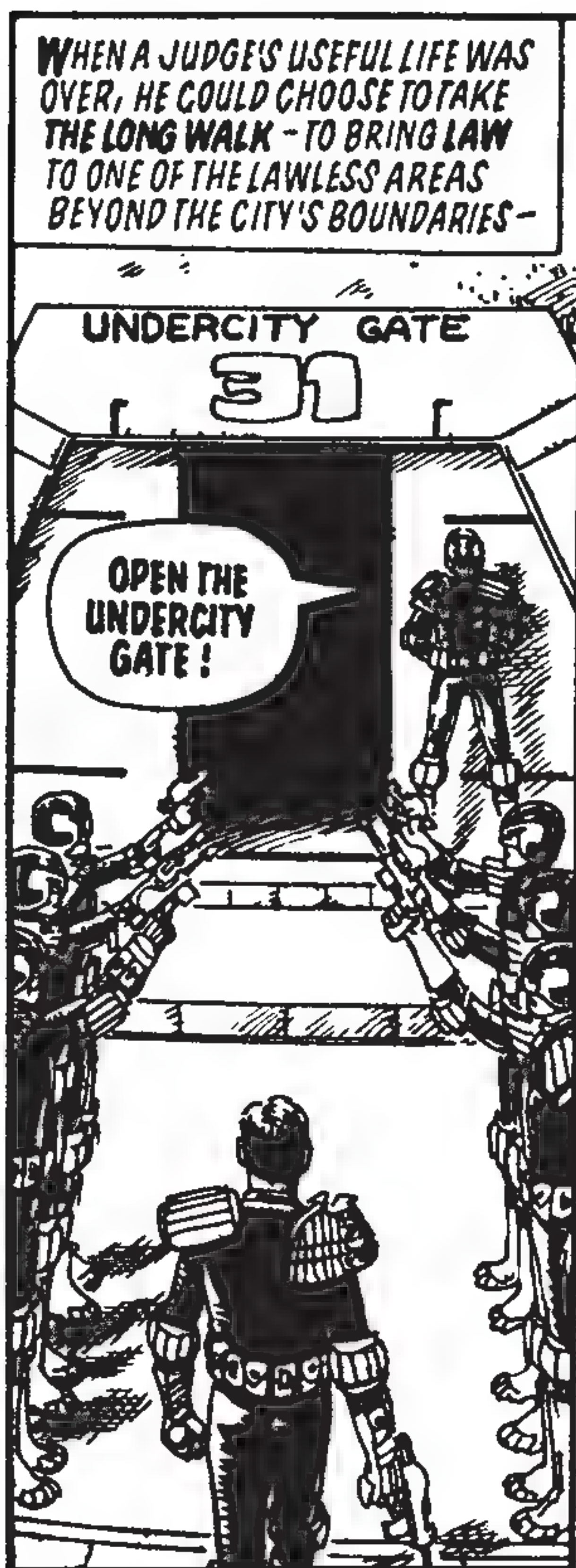


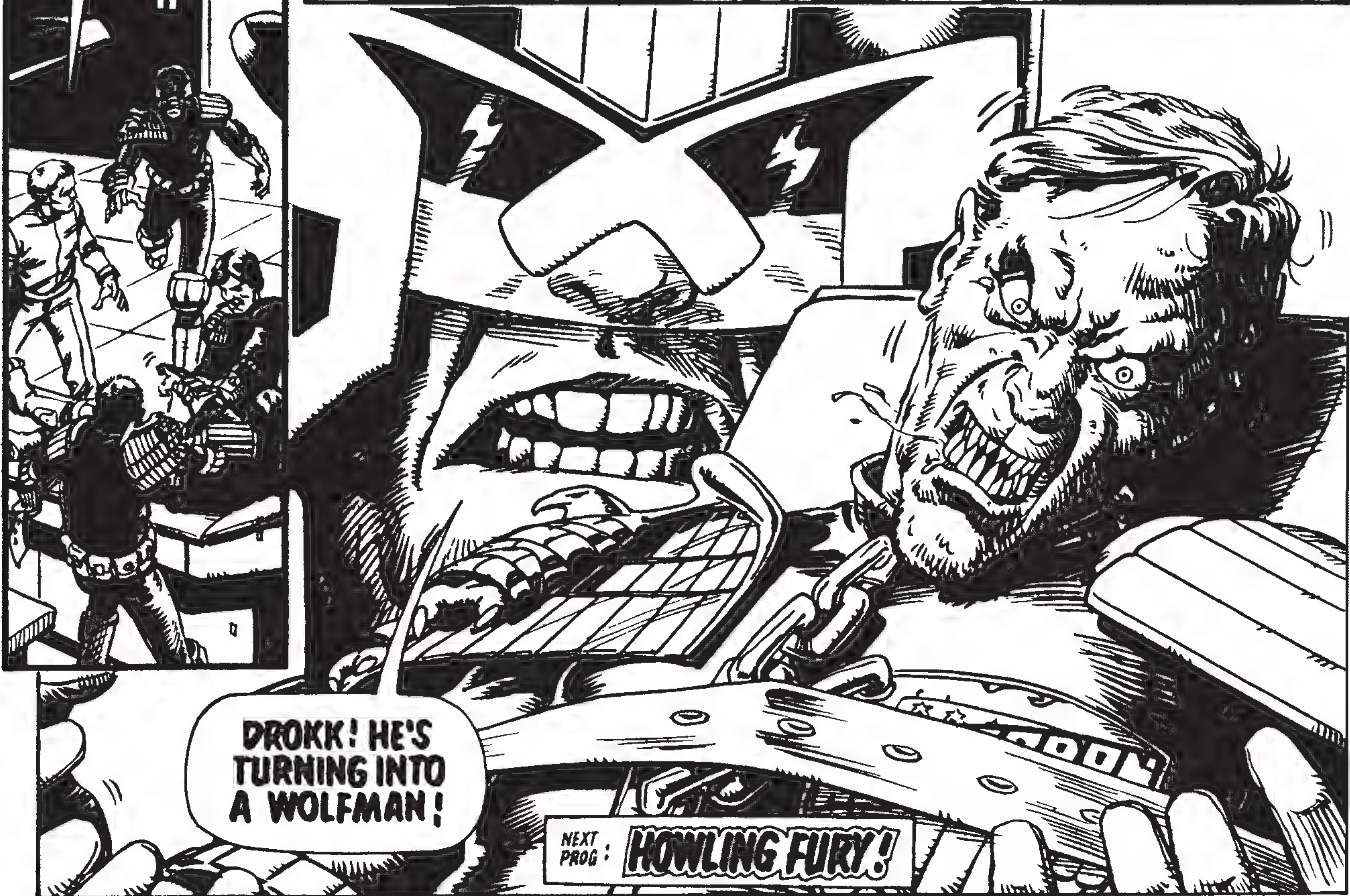
GRARRR!

AAGGH!

R
R
R
R









I FEEL...STRANGE, FLOYD.
CAN'T STOP THINKING
ABOUT BLOOD...AND
MEAT...RAW MEAT.

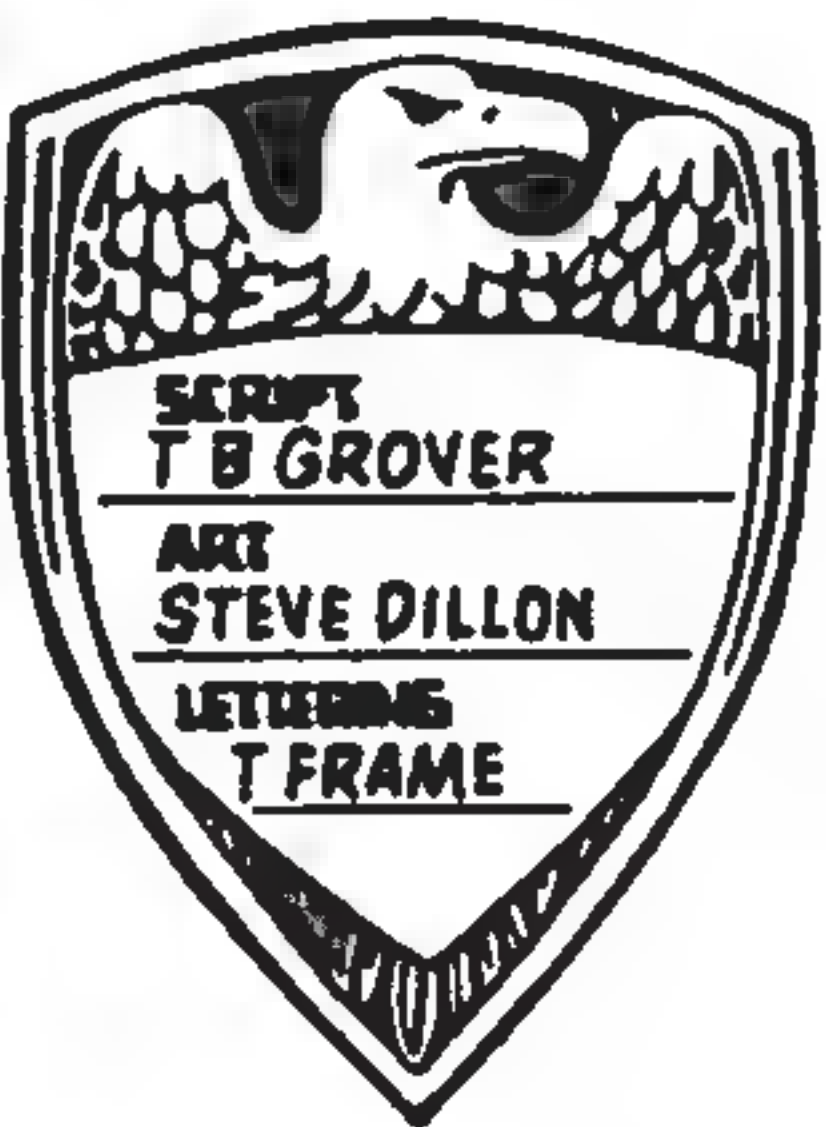
THERE THERE! BEING
ATTACKED BY THAT
WOLFMAN WOULD
GIVE ANYONE THE
HEEBIE JEEBIES.

YOU JUST SIT THERE
AND I'LL GET SOME
ANTISEPTIC FOR
THAT BITE.

MY HEAD -
BLOOD! -
FEELS LIKE IT'S
SPLITTING!
BLOOD!
I...

WANT...

BLOOD!



CRY OF THE WEREWOLF

PART3





IN A HALL OF JUSTICE MED-BAY, THE SAME STARTLING CHANGE COMES OVER A SECOND WEREWOLF VICTIM -

THE SHAPE OF HIS FACE IS DISTORTING -
TEETH ENLARGING -
FOAMING AT THE MOUTH.

KORKORAN
IS TURNING INTO A
WOLFMAN!

IT WOULD APPEAR
THAT WAY. THE
METAMORPHOSIS IS
OCCURRING RAPIDLY. I'LL
SEDATE HIM.



GRAAH!
RIPPPP!

DROKK!
HE'S
LOOSE!

AAGH!



GRUD! HE'S BITING ME!

GET A GRIP OF
YOURSELF,
KORKORAN!



GRAH!

BITE ON THIS!

BOKK!

GUESS
KORKORAN'S
NOT AT HOME!

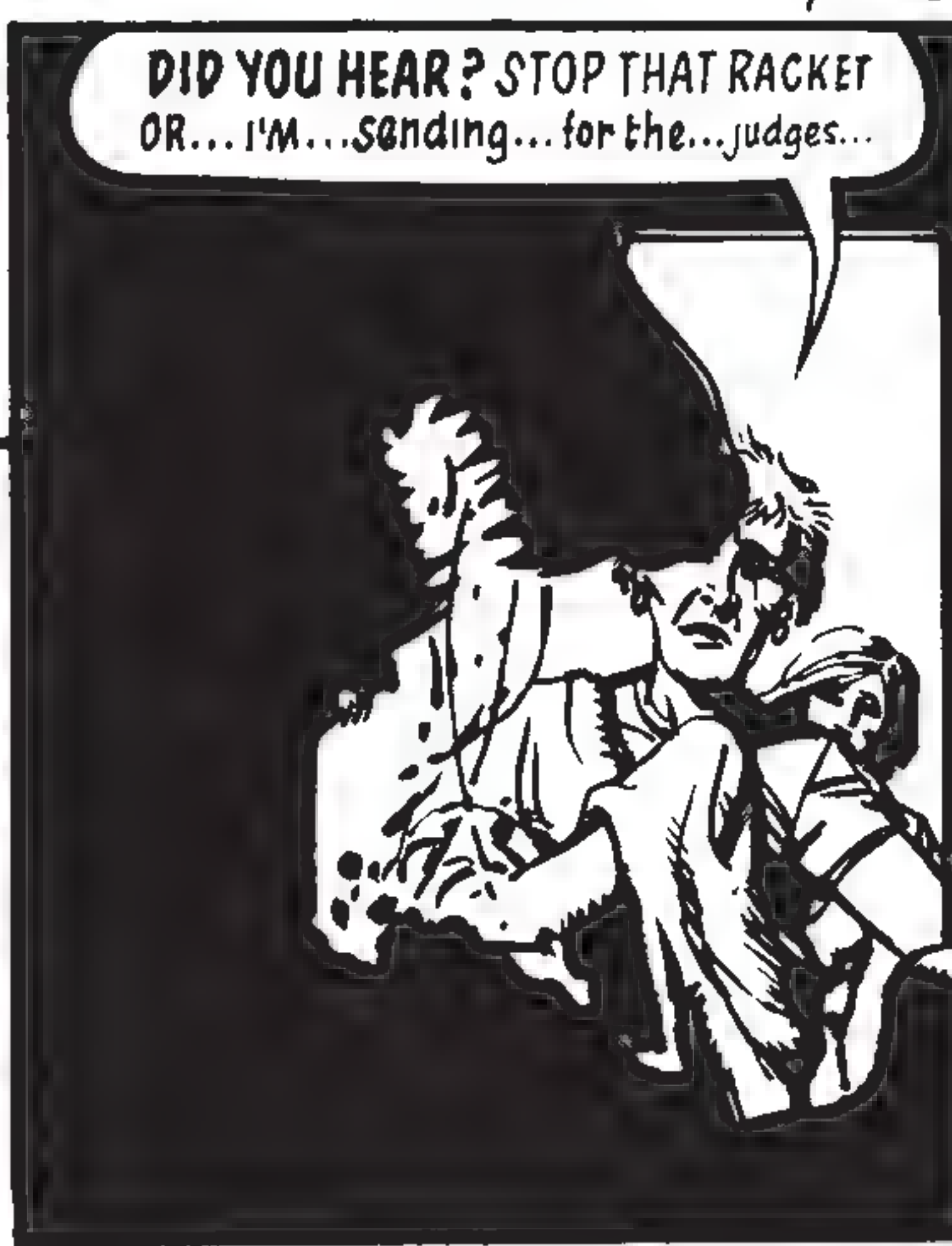
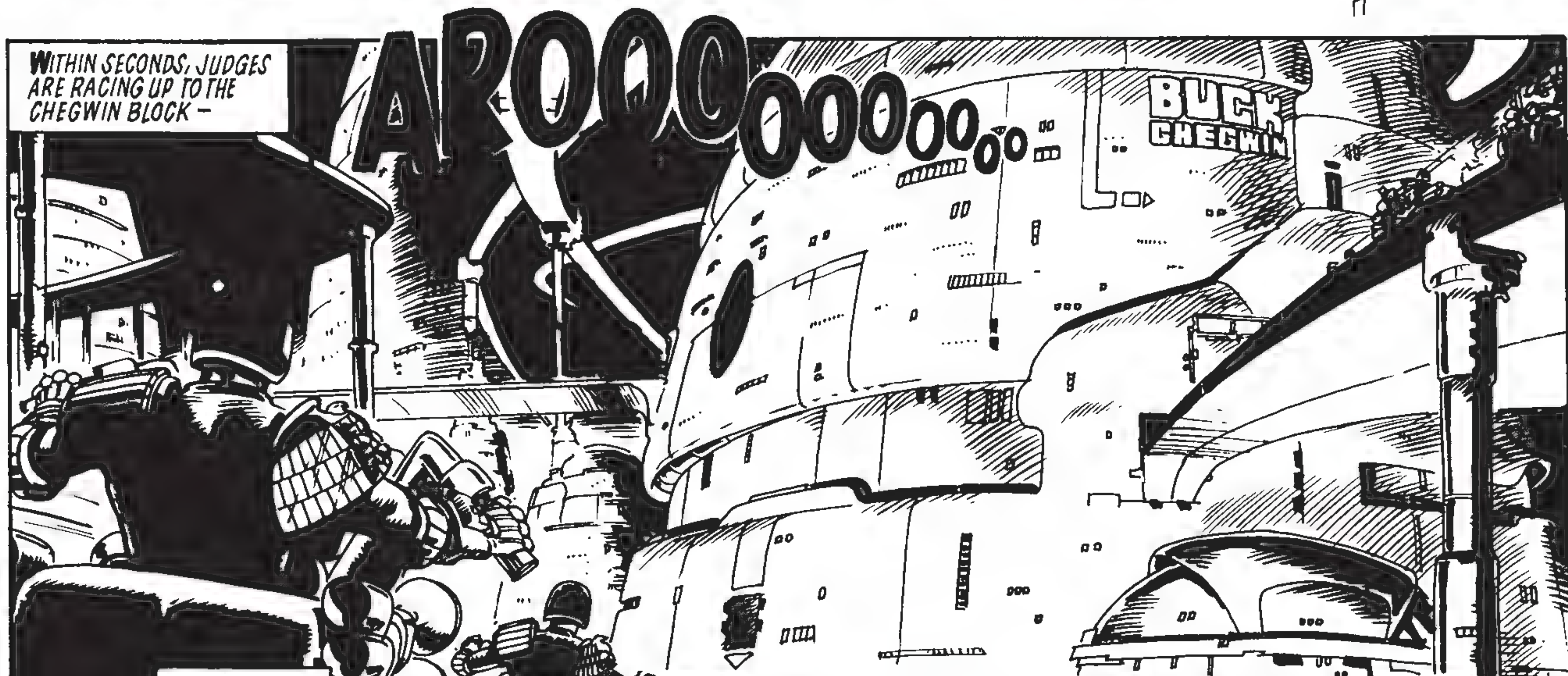
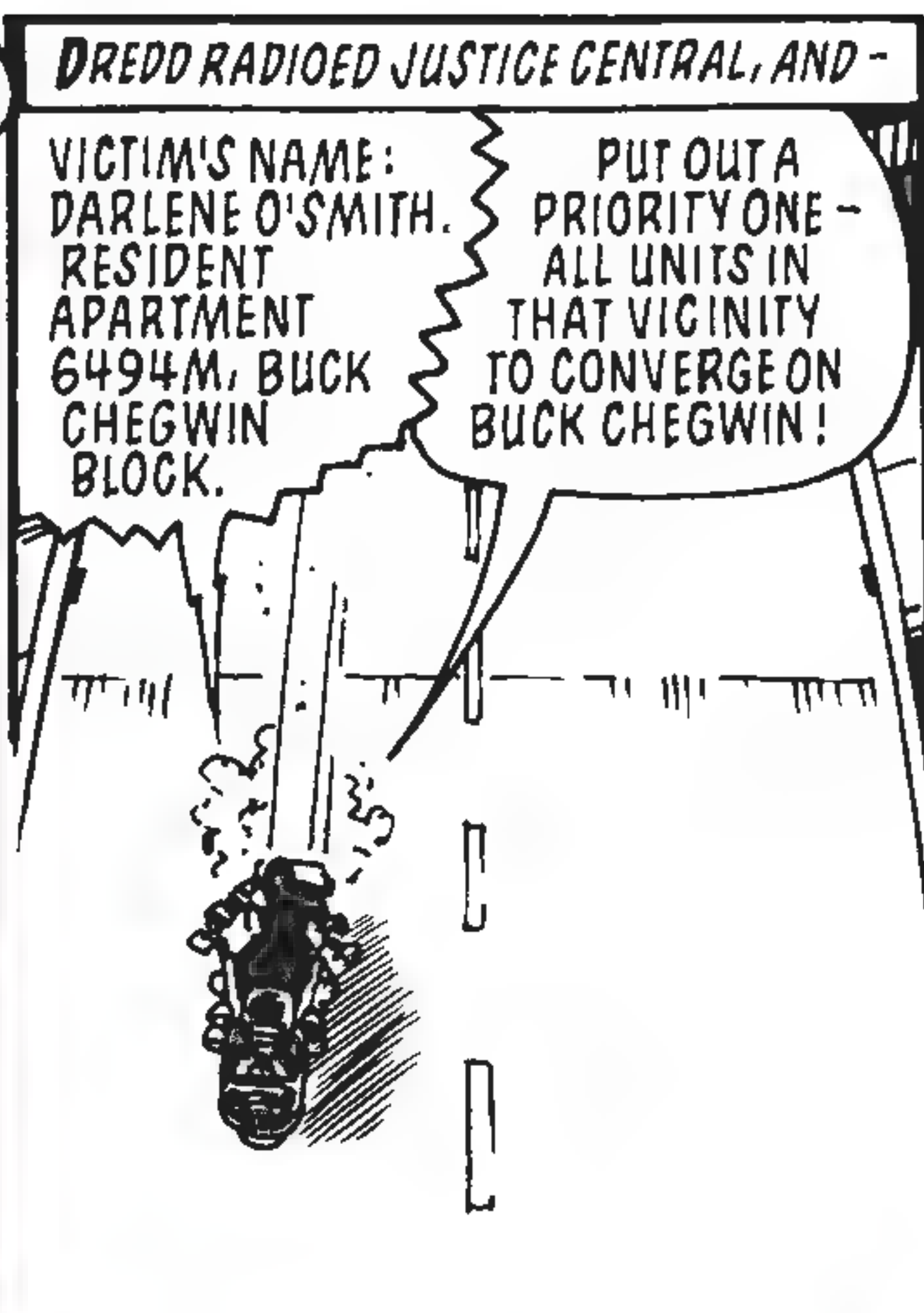


THE SEDATIVE!
QUICKLY!



OKAY, DREDD! GOT HIM!







WHEN JUDGES ARRIVE -

DROKK! WE'RE TOO LATE!



NOW COME ON, DARLENE - WE DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU...



DON'T THINK SHE'S GOT THE MESSAGE!



I WANT ALL THESE VICTIMS LOCKED UP AND UNDER GUARD. IF THINGS RUN TRUE TO FORM, WE'VE GOT THE MAKINGS OF A WHOLE WOLFPACK HERE.

NEXT PROG:
INTO THE NIGHTMARE!





CRY OF THE WEREWOLF

PART 4



WEREWOLVES HAVE APPEARED IN MEGA-CITY ONE. NOW, IN THE FORTIFIED **HOLDING PENS** BENEATH THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE, THE UNFORTUNATE **VICTIMS** HAVE BEEN ROUNDED UP -

THE CONDITION IS KNOWN AS **LYCANTHROPY** - THE ABILITY TO CHANGE INTO **WOLF FORM**. VICTIMS BECOME FRENZIED **CARNIVORES**, POSSESSED OF **IMMENSE STRENGTH**.



SCANT COMFORT TO **KORKORAN** AND THE OTHERS. ANY PROGRESS ON A CURE?

NOT YET, BUT THE LABS HAVE ISOLATED THE **CAUSE** IN THIS CASE.

IN THE **TEK LABS** - WE FOUND A NEW **RADIOACTIVE CHEMICAL** IN THE BODIES OF THE **WEREWOLVES** - A SUBSTANCE CAPABLE OF BRINGING ABOUT **DRAMATIC CHANGES** IN BODY CHEMISTRY. IT'S IDENTIFIABLE BY THE **BRIGHT GREENISH GLOW**. I CALL IT **CASSIDIUM**.

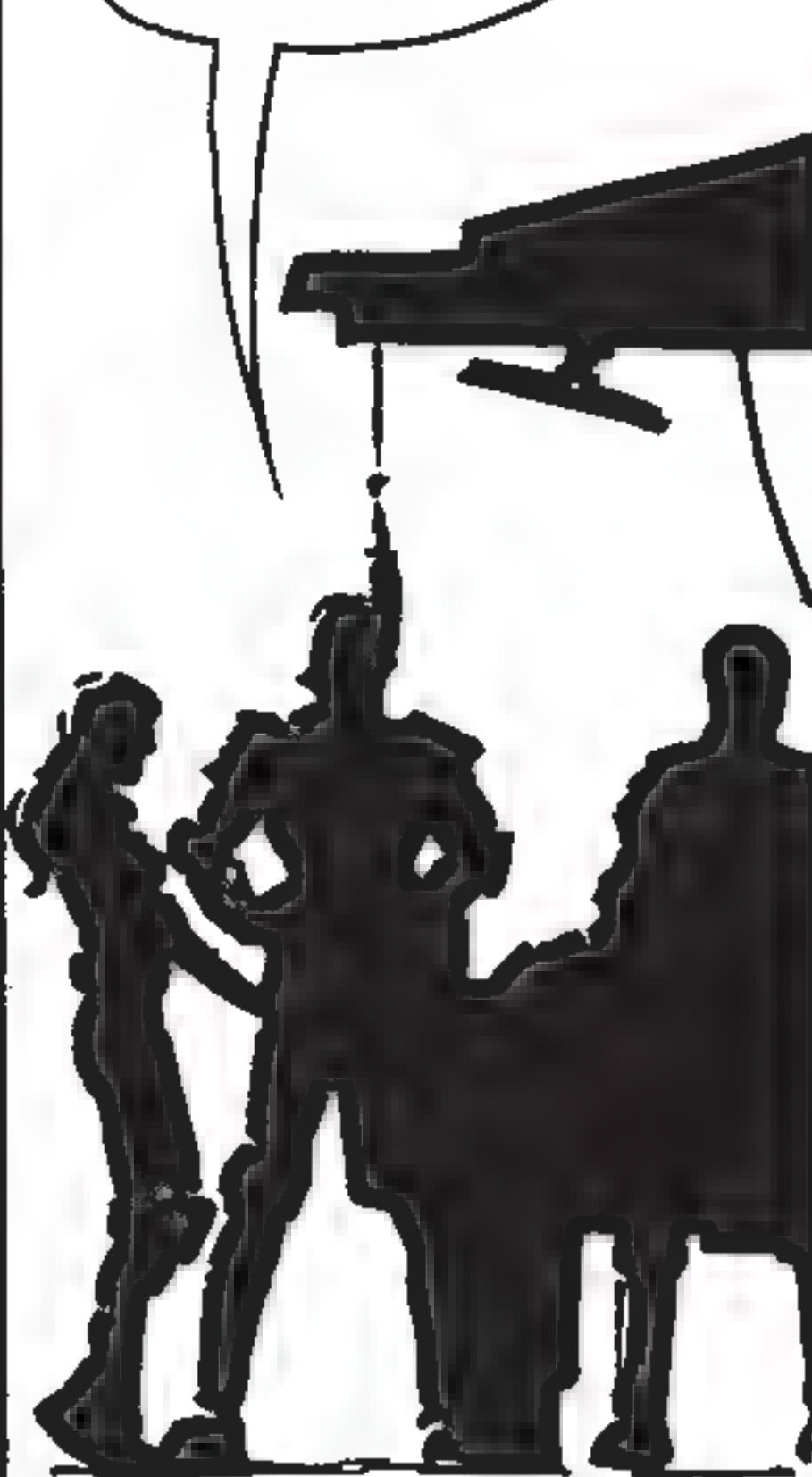
FAME AT LAST, HUH, **CASSIDY**?

AW, C'MON - I HAD TO CALL IT SOMETHING.

ANYWAY, I'VE DEVELOPED A NEUTRALISING AGENT. WHEN EVEN A MINUTE QUANTITY IS ADDED TO THE CASSIDIUM, IT CHANGES IT TO A HARMLESS ALGAE.



SO ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS LOCATE THE CASSIDIUM SOURCE.



THERE WE HAVE A HEADSTART, DREDD - JUDGE BRAM.

BRAM TOOK THE LONG WALK TO THE UNDERCITY. IT'S PROBABLE HE PICKED UP THE CONTAMINANT THERE.



THAT'S POSSIBLE. NO TELLING WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING IN THAT HELLHOLE SINCE THE APOCALYPSE WAR.

I WANT YOU TO HANDLE THIS, DREDD. FIND THAT SOURCE AND NEUTRALISE IT.



WHAT ABOUT THE WEREWOLVES THEMSELVES? IF THIS CONDITION CAN BE PASSED ON THROUGH THEIR SALIVA, THEY'LL HAVE TO BE ELIMINATED TOO.



EXACTLY. HAVE FUN.



THANKS.



LATER THAT MORNING -

OPEN THE UNDERCITY GATE!



ROSEMAN TO DREDD!

GLAD I CAUGHT YOU. THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED...

WE'VE FOUND A CRACK IN THE FOUNDATIONS OF NORMAN PITLIK BLOCK - RUNS RIGHT DOWN TO THE UNDERCITY. PROBABLY HOW THE WEREWOLVES GOT HERE.



THEN THE GATE CLANGS SHUT - AND DREDD IS SWALLOWED BY THE DANK DARKNESS -



THE UNDERCITY! THE OLD CITY THAT LAY BENEATH THE STREETS OF THE SPRAWLING MEGALOPOLIS.

LONG AGO, IT HAD BECOME SO POLLUTED, SO RUN-DOWN, SO DECAYED THAT JUDGES HAD DECIDED TO CONCRETE OVER IT AND START AGAIN.

NOW IT WAS A REFUGE FOR HALF-HUMANS, MUTANTS, ESCAPED CRIMINALS AND OTHER OUTCASTS FROM THE CITY ABOVE.

PLACE IS SO VAST I COULD SEARCH FOR WEEKS AND GET NOWHERE. BETTER MAKE FOR PITLIK - BOUND TO BE SOME WEREWOLF TRACES THERE.

FOODEE!

FOODEE!

GIVEE
FOODEE!

BLIND BEGGARS - BEEN SO LONG IN THE PIT, THEY'VE LOST THE USE OF THEIR EYES.

CLEAR THE WAY!

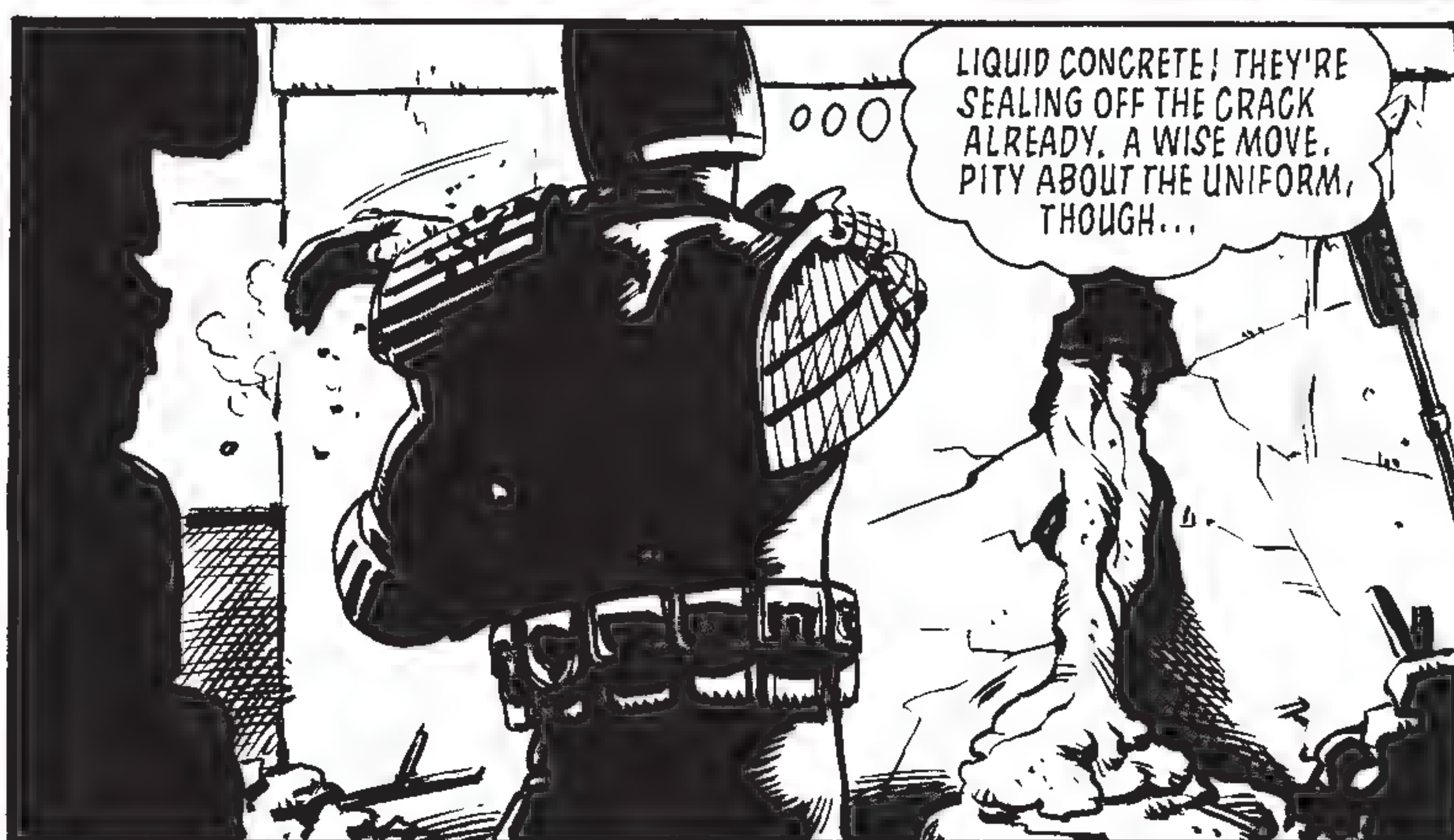
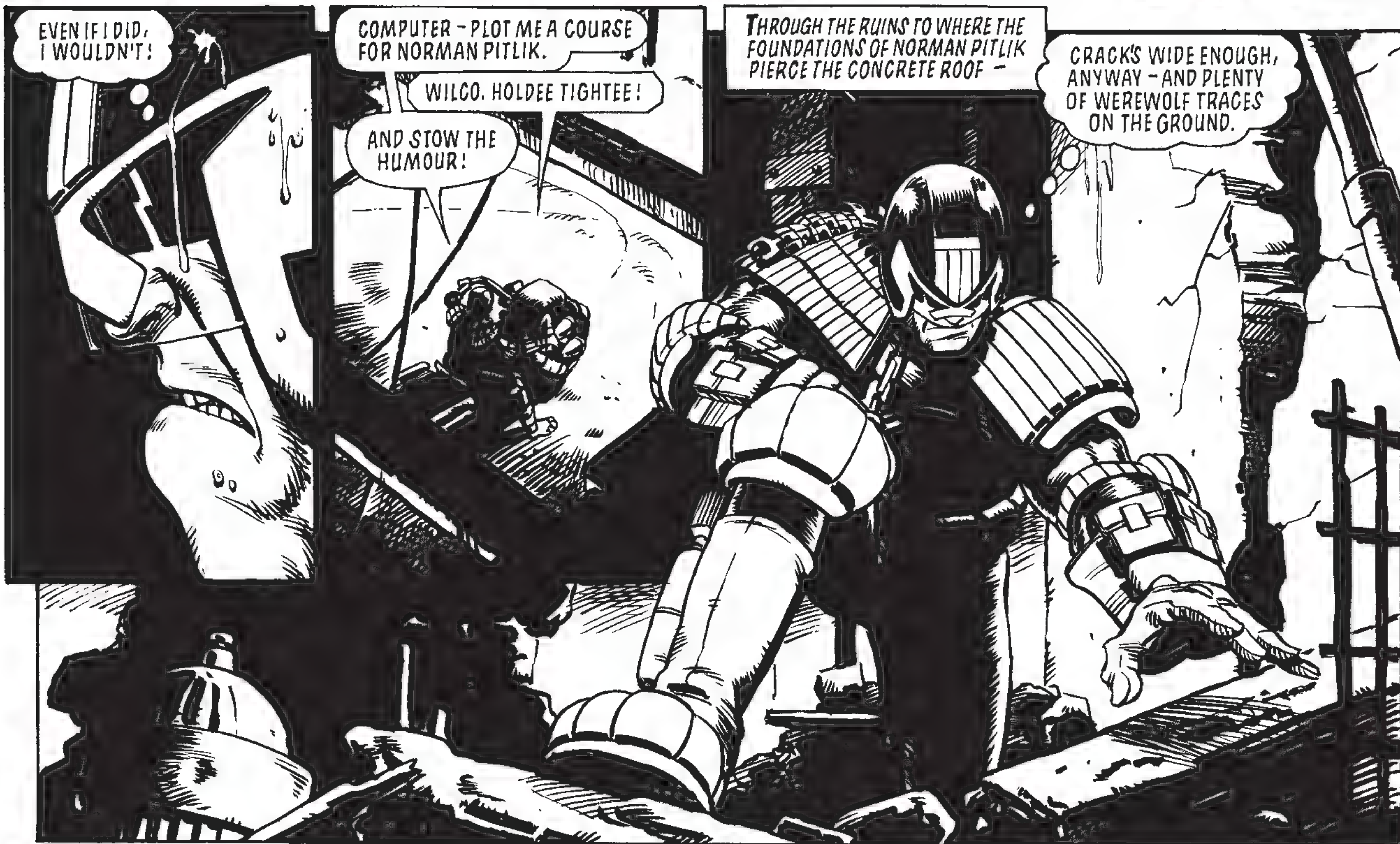
NO! NO! FIRST GIVEE
FOODEE - OR WE
TAKEE!

CREEPS WON'T TAKE
A TELLING!

CLEAR THE WAY,
I SAID!

BLAM!

AIEEE!





CRY OF THE WEREWOLF

PART 5

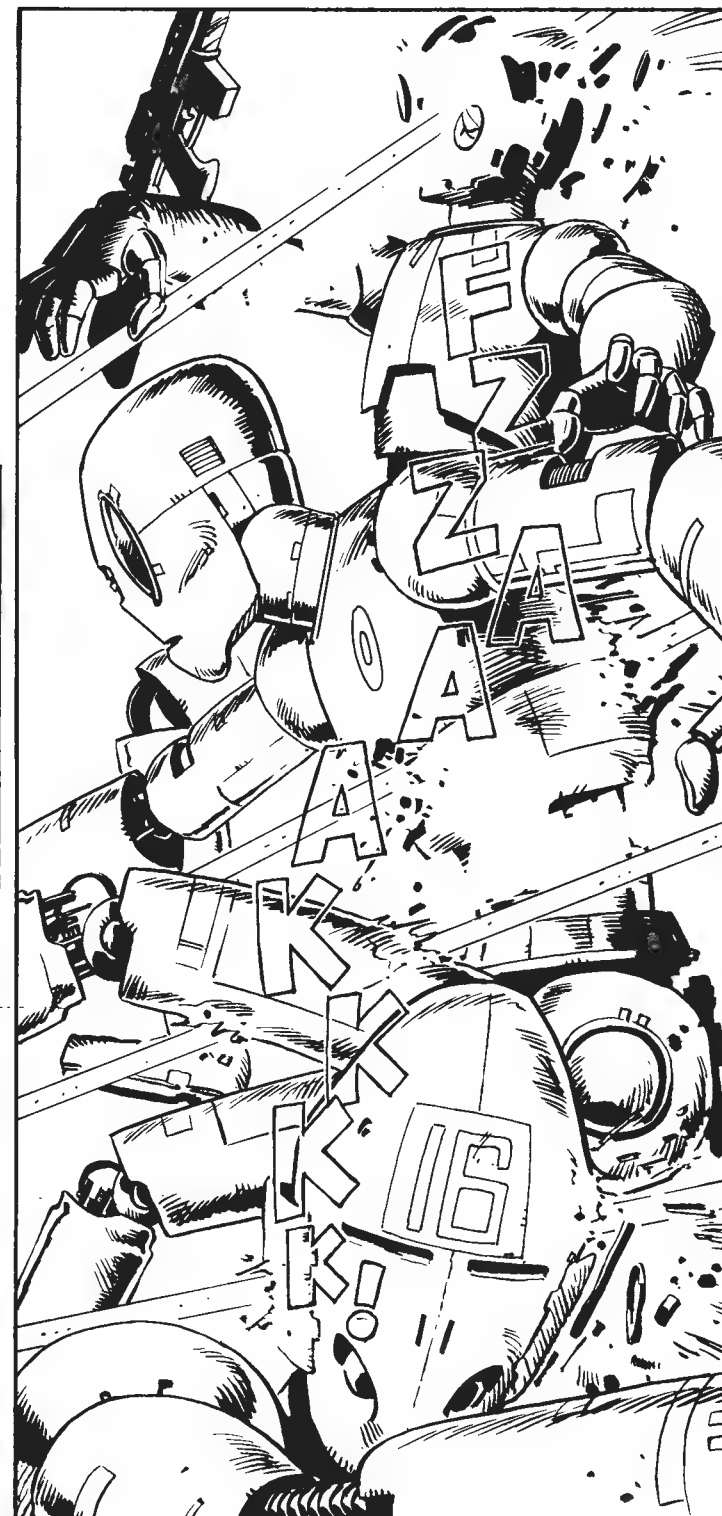
JUDGE DREDD HAS BEEN SENT DOWN TO THE UNDERCITY TO NEUTRALISE THE CASSIDIUM SOURCE - THE RADIOACTIVE CHEMICAL WHICH HAS CREATED A RACE OF WEREWOLVES.

THERE, HE COMES UPON A GROUP OF FUGITIVE ROBOTS -



WE SLEW FIFTY WEREWOLVES TO CAPTURE THIS - THEIR LEADER. HE IS OUR TROPHY! THE SYMBOL OF OUR DOMINANCE OF EAST UNDERCITY!

BEGONE, UPSIDER JUDGE - OR YOU PAY THE PRICE FOR TRESPASSING ON ROBOT TERRITORY!

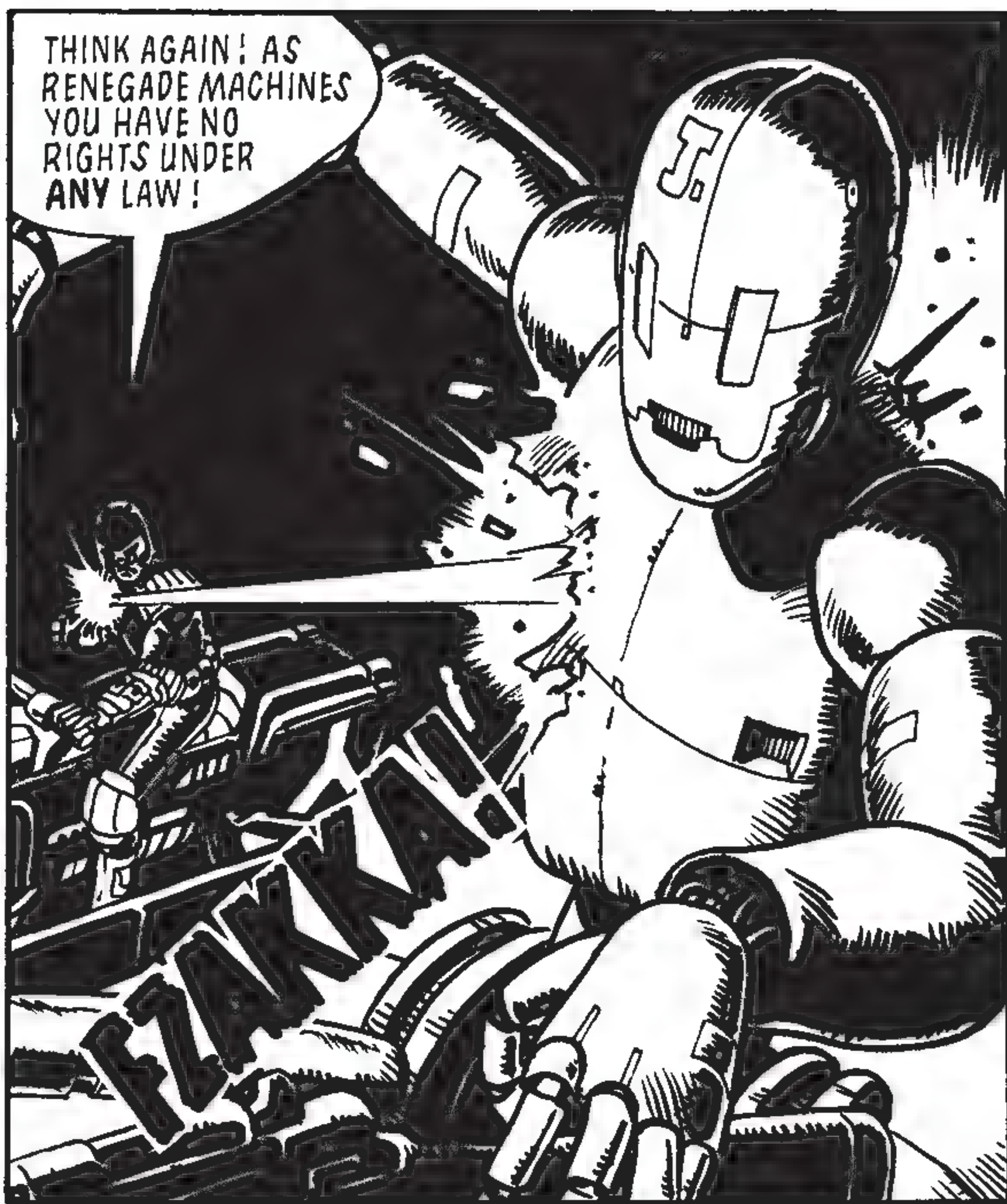




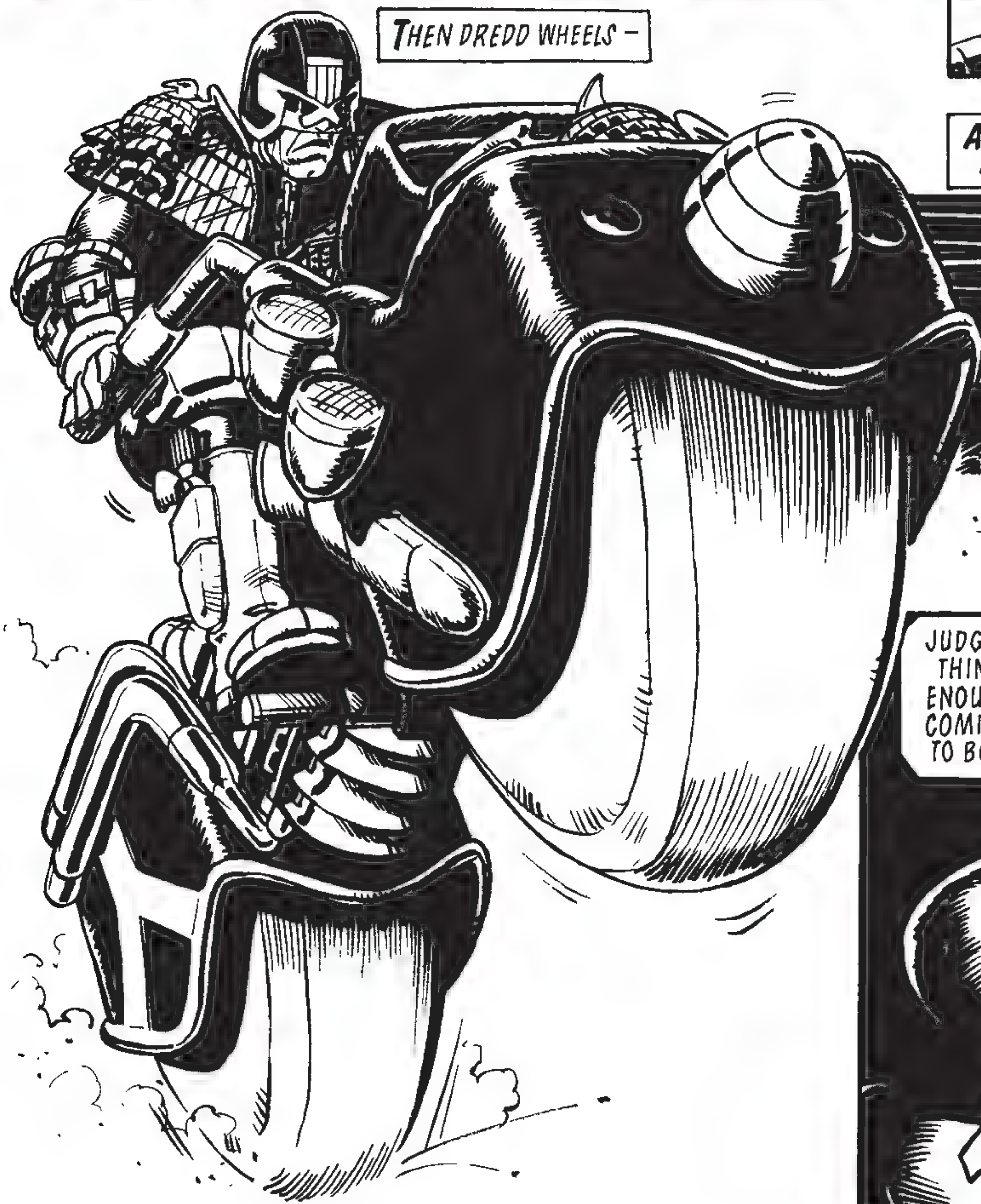
DREDD'S SECOND SALVO
SHATTERS THE WHITE
WEREWOLF'S CHAINS!



HE'S FREED THE
WEREWOLF!
KILL IT!

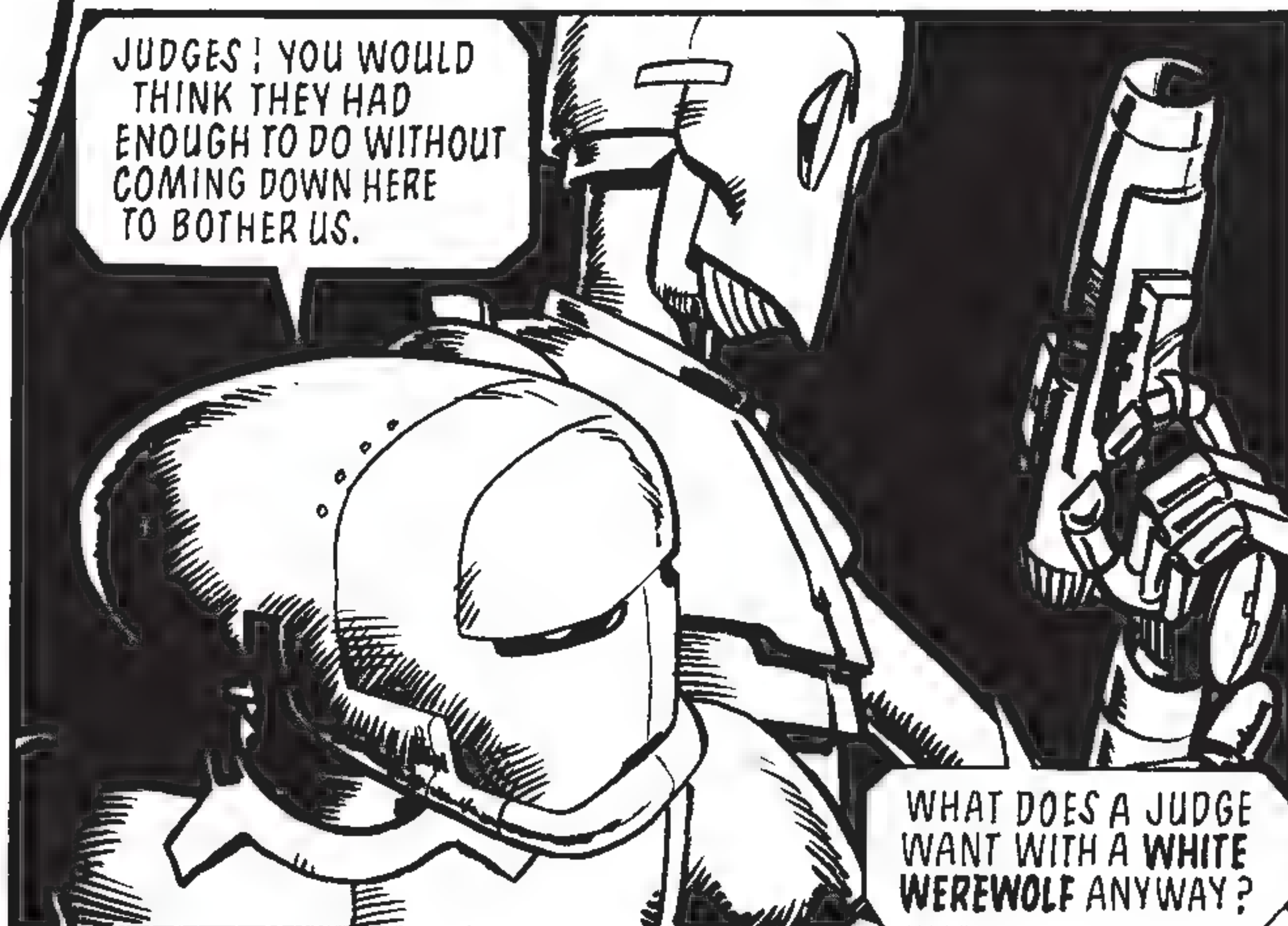
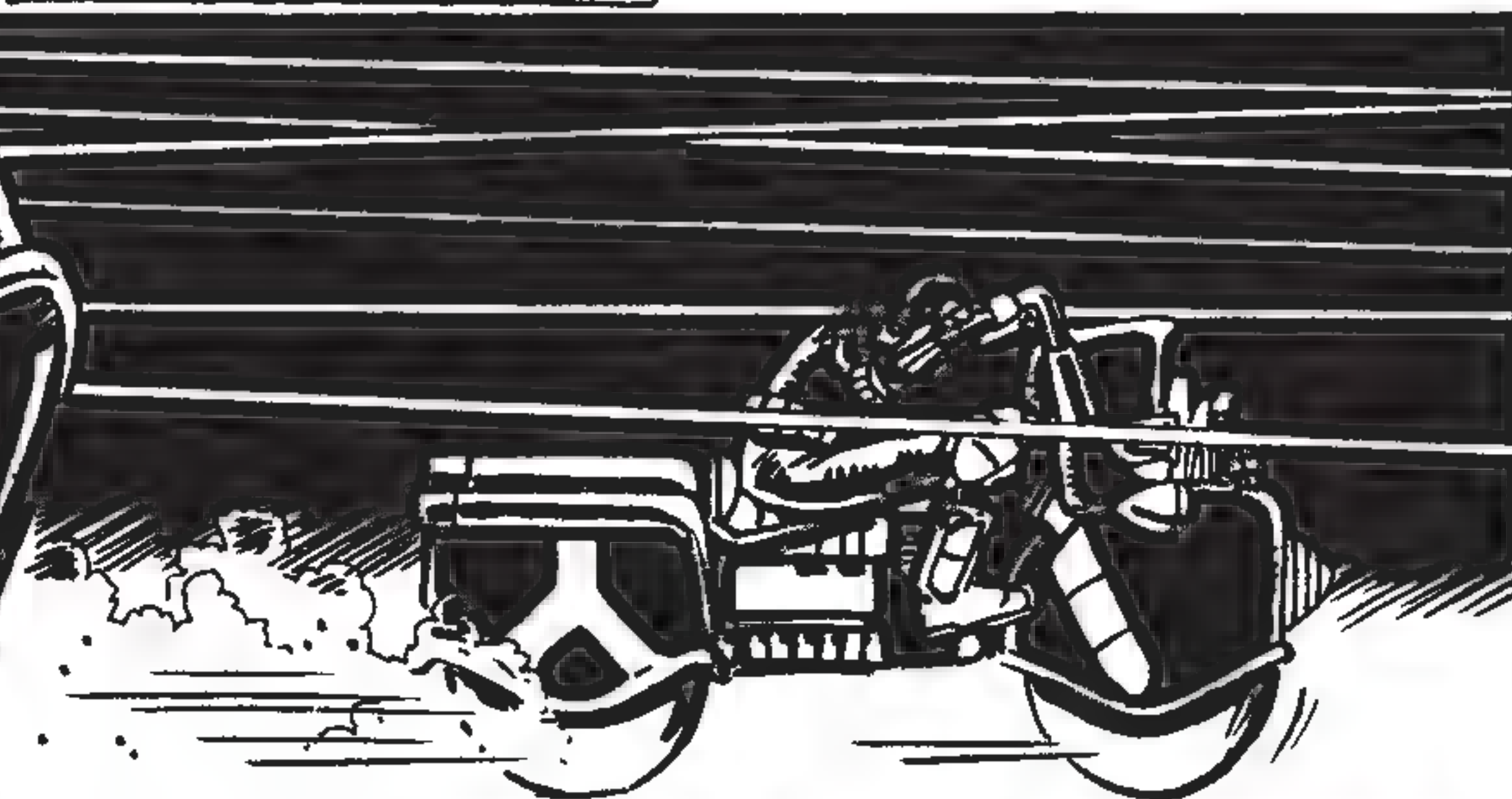


THINK AGAIN! AS
RENEGADE MACHINES
YOU HAVE NO
RIGHTS UNDER
ANY LAW!



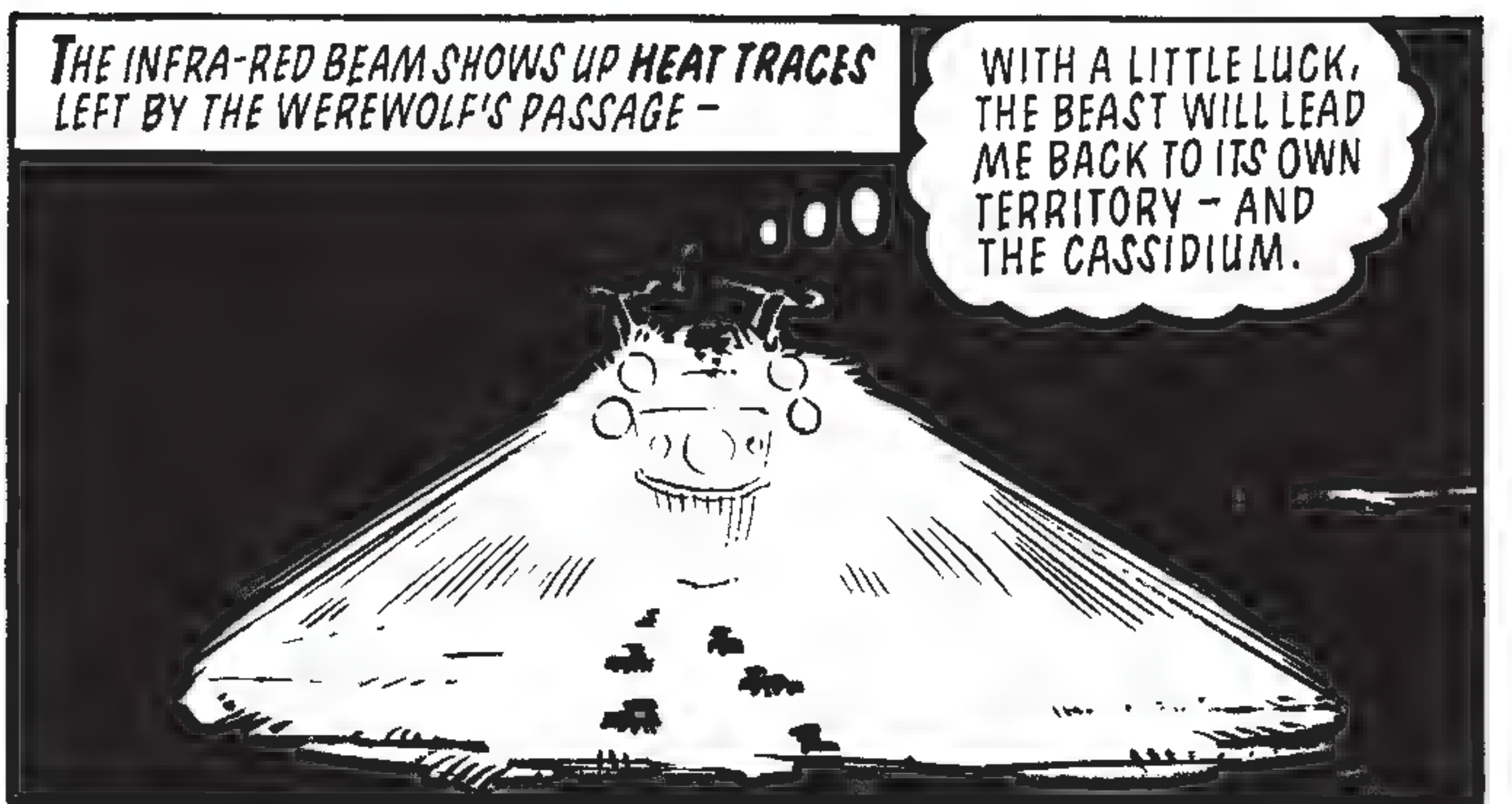
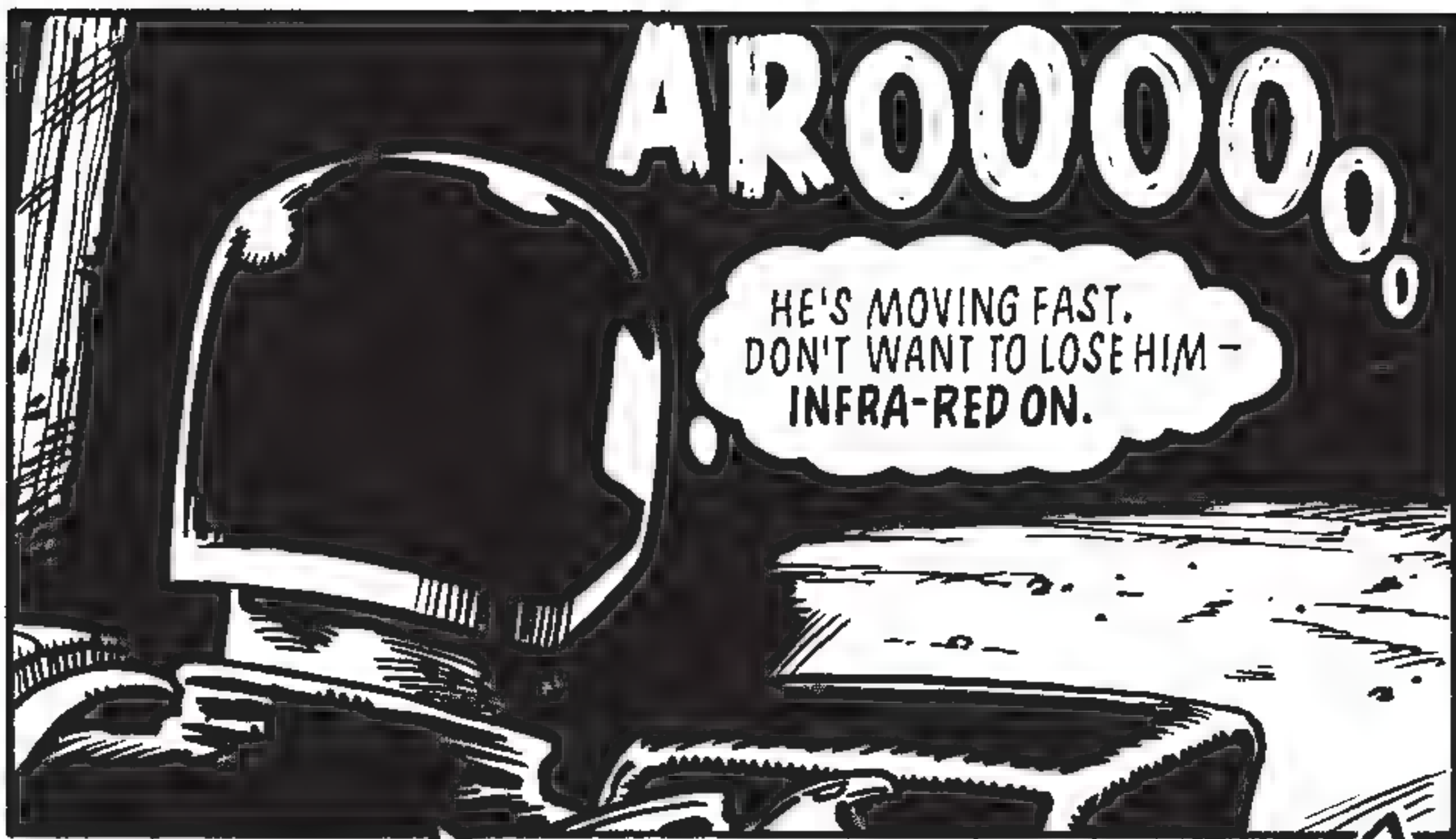
THEN DREDD WHEELS -

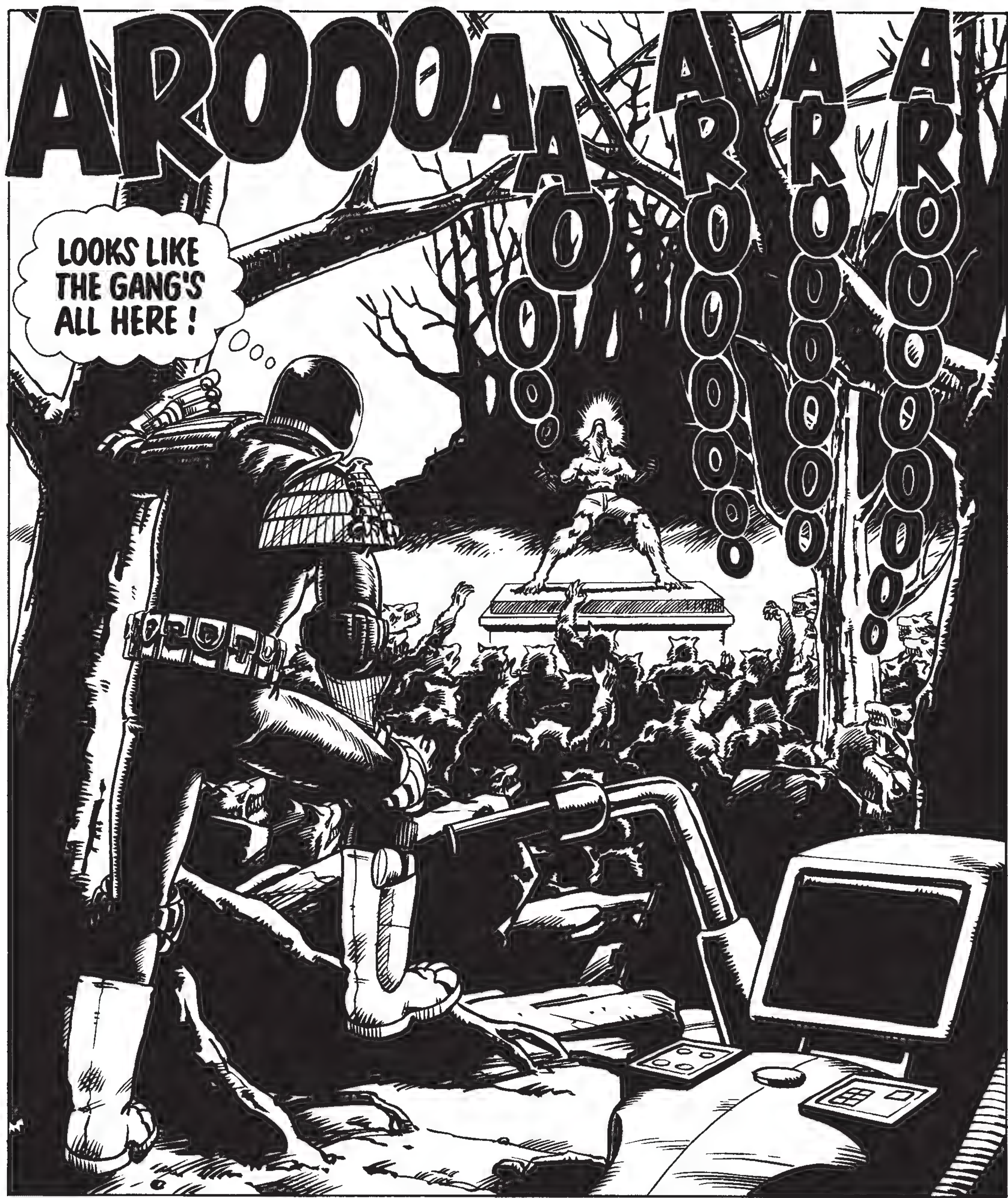
AND SPEEDS AWAY UNDER
A HAIL OF FIRE!



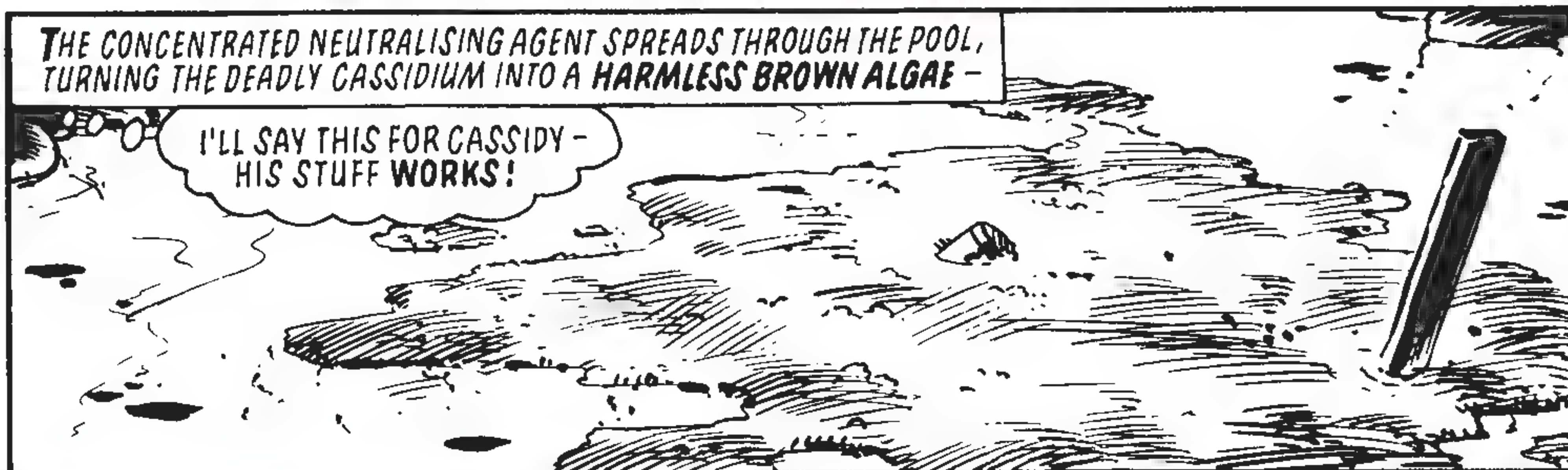
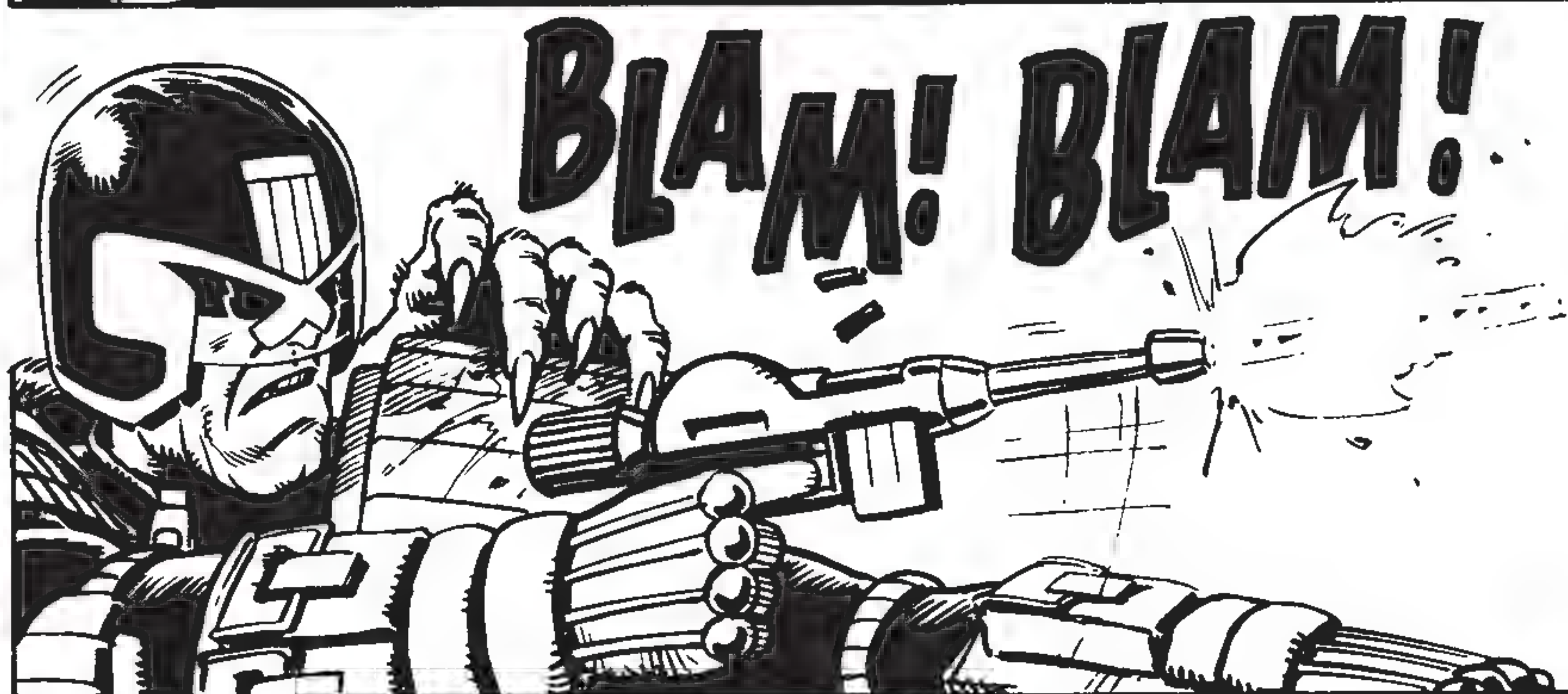
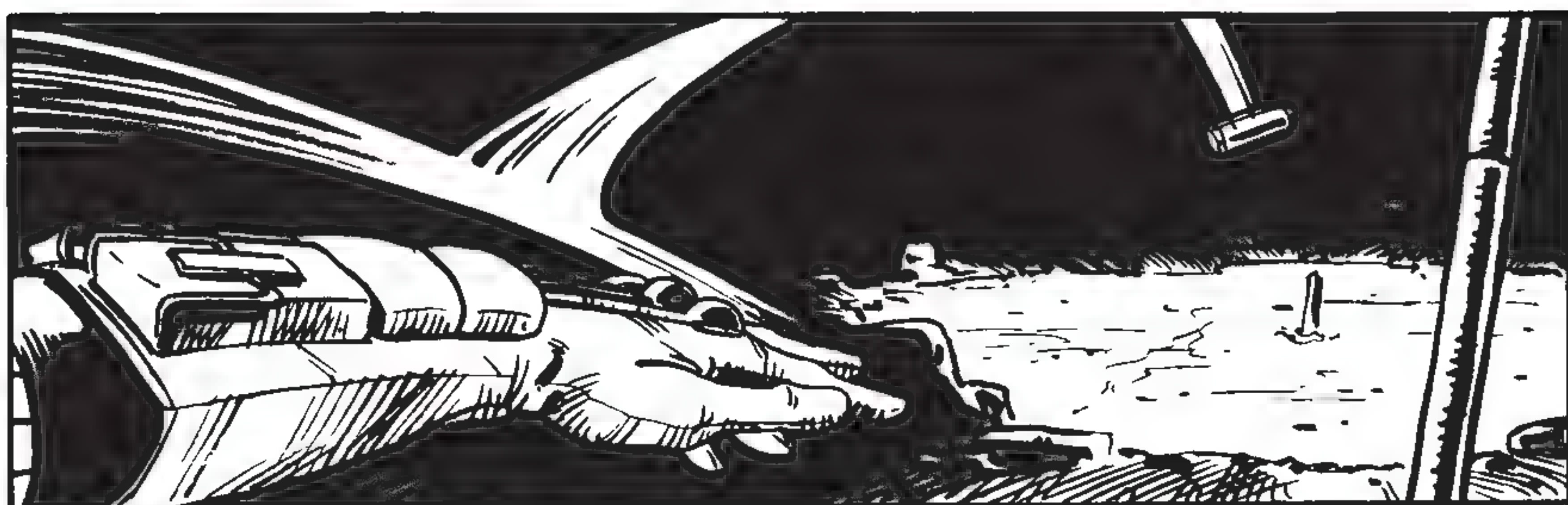
JUDGES! YOU WOULD
THINK THEY HAD
ENOUGH TO DO WITHOUT
COMING DOWN HERE
TO BOTHER US.

WHAT DOES A JUDGE
WANT WITH A WHITE
WEREWOLF ANYWAY?









NEXT PROG. **ONCE BITTEN, TWICE DOOMED!**



CRY OF THE WEREWOLF

PART 6

THE UNDERCITY - THE DECAYING RUINS
BENEATH MEGA-CITY ONE - WHERE
JUDGE DREDD HAS NEUTRALISED THE
CHEMICAL POOL WHICH SPAWNED A
RACE OF WEREWOLVES.

NOW, DREDD
MUST ESCAPE THE BLOOD-CRAZED PACK!

GRAAAIEEE!

BADAM!
BADAM!

AROOOOO

CLEAR THE WAY,
WOLFBOYS -
YOU'RE MESSING
WITH A MEGA-CITY
JUDGE!

BUDDA!
BUDDA!
BUDDA!

GRAAAAHH!



ABOVE THE MELEE, THE WEREWOLF LEADER ANTICIPATES THE BLOODY RESULT OF THE CONFRONTATION -

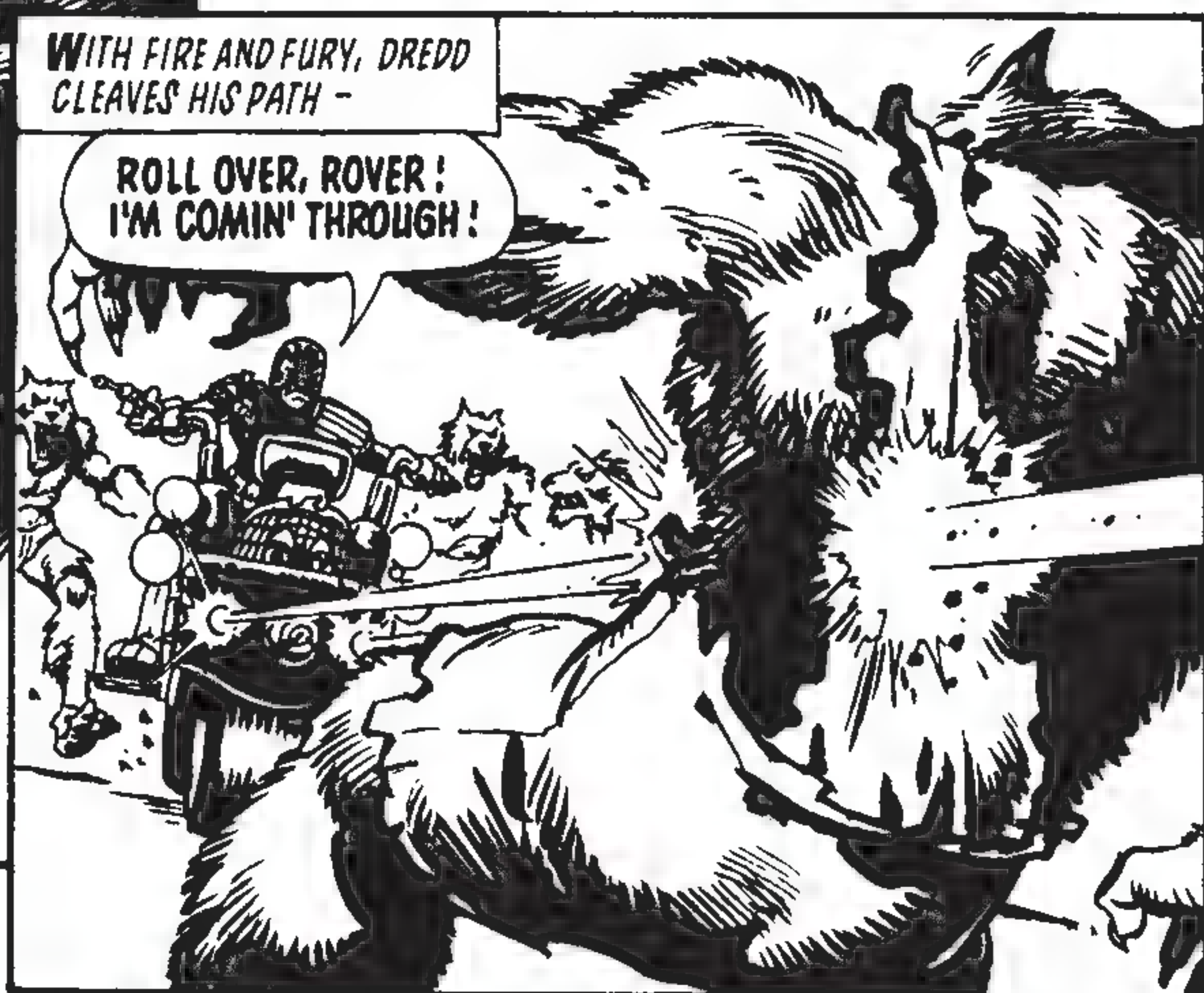


- AND MOVES TO FORESTALL THE ESCAPE !

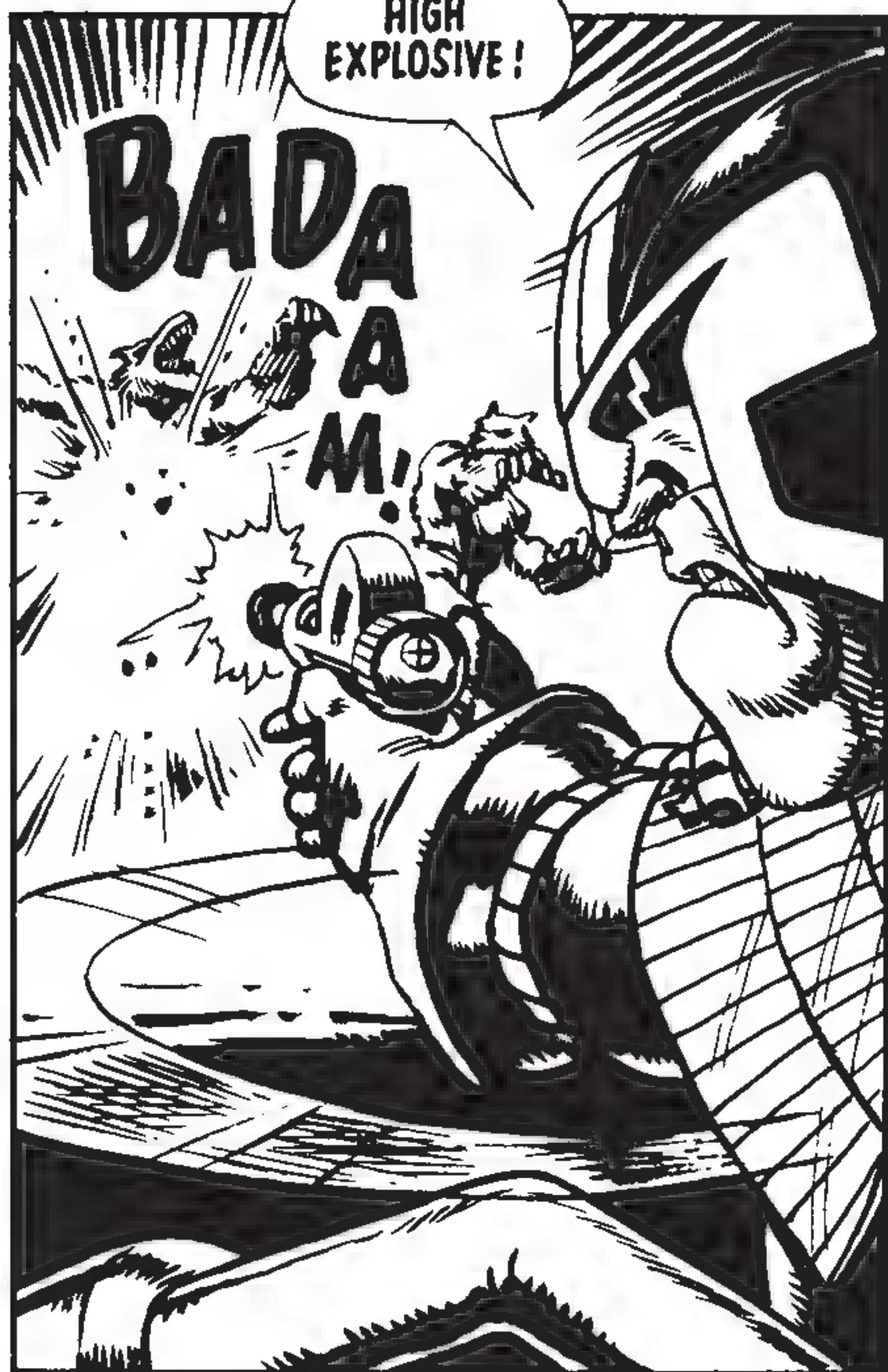


WITH FIRE AND FURY, DREDD CLEAVES HIS PATH -

ROLL OVER, ROVER !
I'M COMIN' THROUGH !



HIGH EXPLOSIVE !

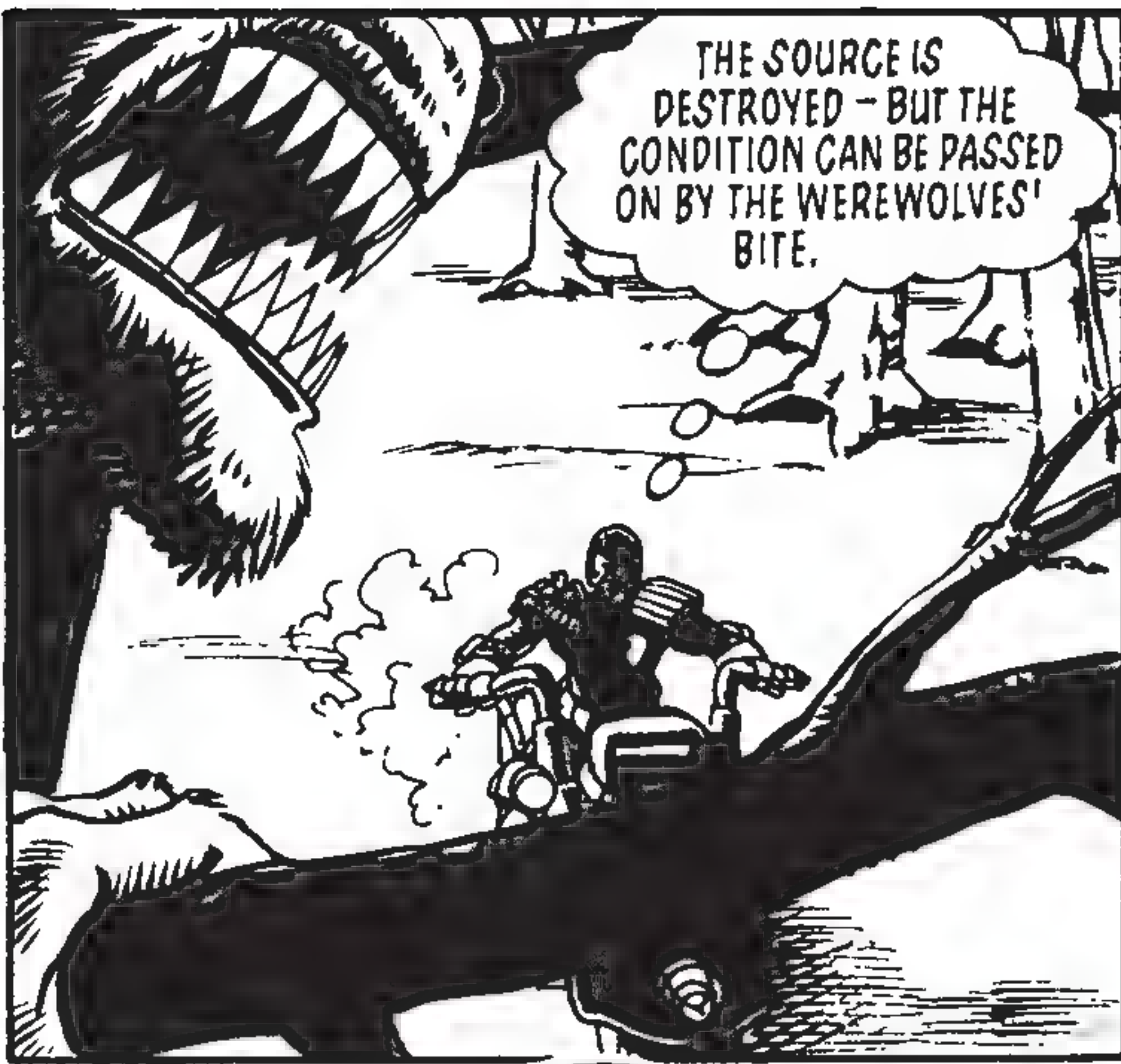


BEHIND DREDD, THE HOWLING PACK PAUSES -
DAUNTED. . .



... AND HAVING CONSIDERED THE PERIL OF PURSUIT,
TURNS BACK TO GORGE ON THE REMAINS OF THEIR
FALLEN COMPANIONS !





GRRAAAHHH!







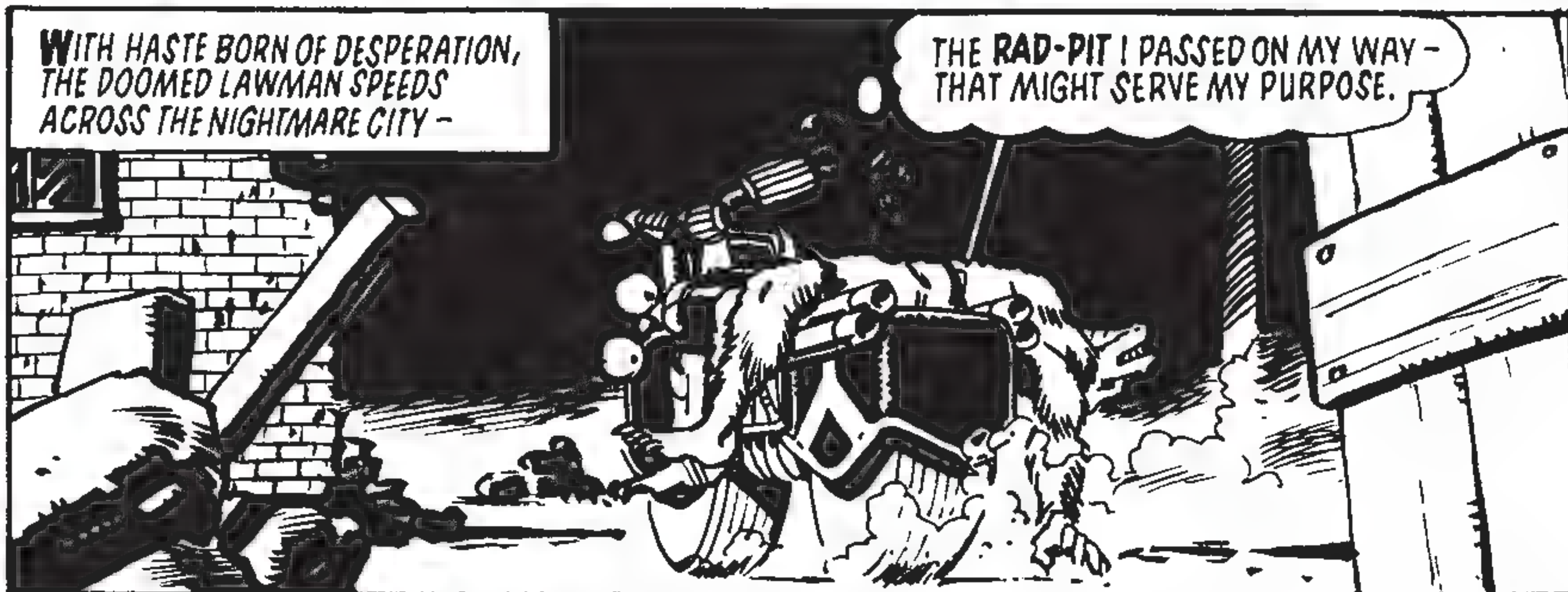
GOT JUST OVER AN HOUR BEFORE I TURN WOLF MYSELF.

AN HOUR TO FIND A WAY TO WIPE OUT THE WHOLE PACK - AND MYSELF.

YES - KILL MYSELF. FOR I CAN NEVER RETURN TO THE CITY TO SPREAD THIS VILE CONTAMINATION!



THERE IS A WAY... A SLIM HOPE - BUT SLIM IS BETTER THAN NOTHING. I'LL NEED THIS CARCASE.



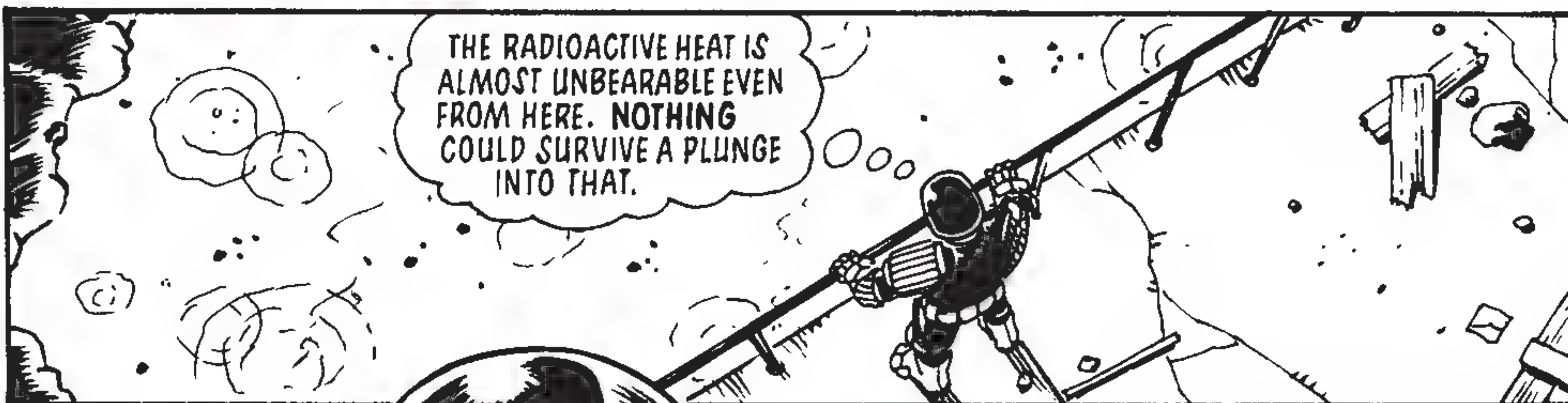
WITH HASTE BORN OF DESPERATION, THE DOOMED LAWMAN SPEEDS ACROSS THE NIGHTMARE CITY -

THE RAD-PIT I PASSED ON MY WAY - THAT MIGHT SERVE MY PURPOSE.



ON A WALKWAY SPANNING THE RAD-PIT, DREDD SETS EXPLOSIVE CHARGES -

ONE CHARGE AT EITHER END OUGHT TO DO IT.



THE RADIOACTIVE HEAT IS ALMOST UNBEARABLE EVEN FROM HERE. NOTHING COULD SURVIVE A PLUNGE INTO THAT.

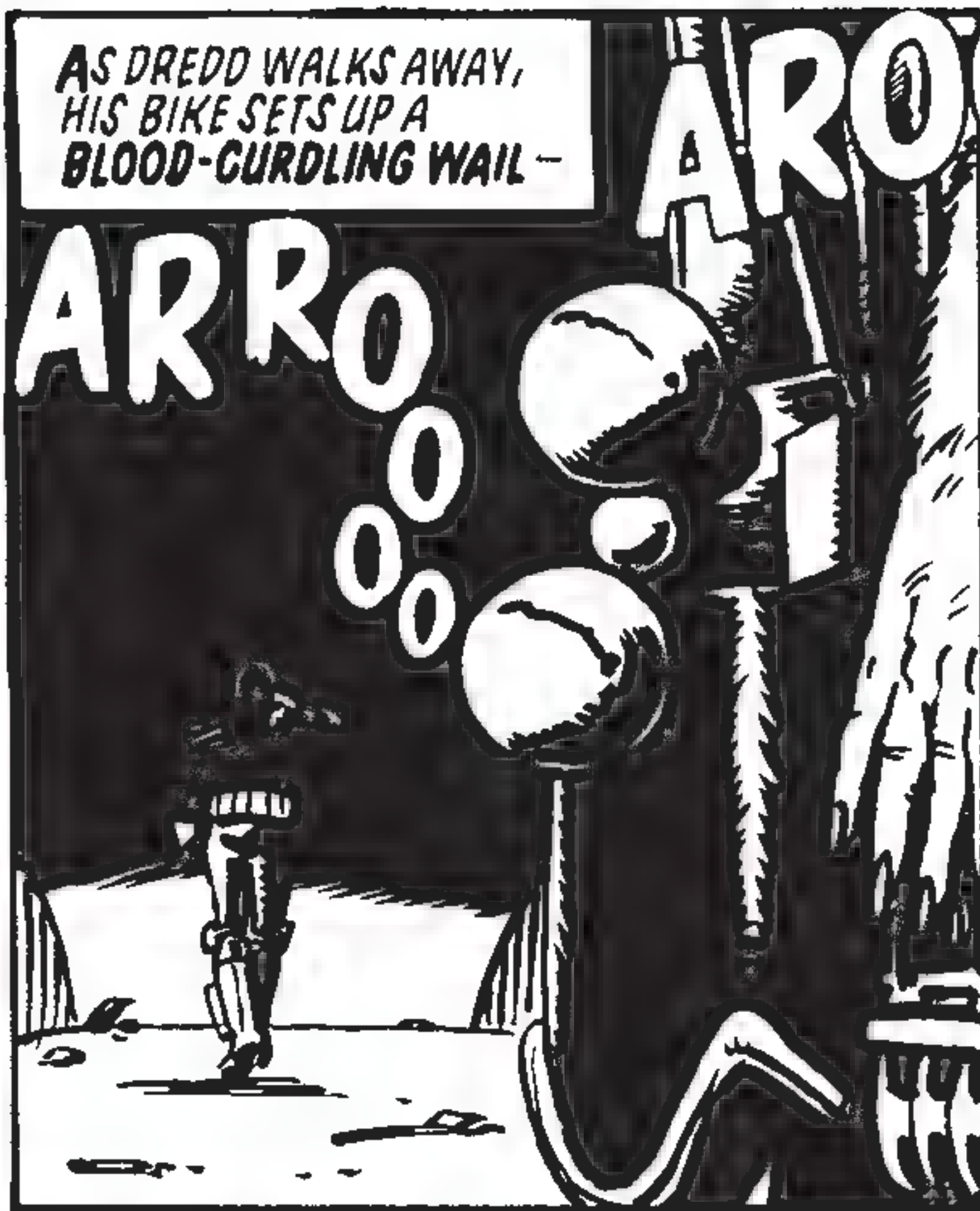
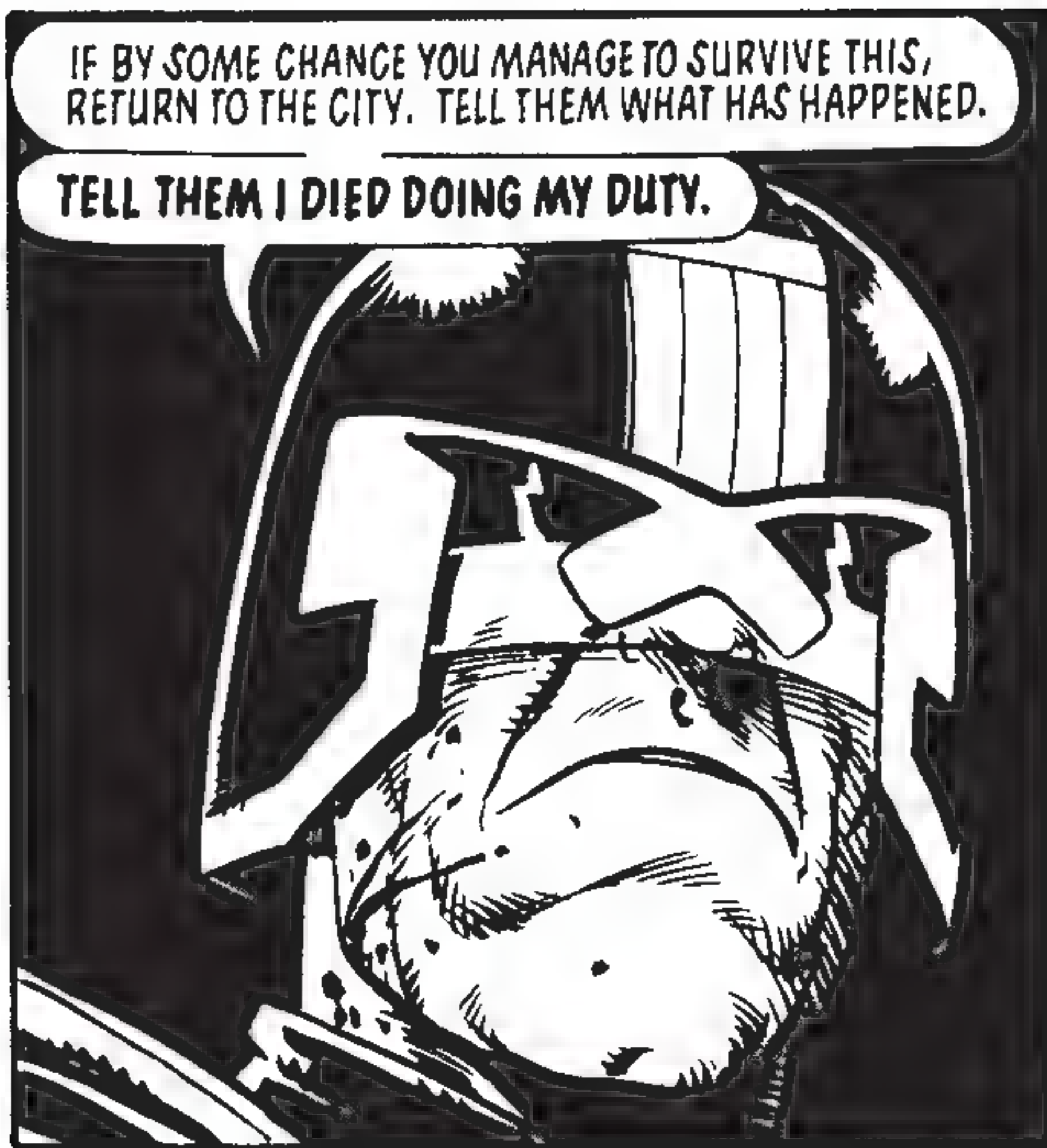


BITE'S STARTING TO TAKE EFFECT... CAN FEEL A CLOUDINESS IN MY HEAD... MUST HURRY... HURRY!



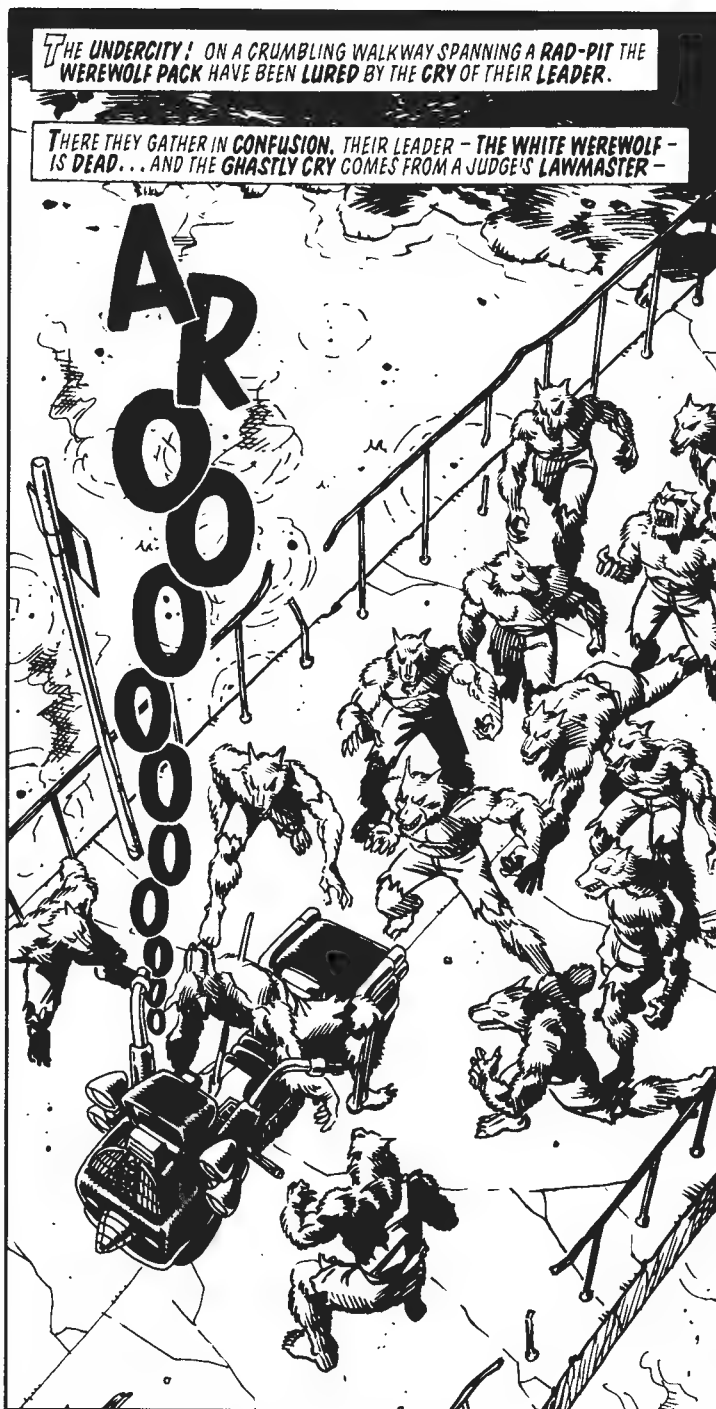
DREDD PROPS THE WEREWOLF'S BODY ON HIS LAWMASTER -

BIKE - THIS IS MY FINAL COMMAND... USE YOUR VOCAL SYNTHESIZER TO DUPLICATE THE CRY OF THE WHITE WEREWOLF. BROADCAST IT LONG AND LOUD.



NEXT PROG: CRY OF THE JUDGE WOLF!



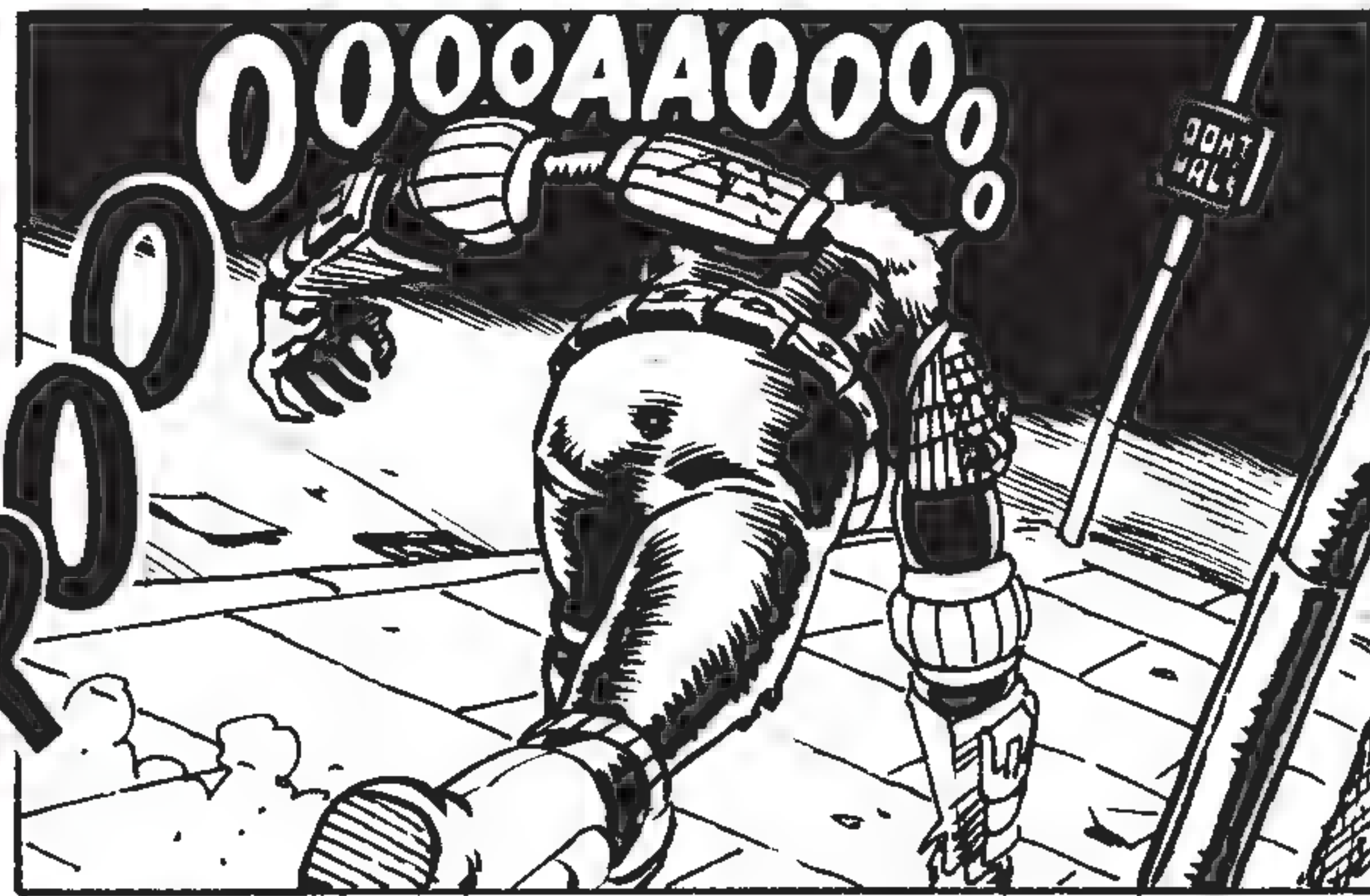
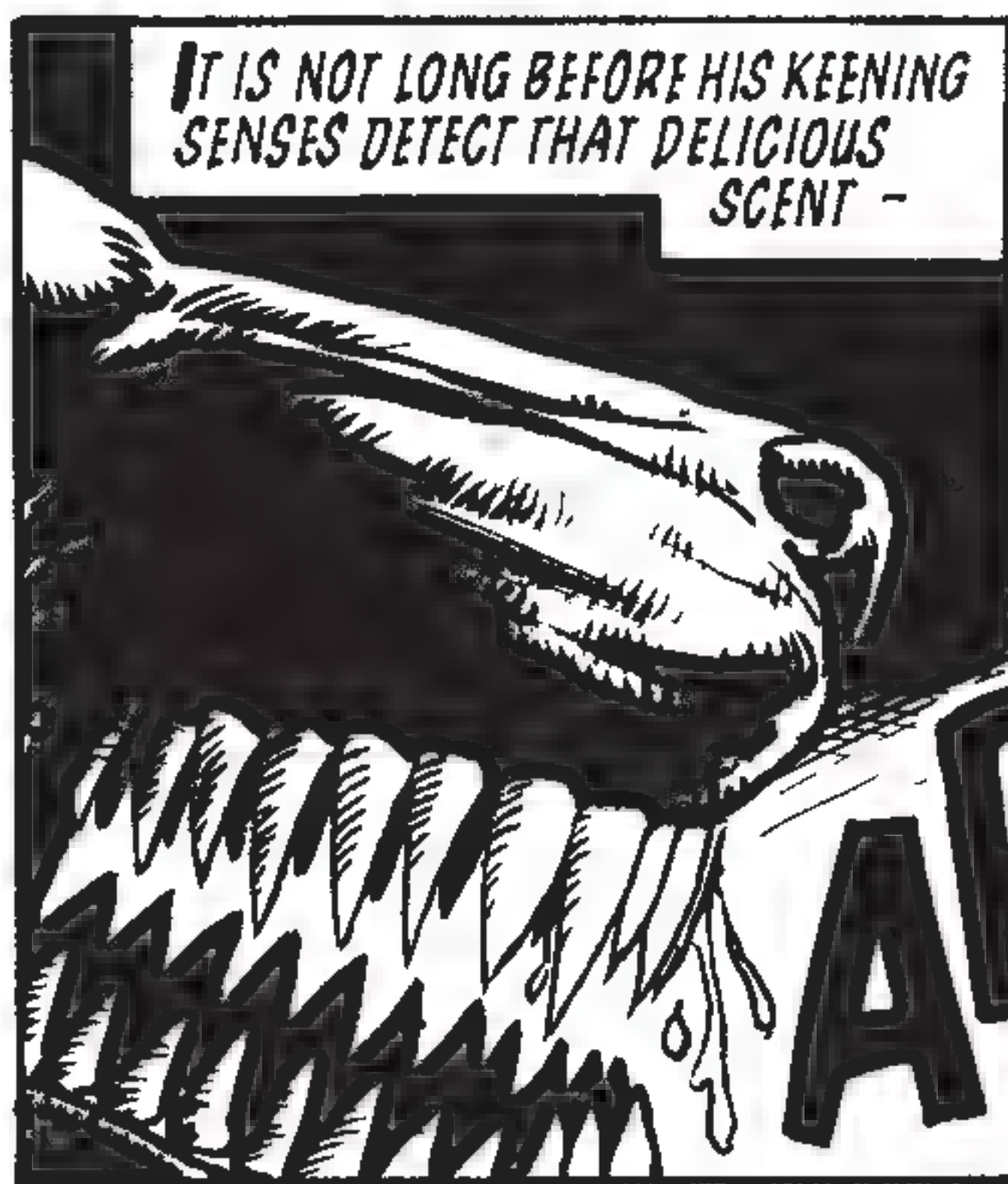
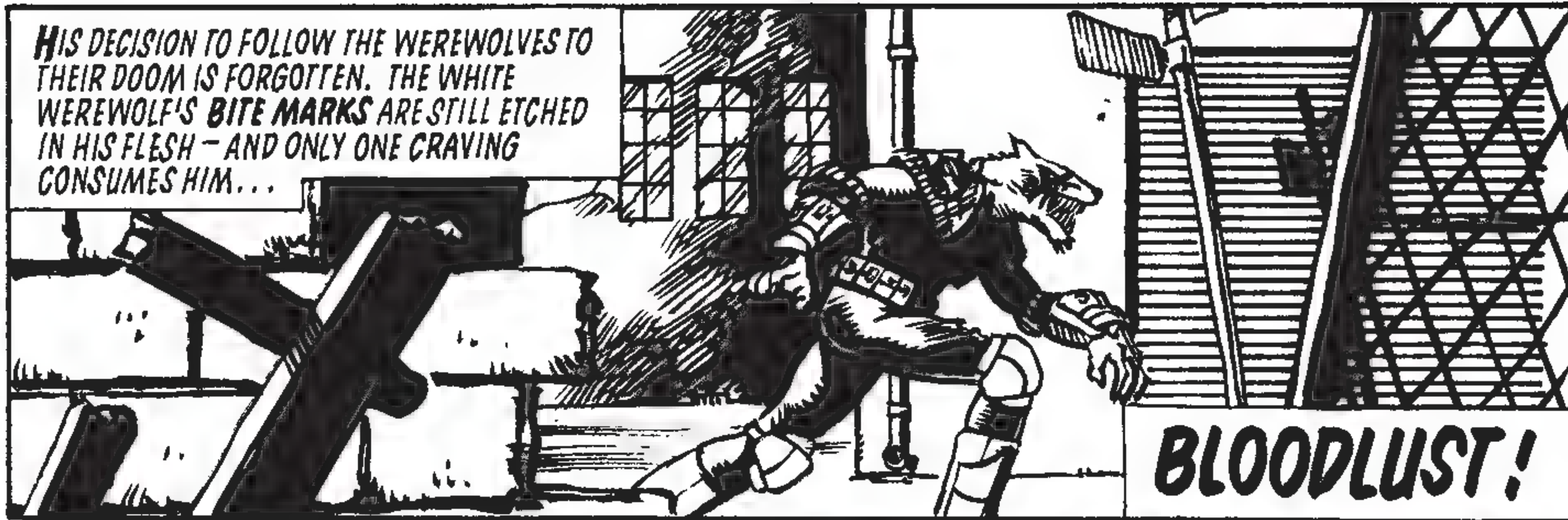


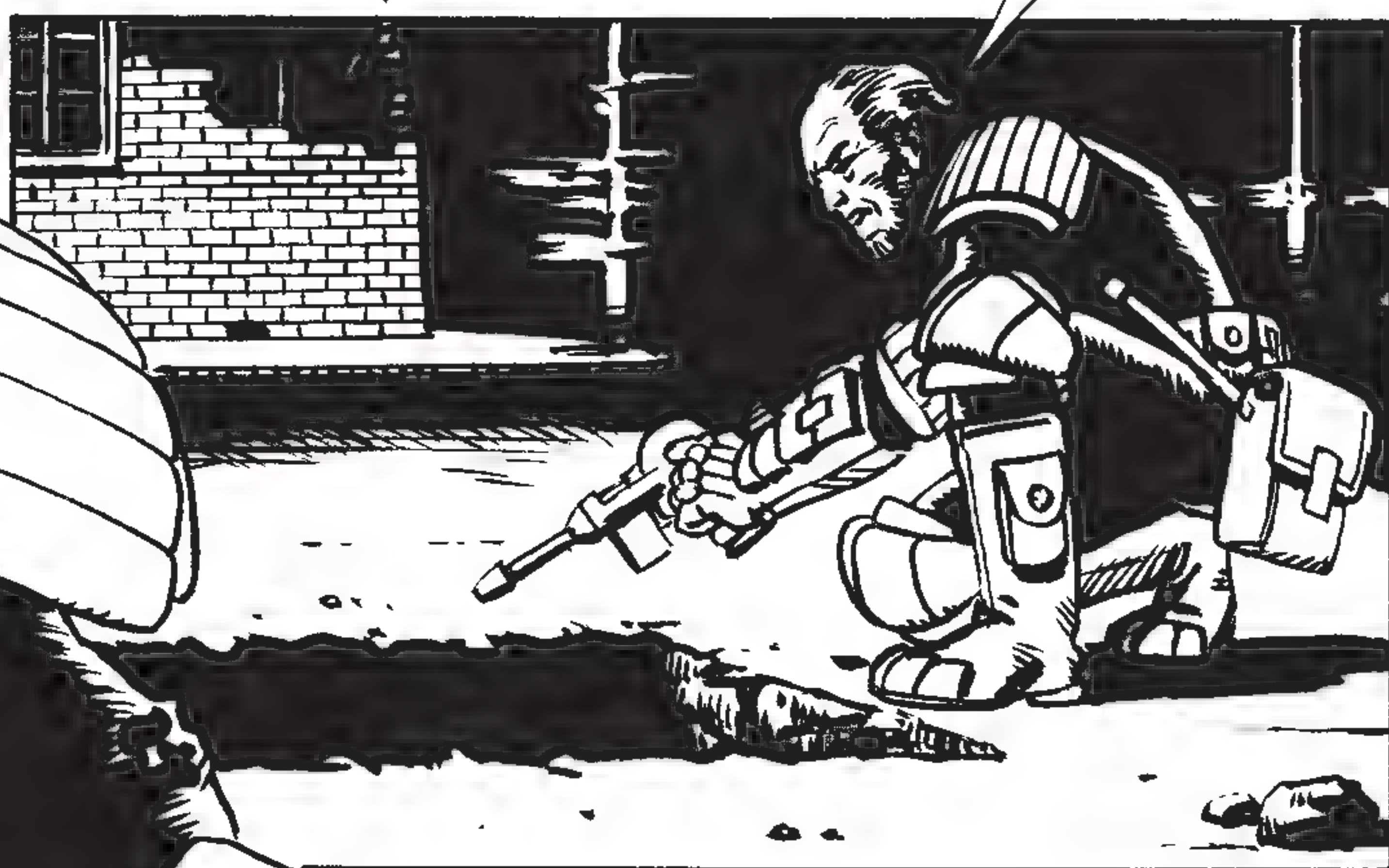
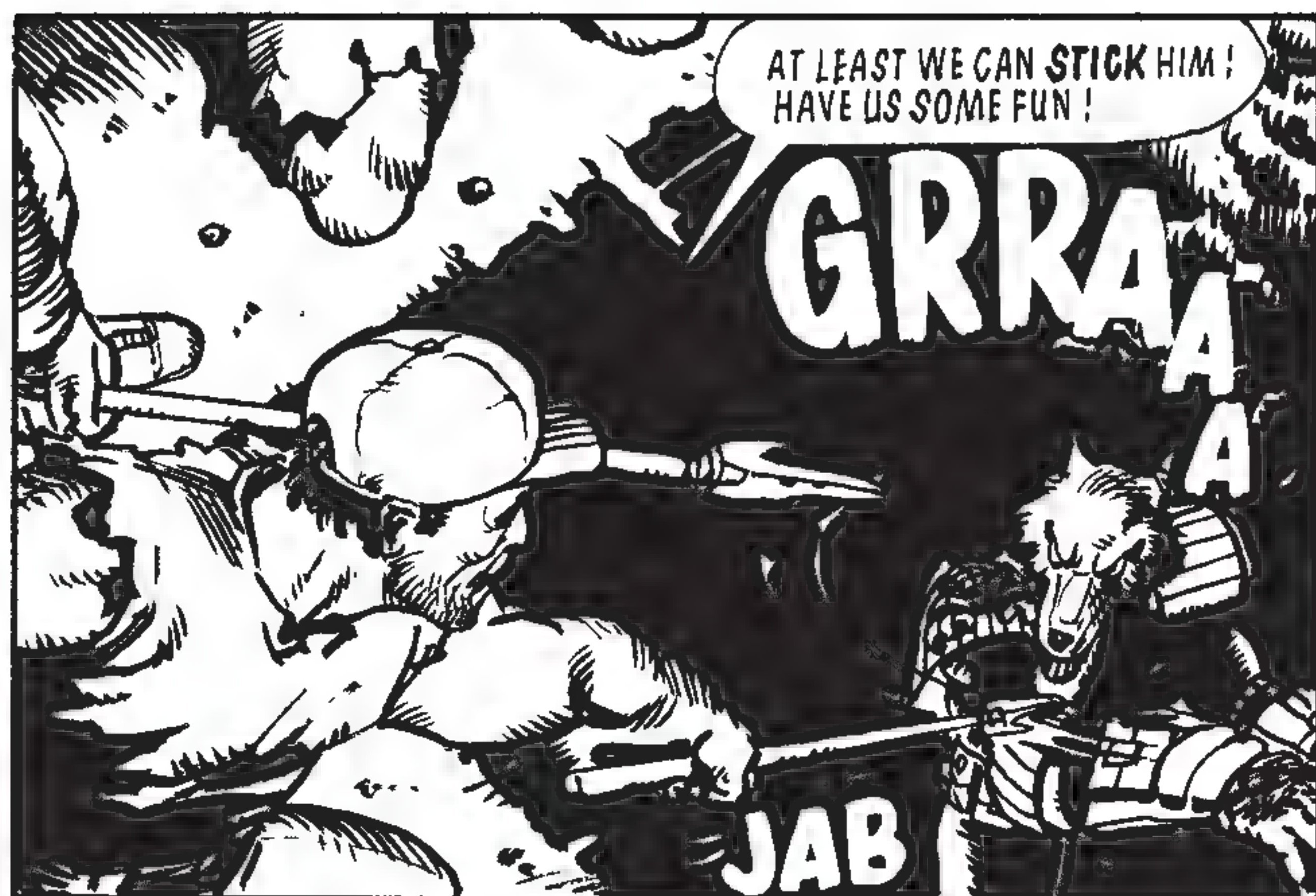
CRY OF THE WEREWOLF

PART 7



SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
STEVE DILLON
LETTERING
T FRAME







PRAGER MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE UNDERCITY. IT HAS BEEN HIS TERRITORY FOR THE LAST FOUR YEARS. THE INHABITANTS KNOW HIM WELL, AND GIVE HIM GROUND.



AT THE CITY GATE -



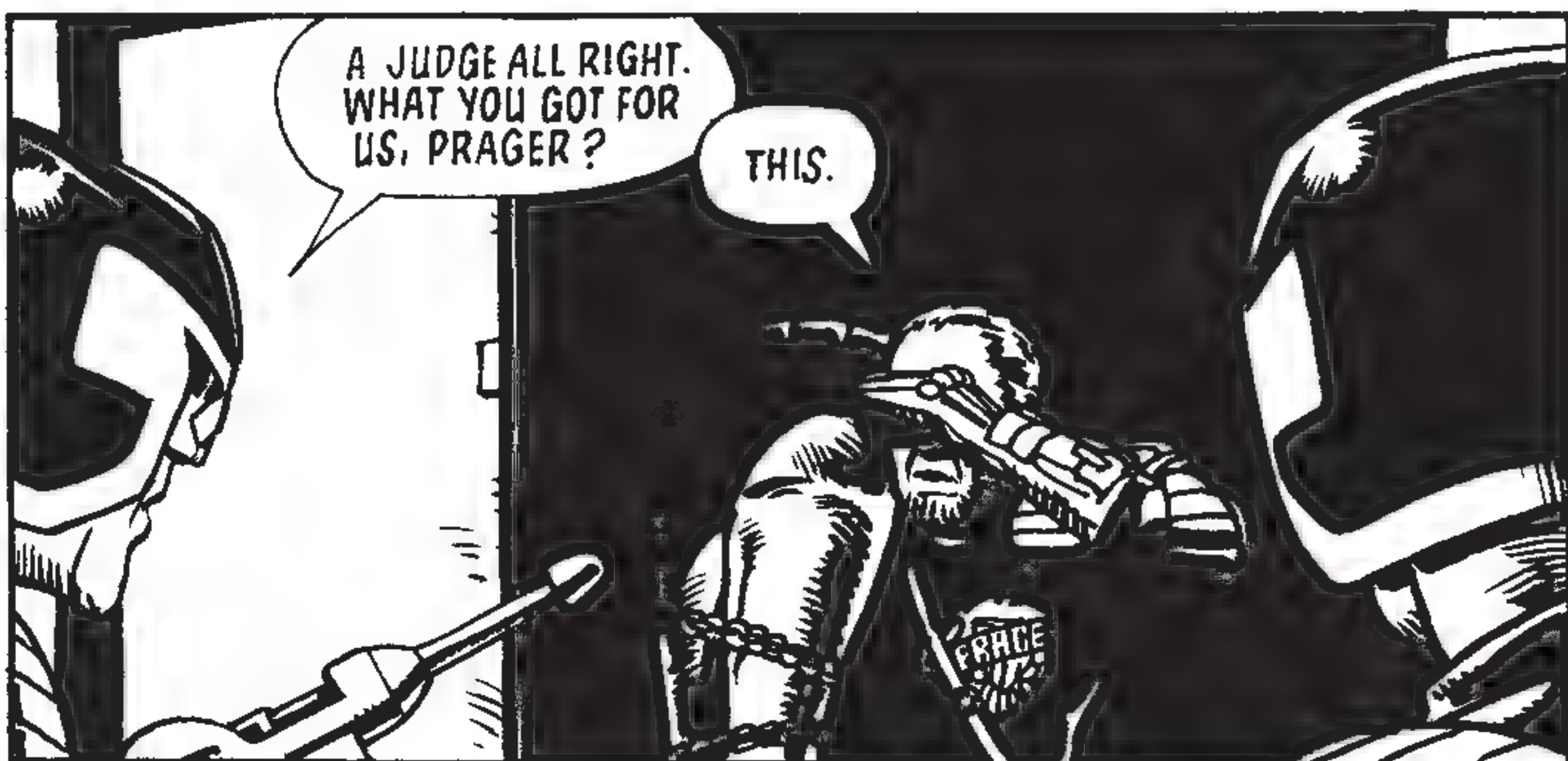
WHO GOES THERE?

JUDGE PRAGER. TOOK THE LONG WALK FOUR YEARS' BACK. GOT SOMETHIN' FOR YOU.



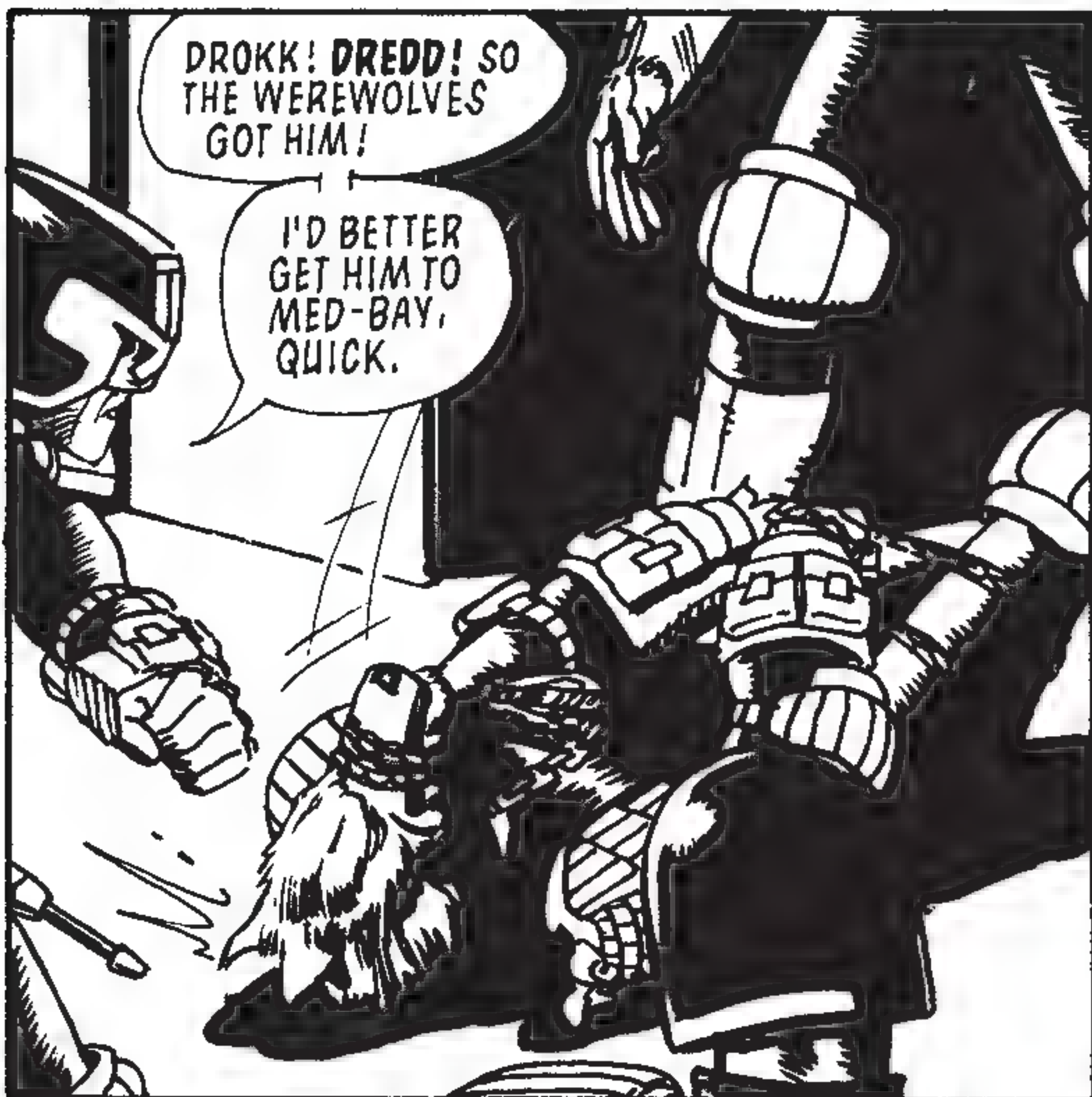
A JUDGE ALL RIGHT. WHAT YOU GOT FOR US, PRAGER?

THIS.



DROKK! DREDD! SO THE WEREWOLVES GOT HIM!

I'D BETTER GET HIM TO MED-BAY, QUICK.



HIS TASK DONE, PRAGER RETURNS TO THE GLOOM BELOW -

HEY, PRAGER - HOW'S THINGS DOWN THERE ANYWAY?



GRIM.





LATER, IN A HALL OF JUSTICE MED-BAY -

HE'S COMING ROUND!



KORKORAN... YOU'RE... NORMAL AGAIN!

SO ARE YOU, DREDD.



YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT HOW - ?

CASSIDY HERE CAME UP WITH THE CURE. GUY'S A GENIUS - ONLY TROUBLE IS, HE NEVER LETS YOU FORGET IT.



WELL, YOU GOT MY THANKS ANYWAY, CASSIDY.

I DON'T MIND ADMITTING, FOR A WHILE DOWN THERE, THINGS GOT PRETTY HAIRY!



NEXT PROG:

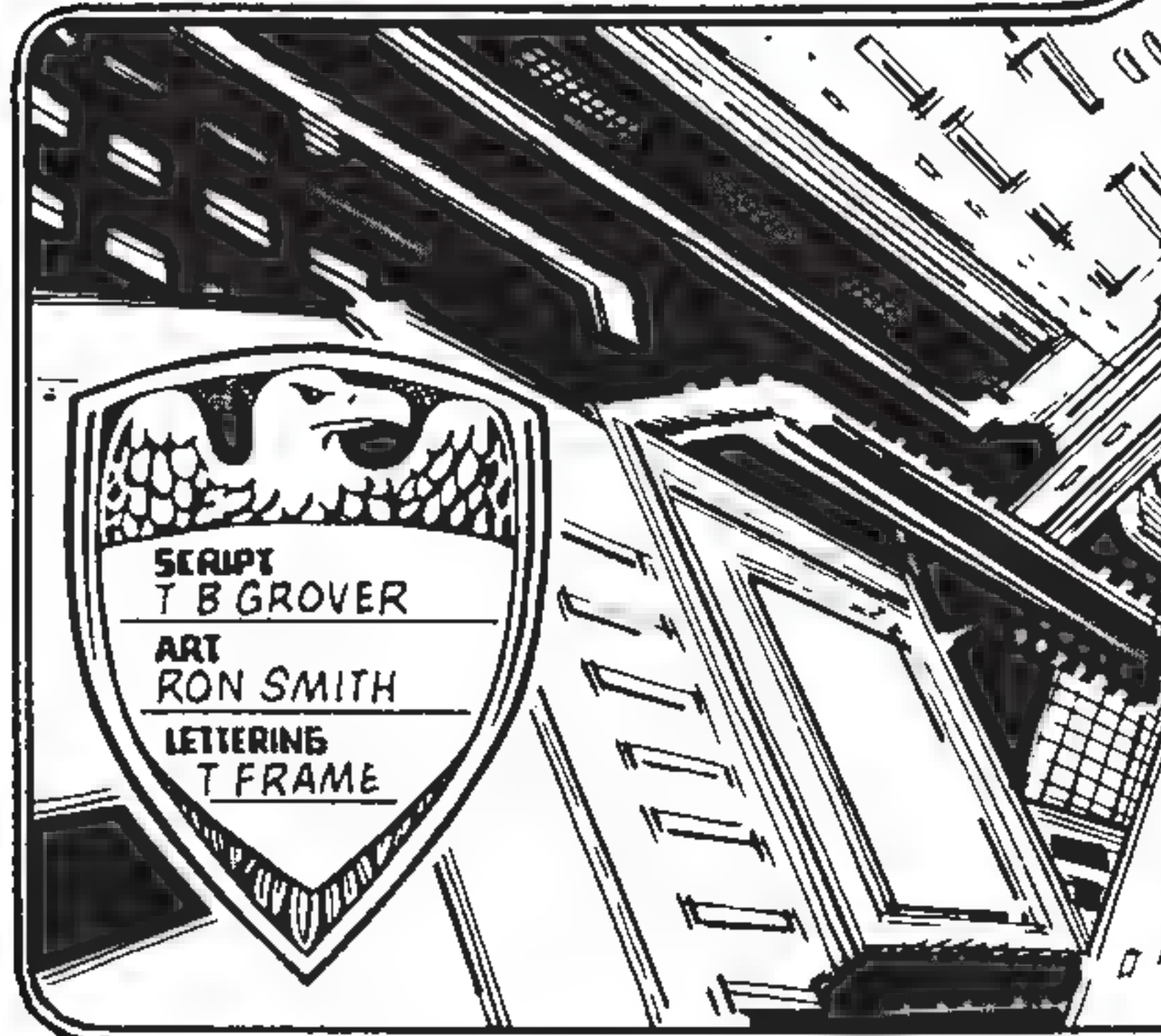
THE WEATHER MAN

JUDGE DREDD

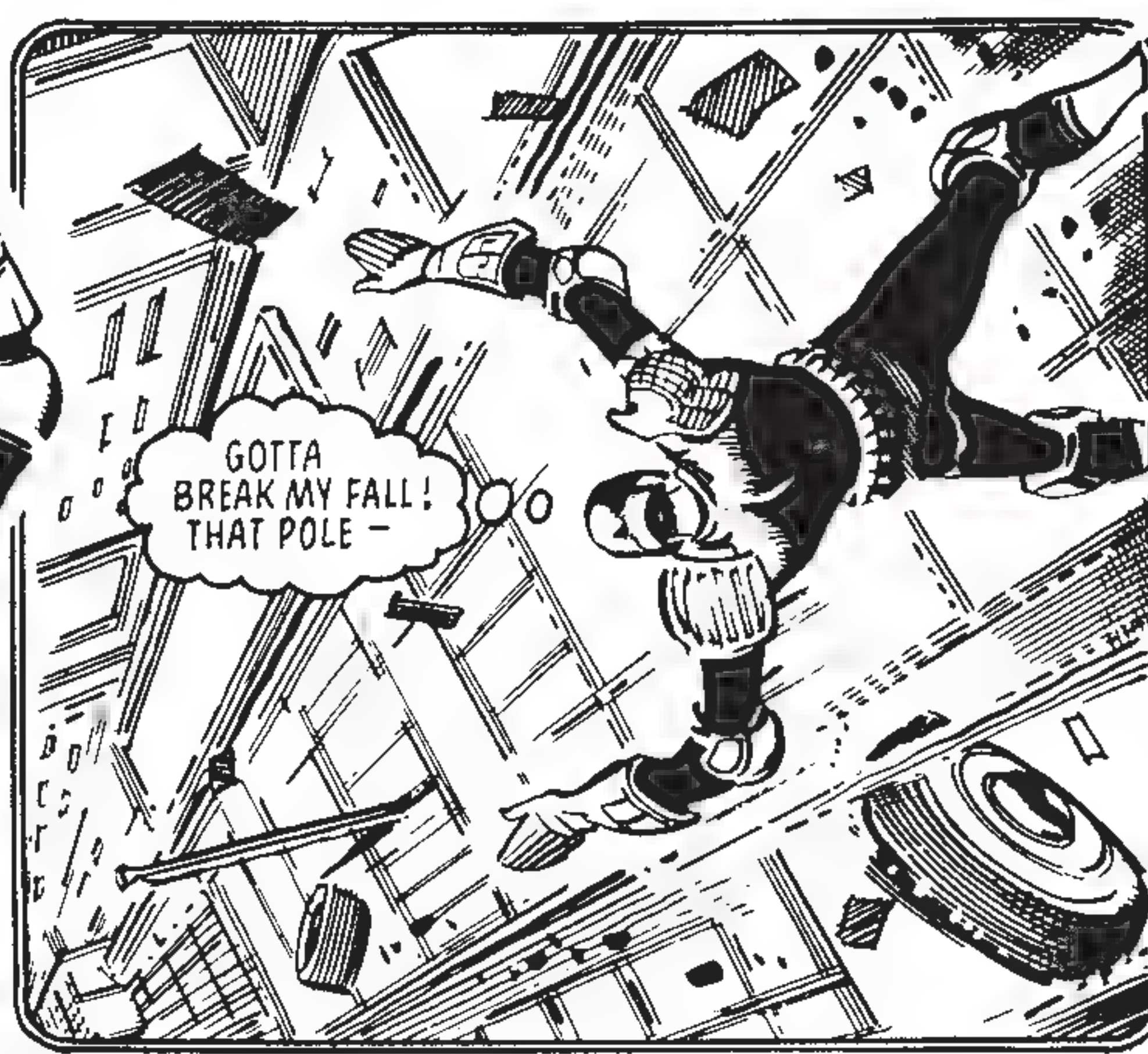
SINCE THE DESTRUCTION OF MEGA-CITY ONE'S WEATHER CONTROL, WEATHER FORECASTING HAD BECOME RATHER A HAPHAZARD SCIENCE -

THE WEATHER MAN

PART 1







DREDD MAKES
HIS ARREST -

CONTROL ! WHEN
IN GRUD'S NAME
ARE WE GOING TO
GET THIS
WEATHER
FIXED ?

BUT THERE ARE SOME WHO
ENJOY THE FREAK CONDITIONS -
EVEN EXULT IN THEM !

THUNDER ROAR !
LIGHTNING CRACK !

FANTASTICO !

VUNDERBAR !

ONE SUCH MAN IS
CARL HEINZ PILCHARDS-IN-TOMATO-SAUCE CLAYDERMAN -

AHHH ! THE MAGNIFICENT VUNDERS OF NATURE !
HOW THEY FIRE MY IMAGINATION - GIF TO ME
MY GREATEST EFFER INSPIRATION !

THE LINE BETWEEN
GENIUS AND MADNESS
IS A FINE ONE.
CLAYDERMAN HAS
CROSSED IT - AND
THEN SOME !

CARL HEINZ PILCHARDS-IN-TOMATO-SAUCE CLAYDERMAN'S
VEATHER SYMPHONY ! MY MASTER VORK ! THE GREATEST
SPECTACLE THE WORLD HAS EFFER VITNESSED !

TONIGHT, IT VILL GET ITS
FIRST PERFORMANCE !

IT VILL ALSO BE ITS
LAST PERFORMANCE,
OF COURSE !

BUT HIMMEL ! VOT
A PERFORMANCE !

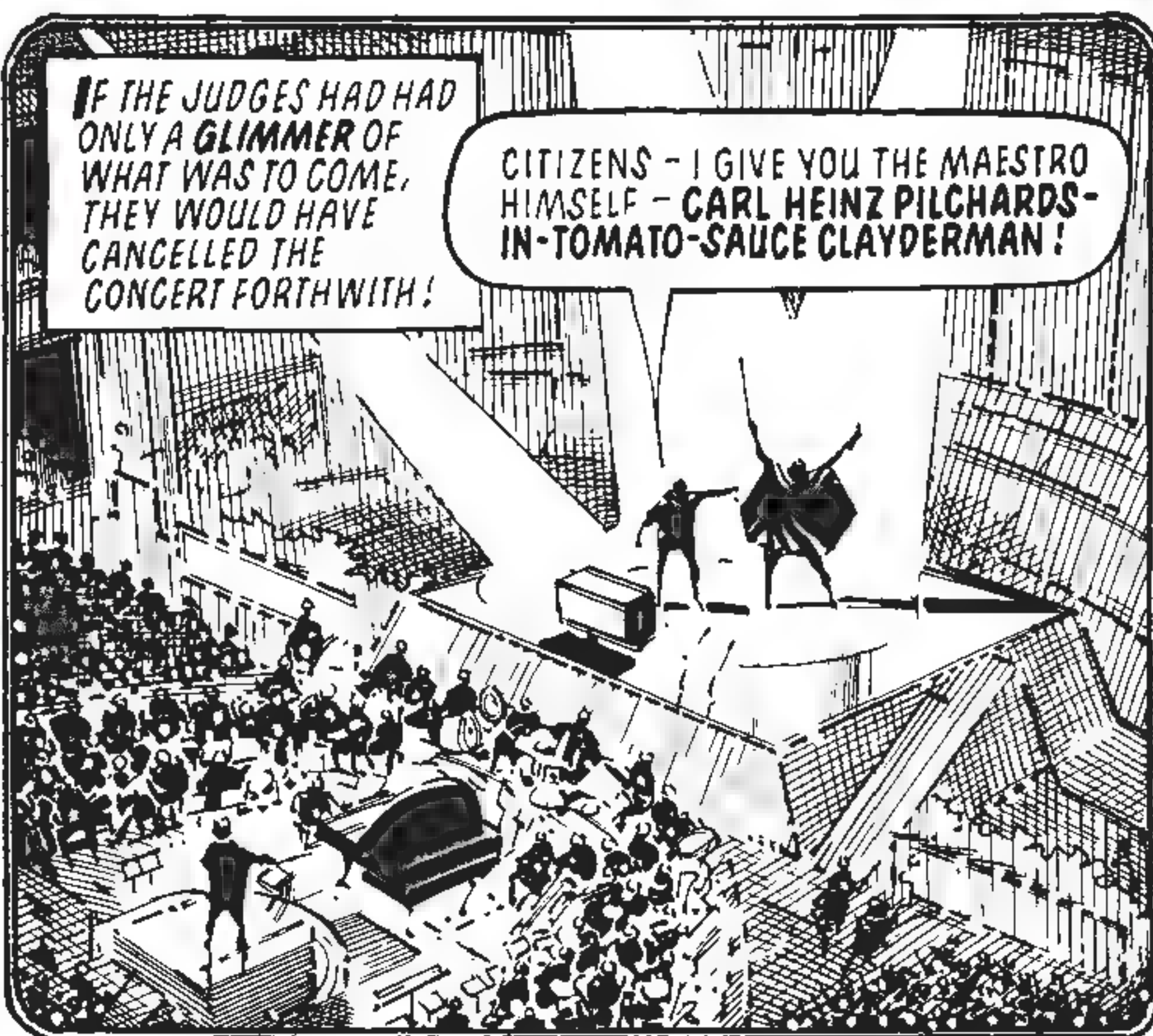
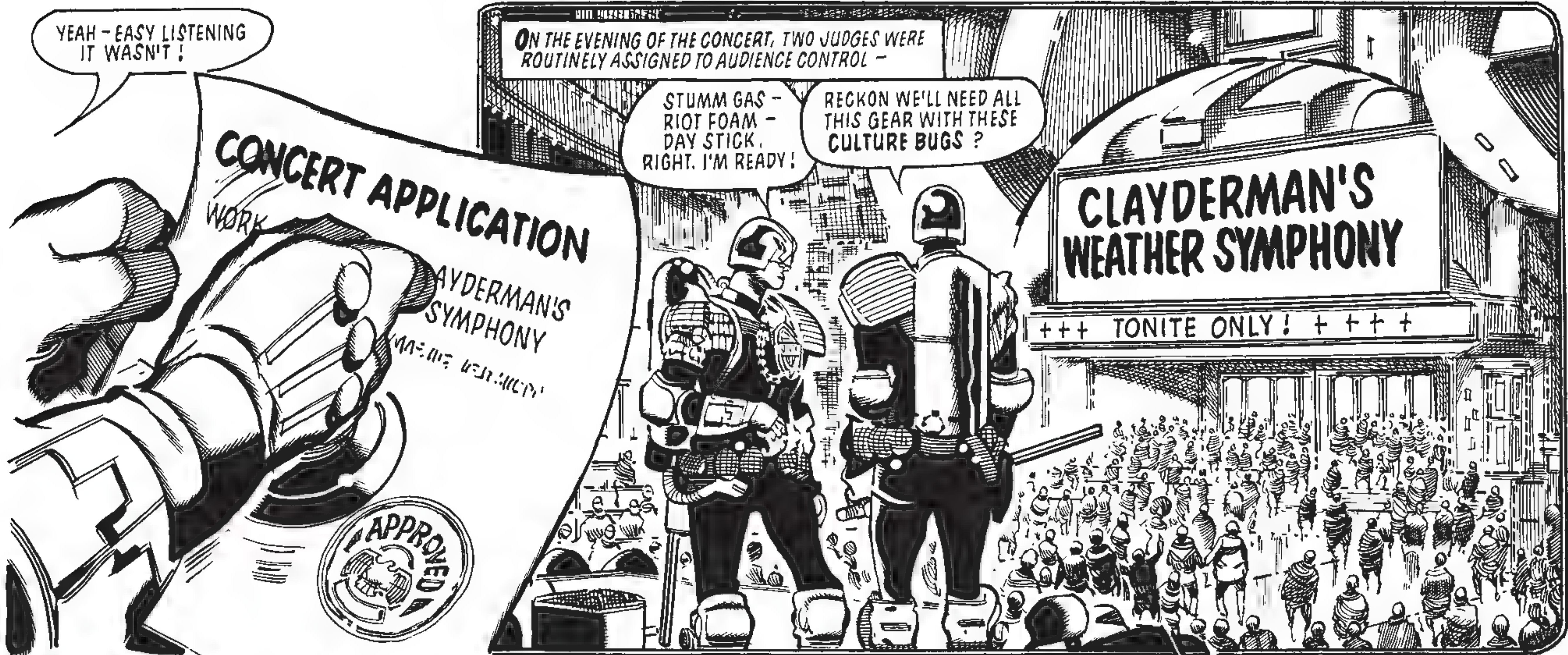
THE CONCERT APPLICATION HAD BEEN
PROCESSED THROUGH JUSTICE DEPARTMENT'S
CENSORS WITHOUT SUSPICION -

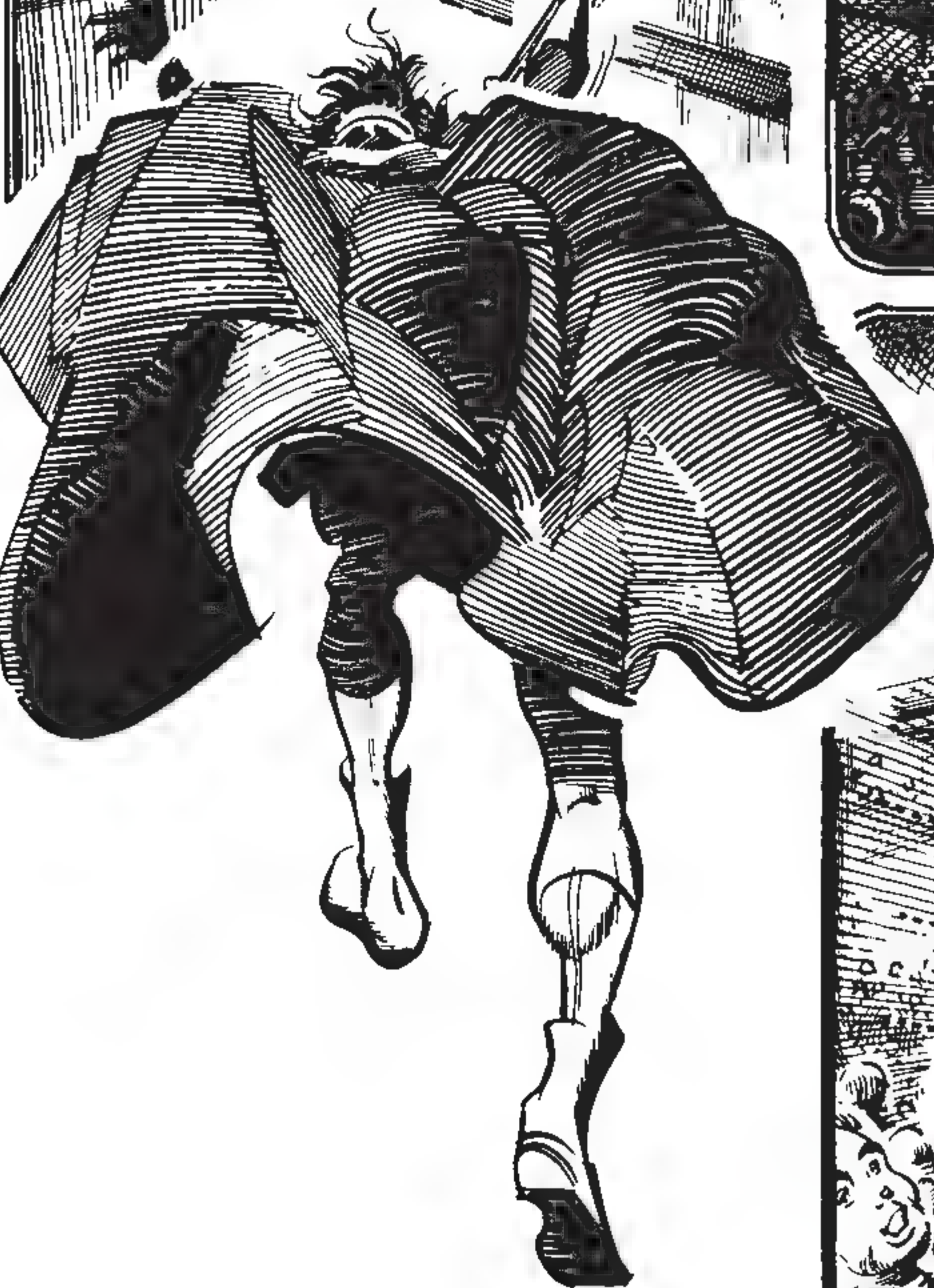
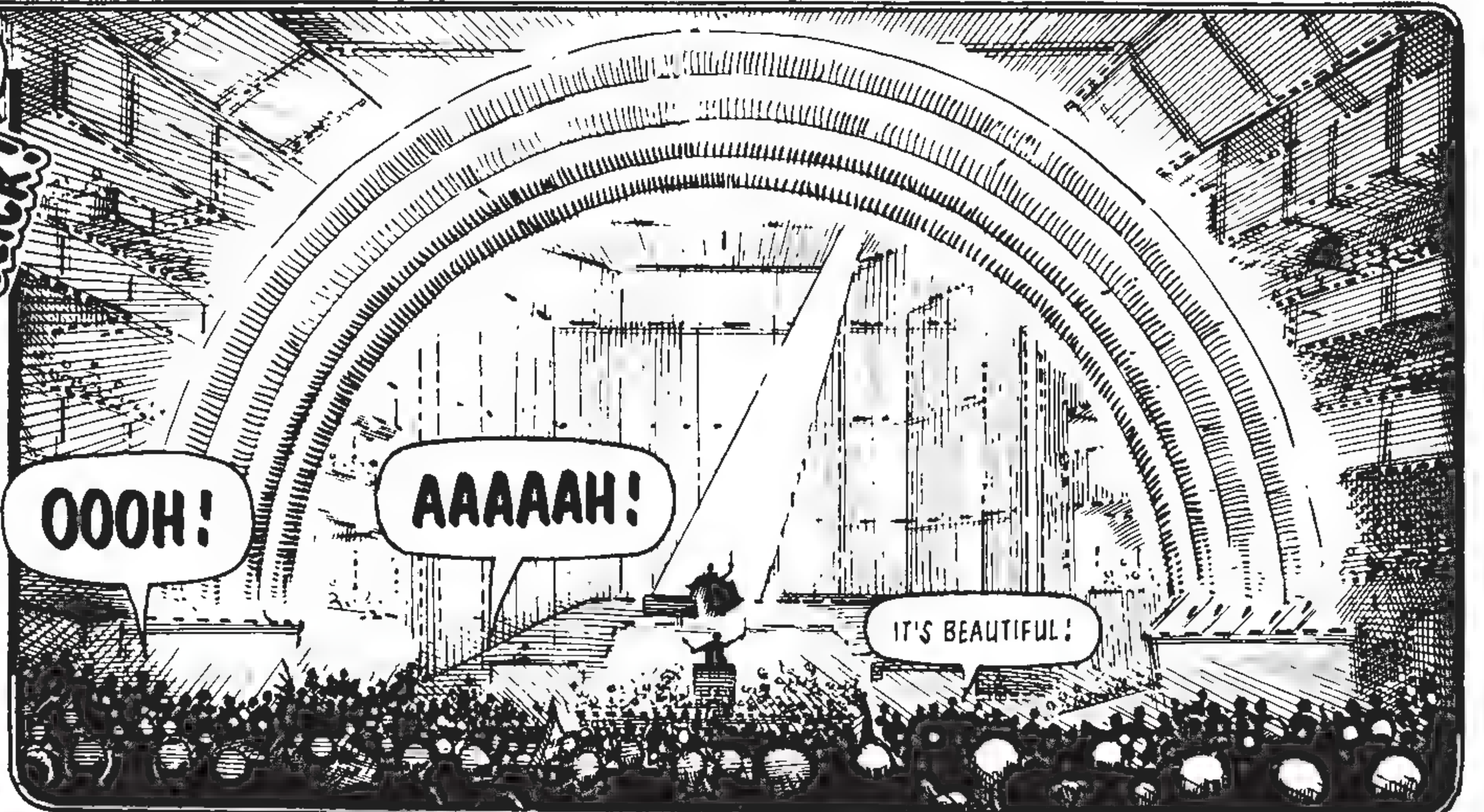
I SEE "PITS" CLAYDERMAN
HAS COMPOSED ANOTHER
SYMPHONY.

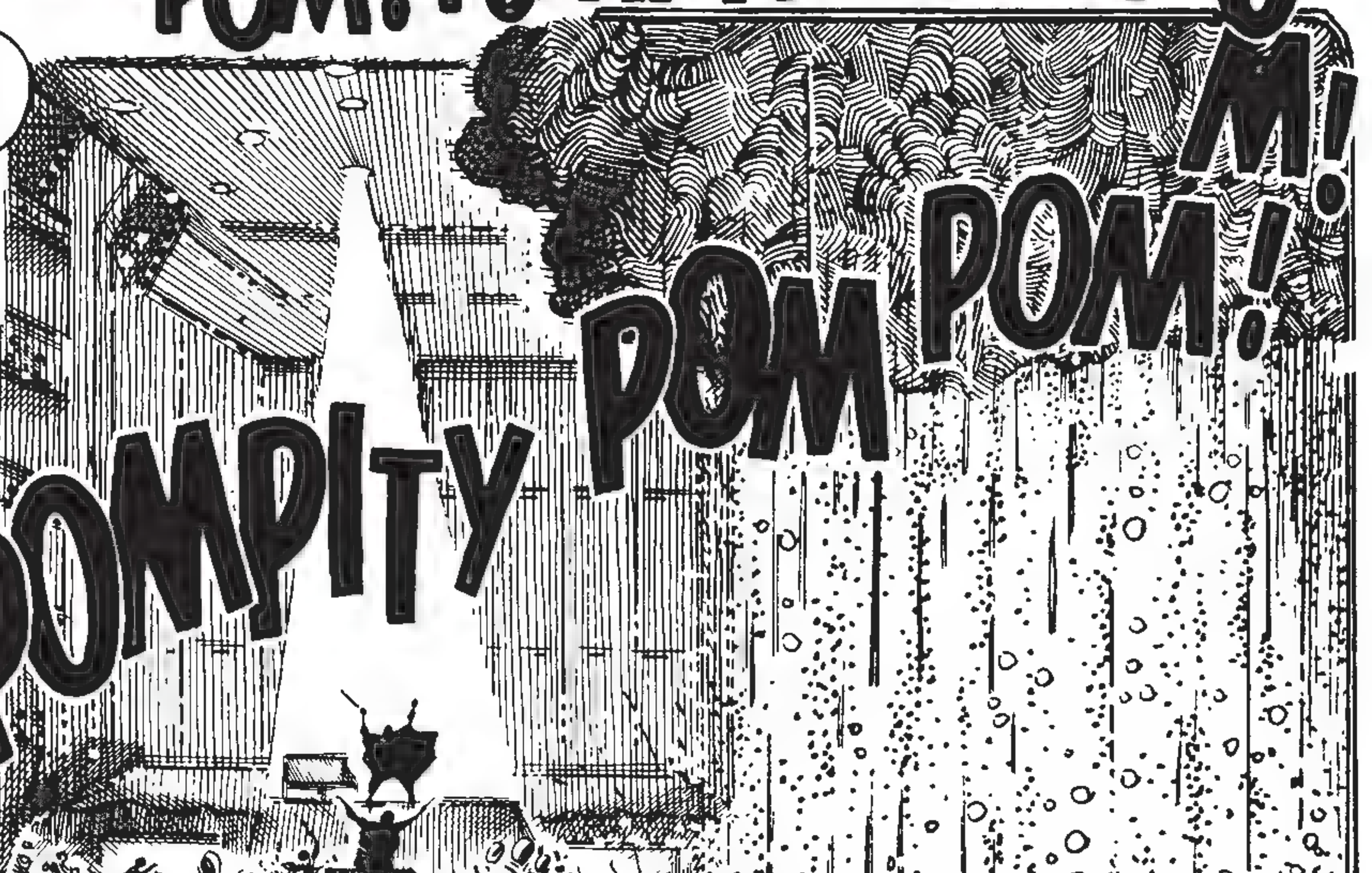
HOPE IT'S BETTER
THAN HIS LAST.
TWELVE ROBOTIC
CHICKENS LOCKED
INSIDE A PIANO...

APPROVED

NOT APPROVED







ON A MEGA-CITY AUDITORIUM, CRACKED COMPOSER
CARL HEINZ PILCHARDS-IN-TOMATO-SAUCE CLAYDERMAN
GIVES HIS FIRST AND LAST PERFORMANCE OF HIS MASTER WORK...
THE WEATHER SYMPHONY!



I GIF YOU HAILSTONES -
HAILSTONES AS BIG AS
YOUR STUPID HEADS!

CLICK!

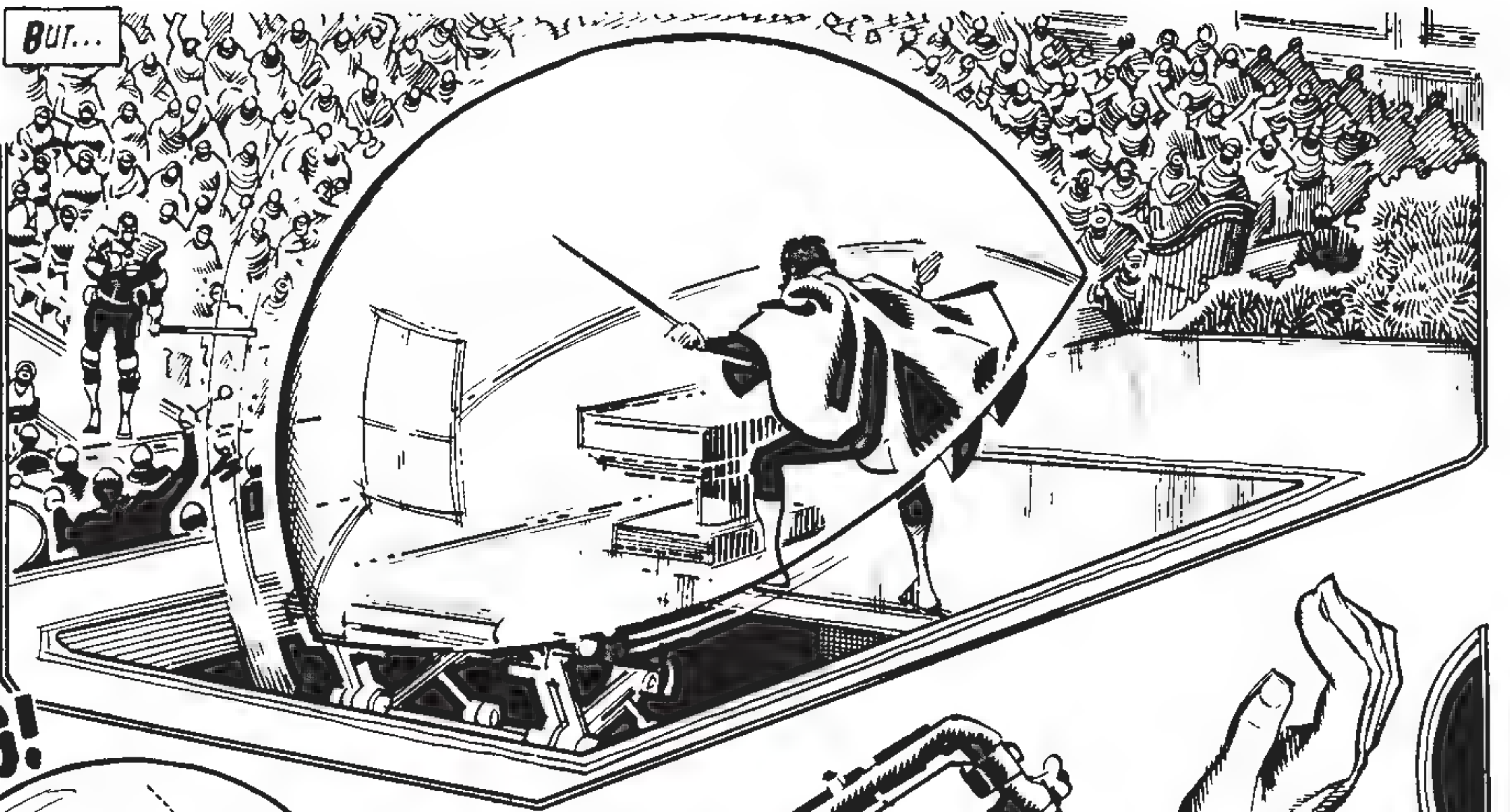
ART IT MAY BE -
LEGAL IT AIN'T! I'M
STOPPIN' THIS
CONCERT!

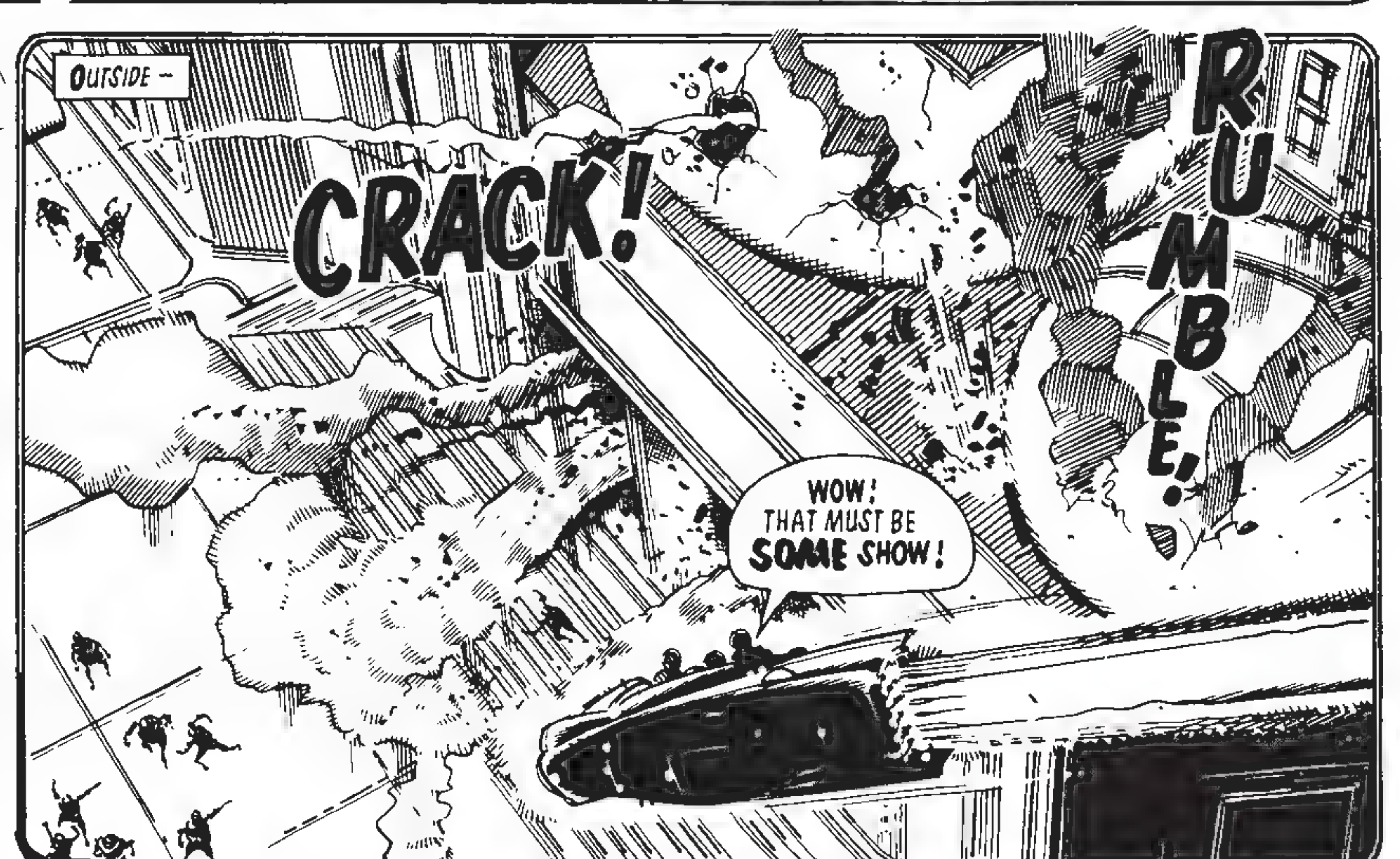
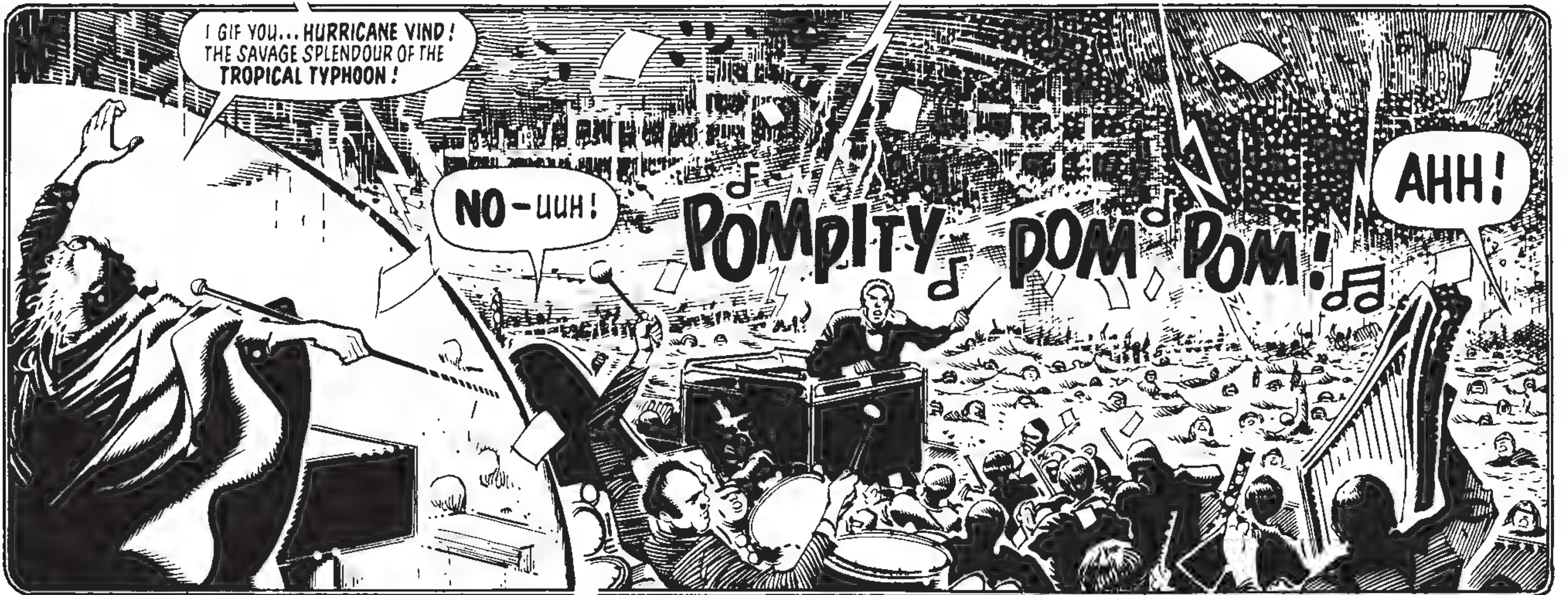
AAGH!

I GIF YOU THE
MAJESTY OF...
FORK
LIGHTNING!

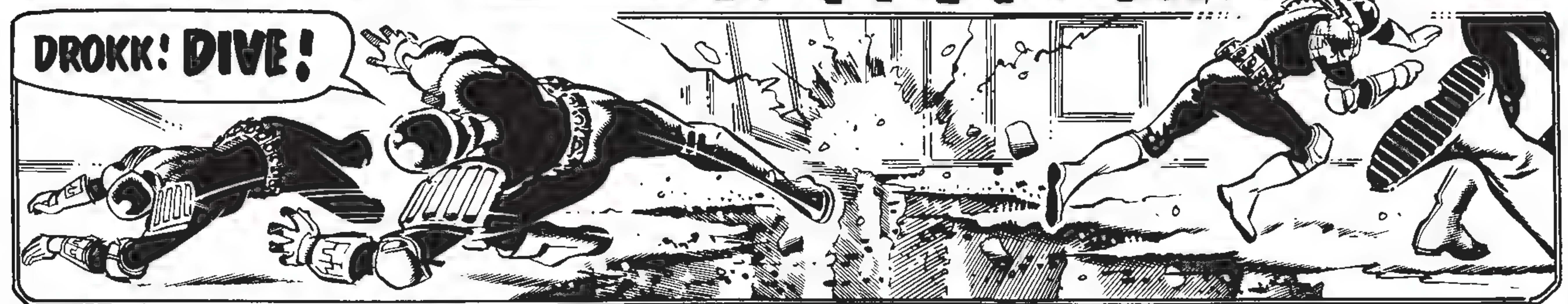
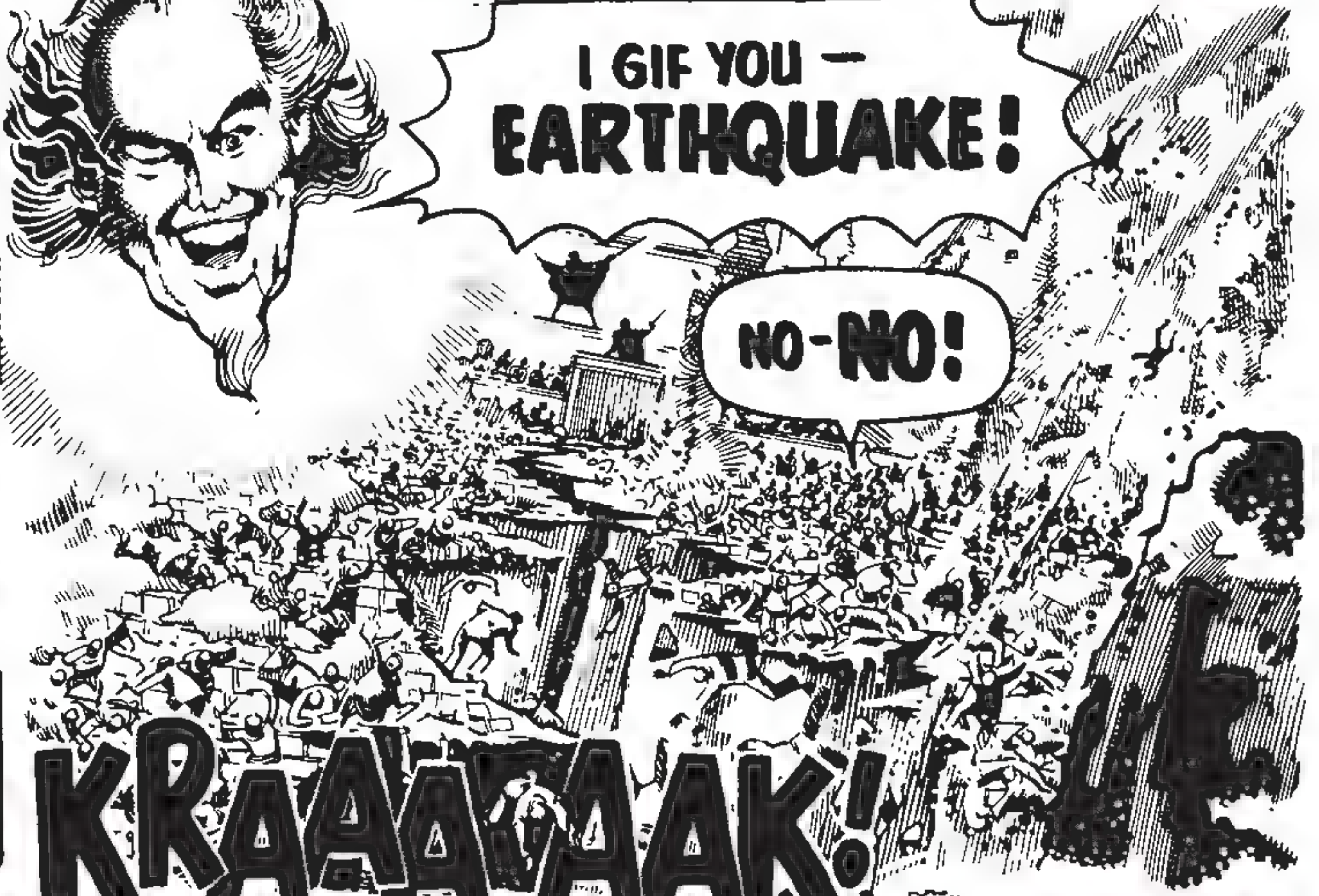
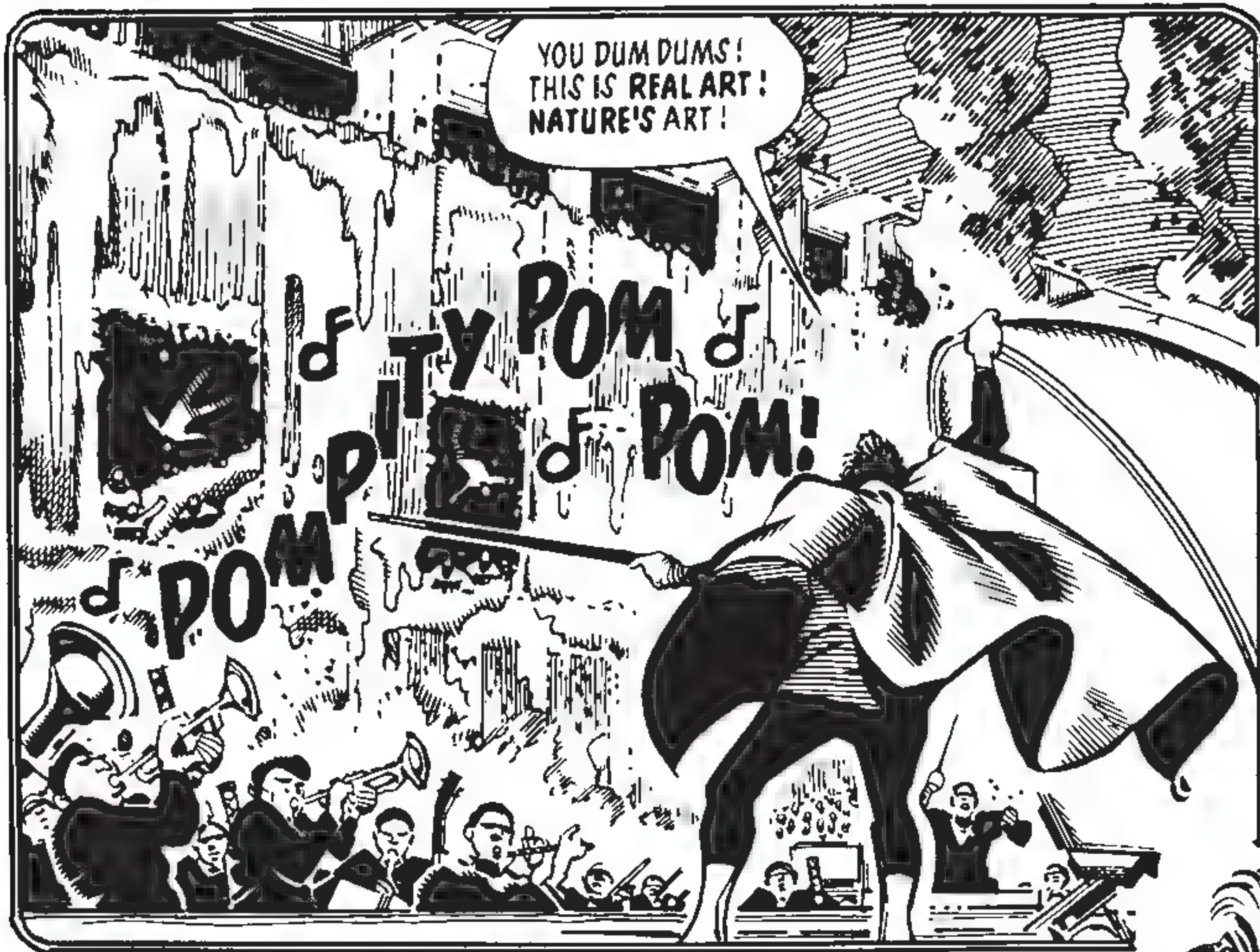


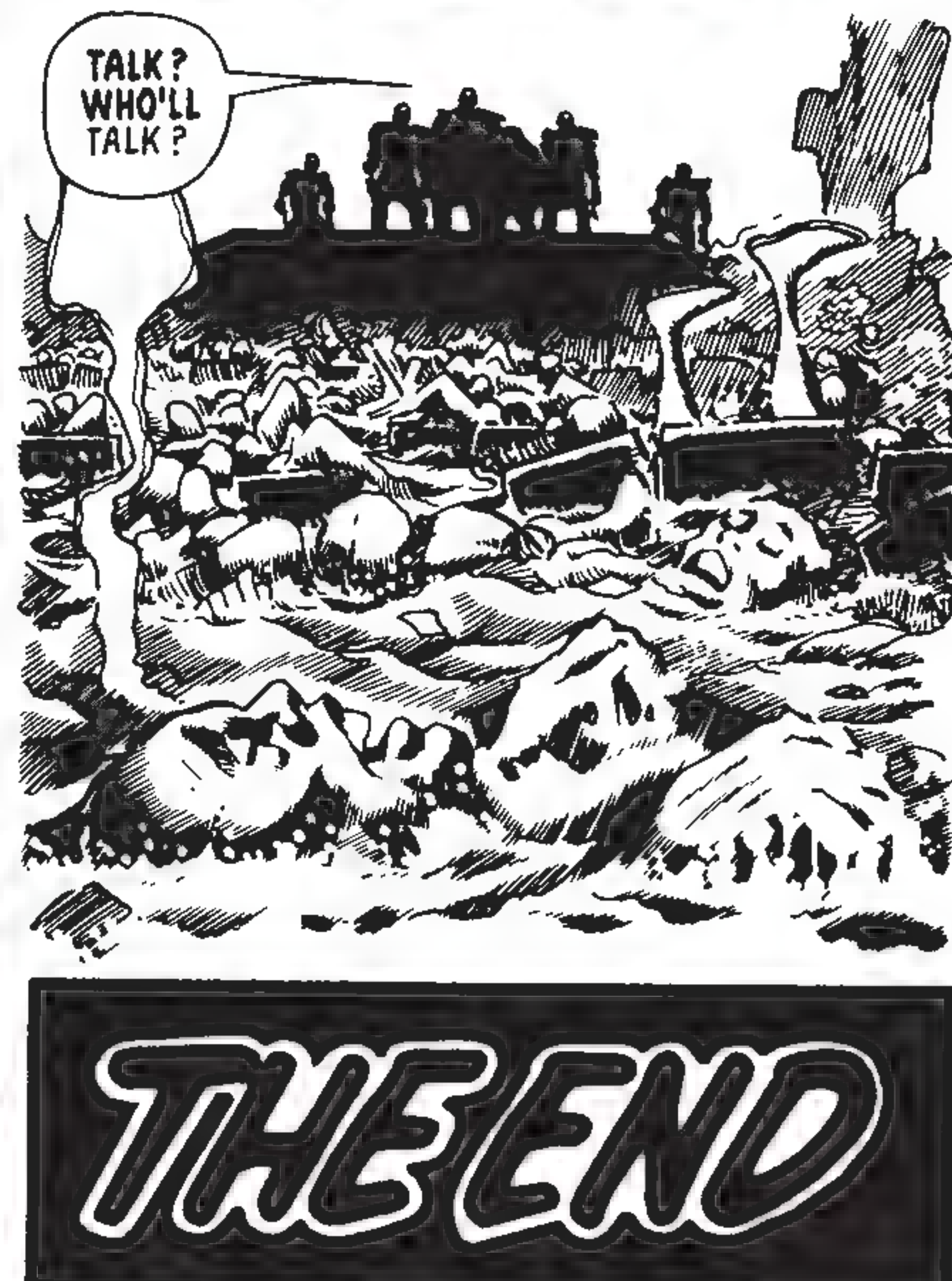
THE WEATHER MAN
PART 2











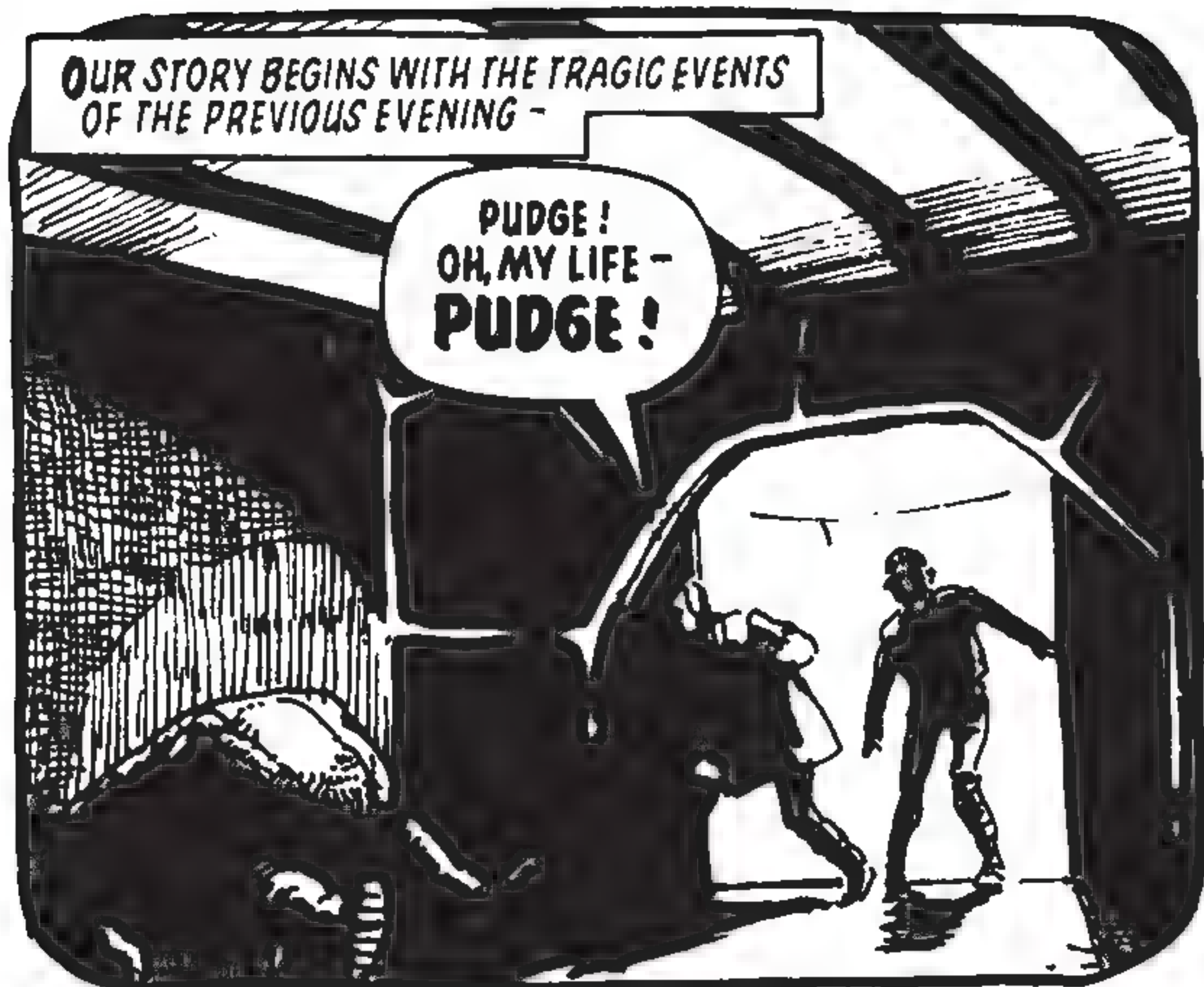
THE END





REQUIEM FOR A HEAVY-WEIGHT

PART 1



COUGH!!
ATE MY
BED,
CHARLEY.

I-I CAN SEE
THAT, BOY...



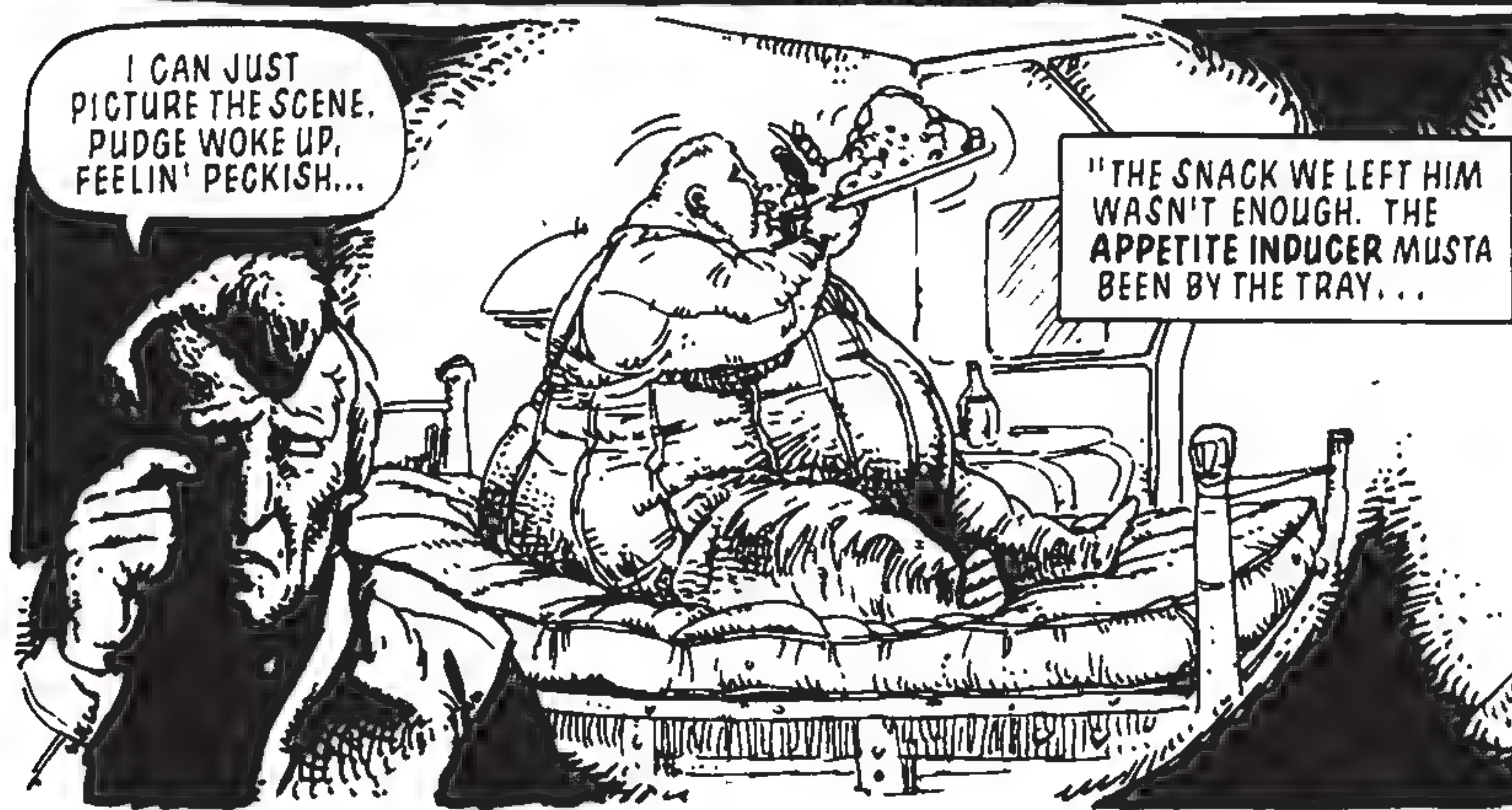
NO... NO GOOD,
CHARLEY...
FELT
SOMETHIN'
BUST
INSIDE...

HOLD ME,
CHARLEY!
I'M... I'M
GOIN'...



...I C-COULD'A...
BEEN... A...

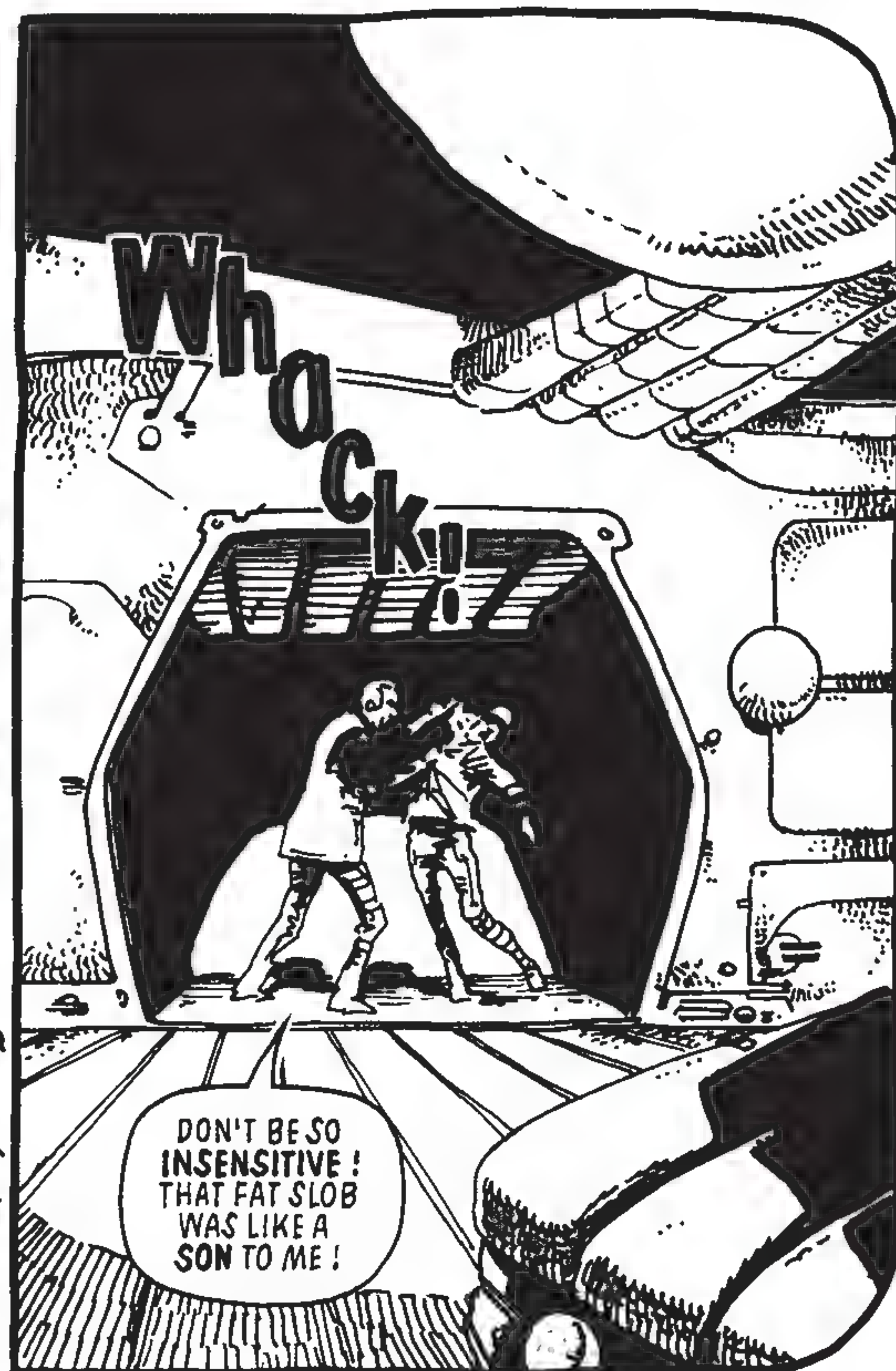
...CONTENDER!

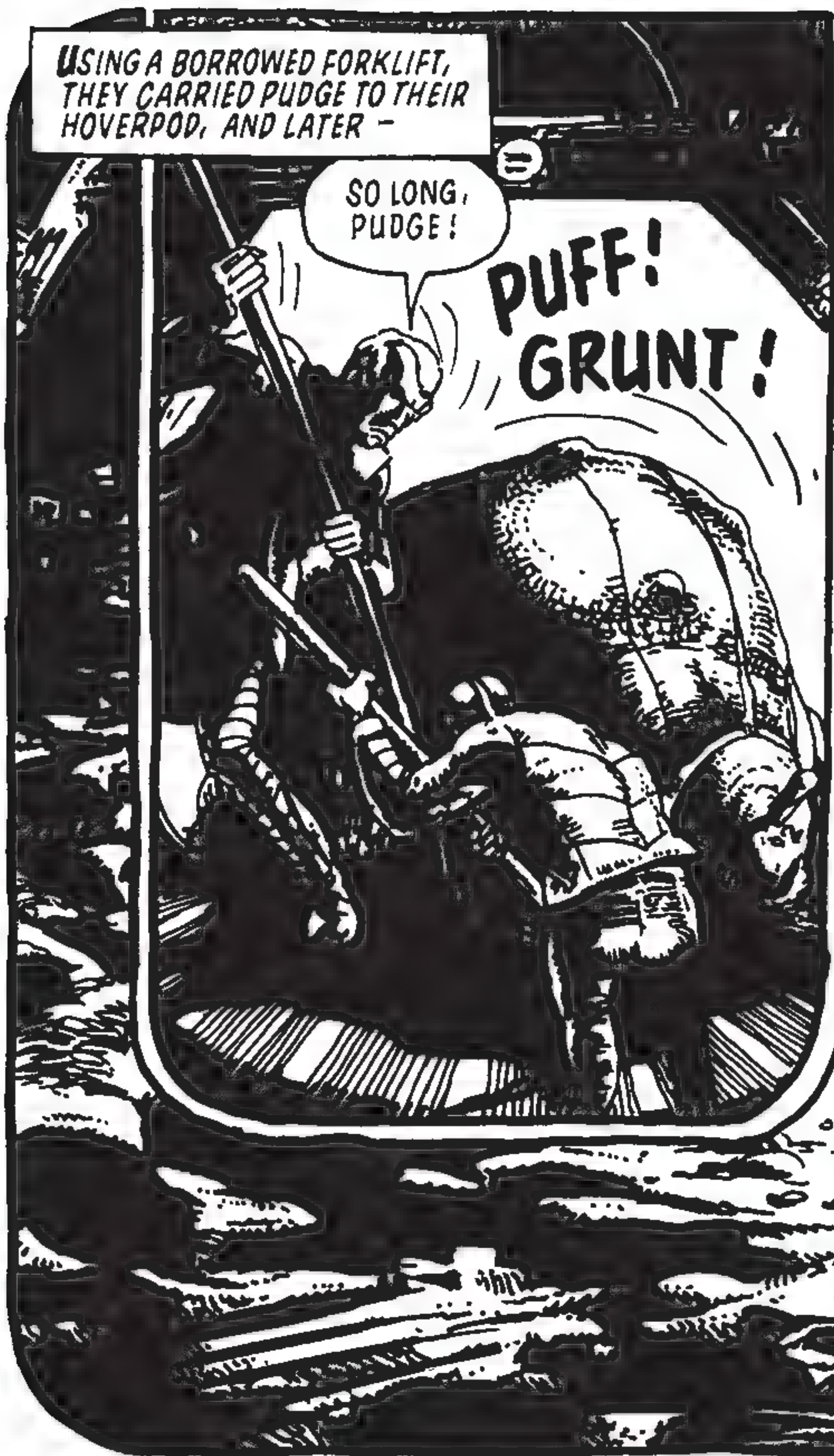


"THE SNACK WE LEFT HIM
WASN'T ENOUGH. THE
APPETITE INDUCER MUSTA
BEEN BY THE TRAY..."



"HE WAS ONLY MEANT TO
TAKE IT IN SMALL DOSES..."





USING A BORROWED FORKLIFT, THEY CARRIED PUDGE TO THEIR HOVERPOD, AND LATER -

SO LONG, PUDGE!

PUFF!
GRUNT!



THE BOYS AT RESYK ARE GONNA THINK IT'S CHRISTMAS WHEN HE COMES ROLLIN' IN!

WHAT WE GONNA DO NOW, CHARLEY?

ONLY ONE THING WE CAN DO, LIMPY - WE GOTTA FIND OURSELVES A NEW HEAVYWEIGHT!



NOW, IN THE HALL OF JUSTICE MORTUARY -

GOT THAT AUTOPSY REPORT, DREDD. MAKES INTERESTING READING.

CONTENTS OF STOMACH

Assorted foodstuffs	30 kilos
Reading lamp	1
Books (12 assorted-see appendix for titles)	1
Rug (mock nylon)	1
Wastebin (plasteen)	1
Air-conditioning unit	3 prs
Shoes (size 17)	1
Tray (metal)	1
Mirror (21 X 21)	1
Table (metal)	3
Chairs (metal)	2
Pillows (foam)	6
Bedclothes (assorted)	1
Bed, with mattress (not fully ingested)	



THAT'S WHAT I CALL A BIG EATER! ANY FINGERPRINTS ON ANY OF THIS STUFF?

NO, DIGESTIVE JUICES WOULD HAVE WIPED OUT ANY TRACES. BUT THERE WAS ONE THING - WE FOUND APPETITE INDUCING CHEMICALS IN HIS BLOODSTREAM - A MASSIVE OVERDOSE.

HMMM... SO EITHER SOMEBODY SLIPPED IT TO HIM - IN WHICH CASE IT WAS MURDER. OR HE TOOK IT HIMSELF...

...IN WHICH CASE IT WAS JUST PLAIN STUPID.



THE DEAD MAN'S OWN FINGERPRINTS ARE IDENTIFIED BY JUSTICE DEPT. COMPUTERS -

WILLIAM DEMPSEY, ALIAS "PUDGE", ESCAPED FROM TOBIAS BELCH SEGREGATION BLOCK FOR THE OVERWEIGHT SIX MONTHS AGO. SINCE THEN BELIEVED TO BE INVOLVED IN ILLEGAL EATING CONTESTS.

IT FIGURES!

FOOD SHORTAGES CAUSED BY THE APOCALYPSE WAR HAD LED TO EATING CONTESTS BEING BANNED. BUT THE HEAVYWEIGHT "GRUNT AND GUZZLE" GAME HAD SURVIVED - GONE UNDERGROUND.

NOW IT WAS A BIG TIME RACKET RUN BY HOODLUMS AND SUPPLIED BY BLACK MARKETEERS.

TWENTY THOU ON FATBELLY FRANK!

BIG MONEY RODE ON THE CONTESTANTS' ABILITY TO GORGE THEMSELVES -

THE WINNER - WITH 427 KILOS CONSUMED - FATBELLY FRANK!

BUURRRPP!

PUDGE DEMPSEY MUST'VE HAD BACKERS. FIND THEM, AND I'LL FIND OUT WHY HE DIED.



MEANWHILE -

THAT'S WHERE WE'LL FIND OUR NEW HEAVYWEIGHT, LIMPY - THE FAT BLOCKS!

UNDER MEGA-CITY ONE'S EMERGENCY FAT CONTROL LAW, ALL CITIZENS WEIGHING OVER 300 KILOS HAD BEEN PLACED UNDER HOUSE ARREST IN FOUR SEGREGATION BLOCKS*



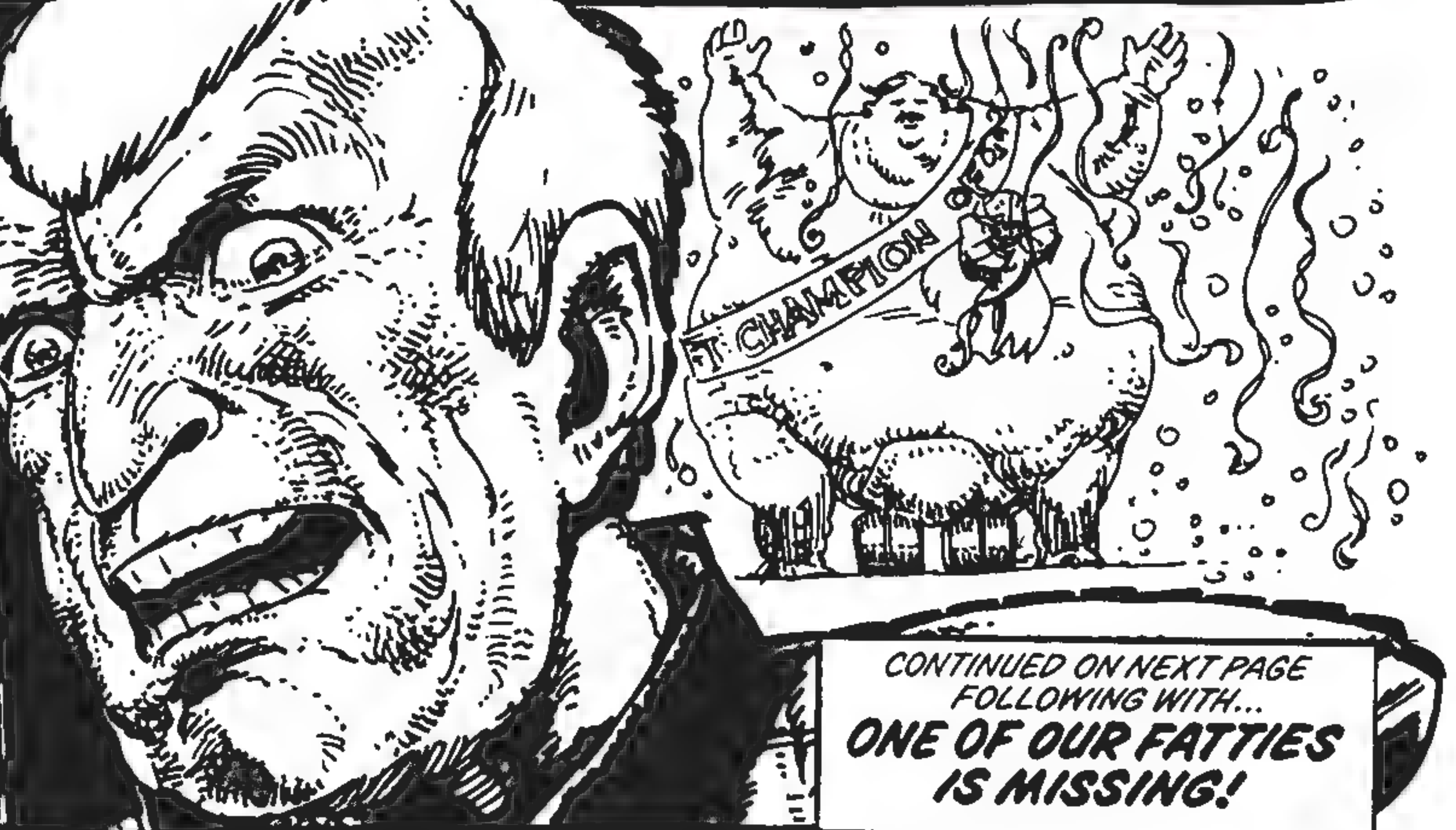
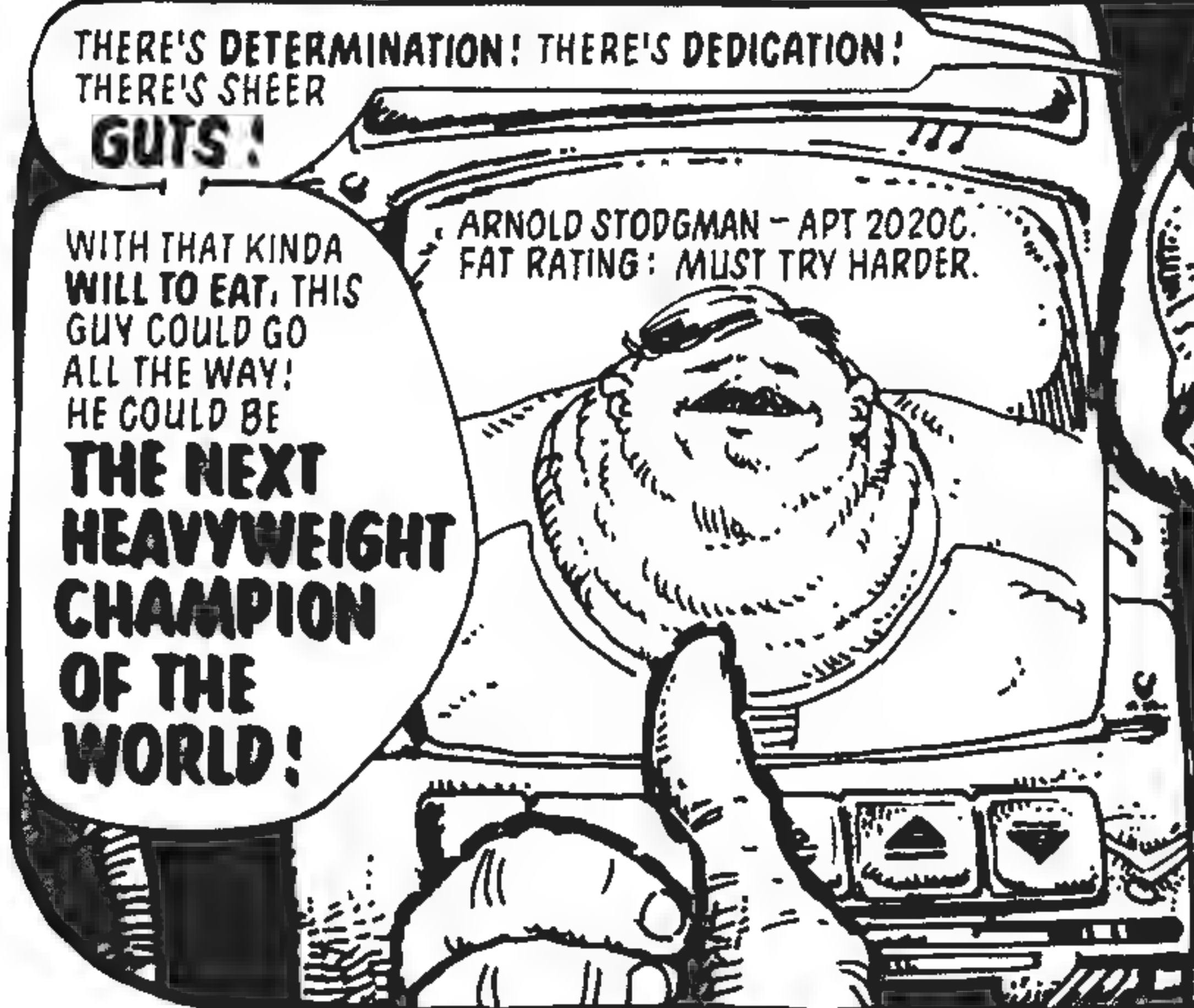
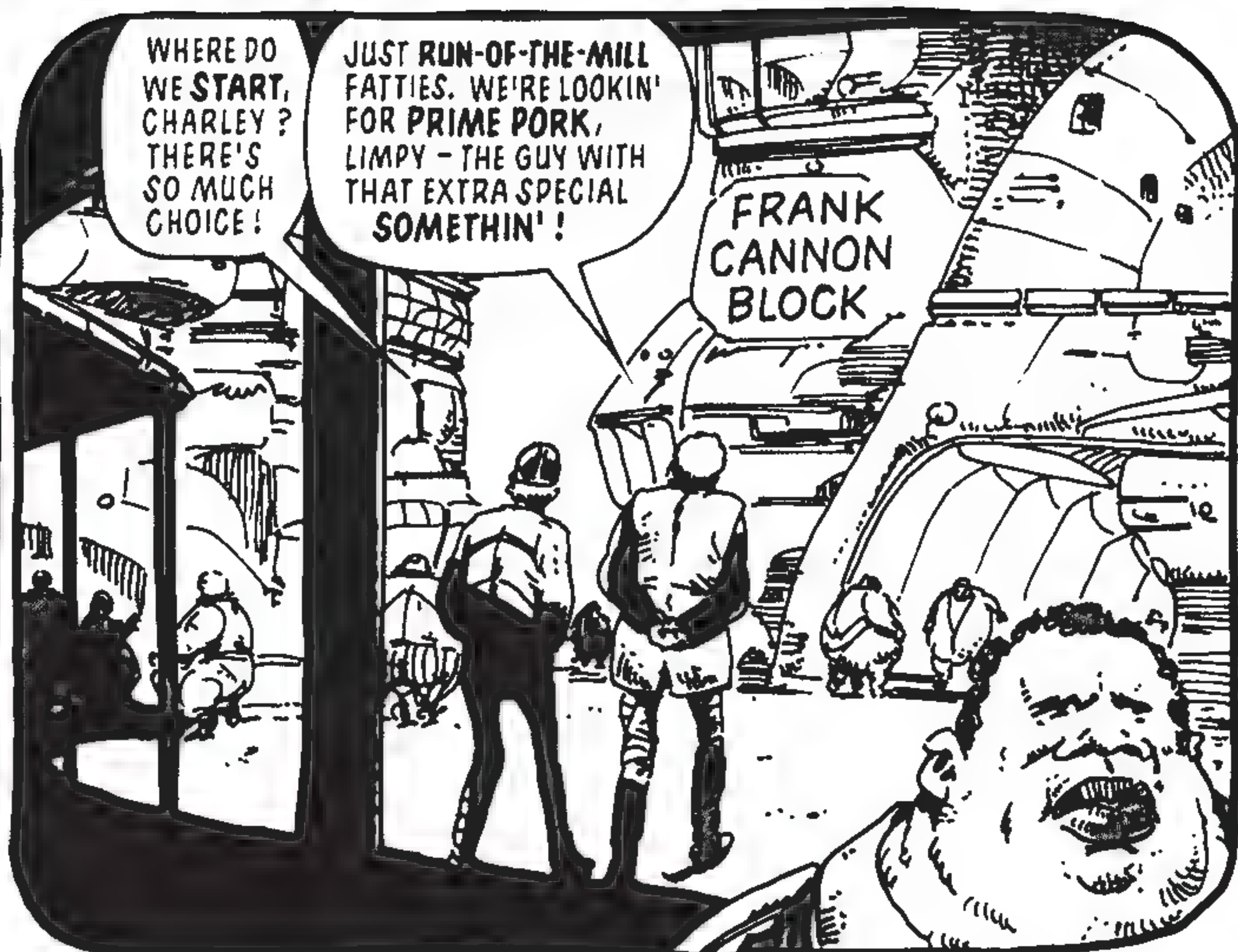
299 KILOS!
I'VE MADE IT!
I'M FREE!

* THARG NOTE:
SEE PROG 274.



WASTE OF TIME LETTIN' 'EM OUT.

YEAH, THEY CELEBRATE WITH A COLOSSAL BINGE, AND THEY'RE RIGHT BACK IN THE NEXT DAY!





NIGHT, THE SERENE CALM OF FRANK CANNON SEGREGATION BLOCK FOR THE EXCESSIVELY FAT IS SUDDENLY BROKEN!

ATTENTION, FATTIES!

FRANK CANNON BLOCK

AS A SPECIAL TREAT, JUDGES HAVE GIVEN PERMISSION FOR A MIDNIGHT FEAST!

COMMUNICATIONS ROOM
STAFF ONLY.

PILES AND PILES OF SCRUMPTIOUS GRUB ARE JUST WAITING FOR YOU OUTSIDE THE GATES!

FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED! SO SHIFT THAT LARD! HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!

WASSAT?

FOOD?

LEMME AT IT!

WHERE'S MY BELIWHEEL?

FRANK CANNON BLOCK

SMASH!!

NEVER MIND GETTIN' DRESSED, TUBBY! FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED. HE SAID!

A FATEFUL NIGHT! IN THE ANNALS OF MEGA-CITY CRIME, IT WOULD FOREVERMORE BE KNOWN AS **THE CHARGE OF THE HEAVY BRIGADE!**

CHARGE!

FOOD! FOOD!
GLORIOUS FOOD!

I'M GONNA
EAT 'N' EAT 'N' EAT!

YAROOO!

SIMON TO CONTROL!
WE GOT FIFTEEN THOUSAND
TONS OF TROUBLE POURIN'
AT US OUTA
FRANK CANNON!

REQUIEM FOR A
**HEAVY-
WEIGHT**

PART 2

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
C EZQUERRA
LETTERING
T FRAME



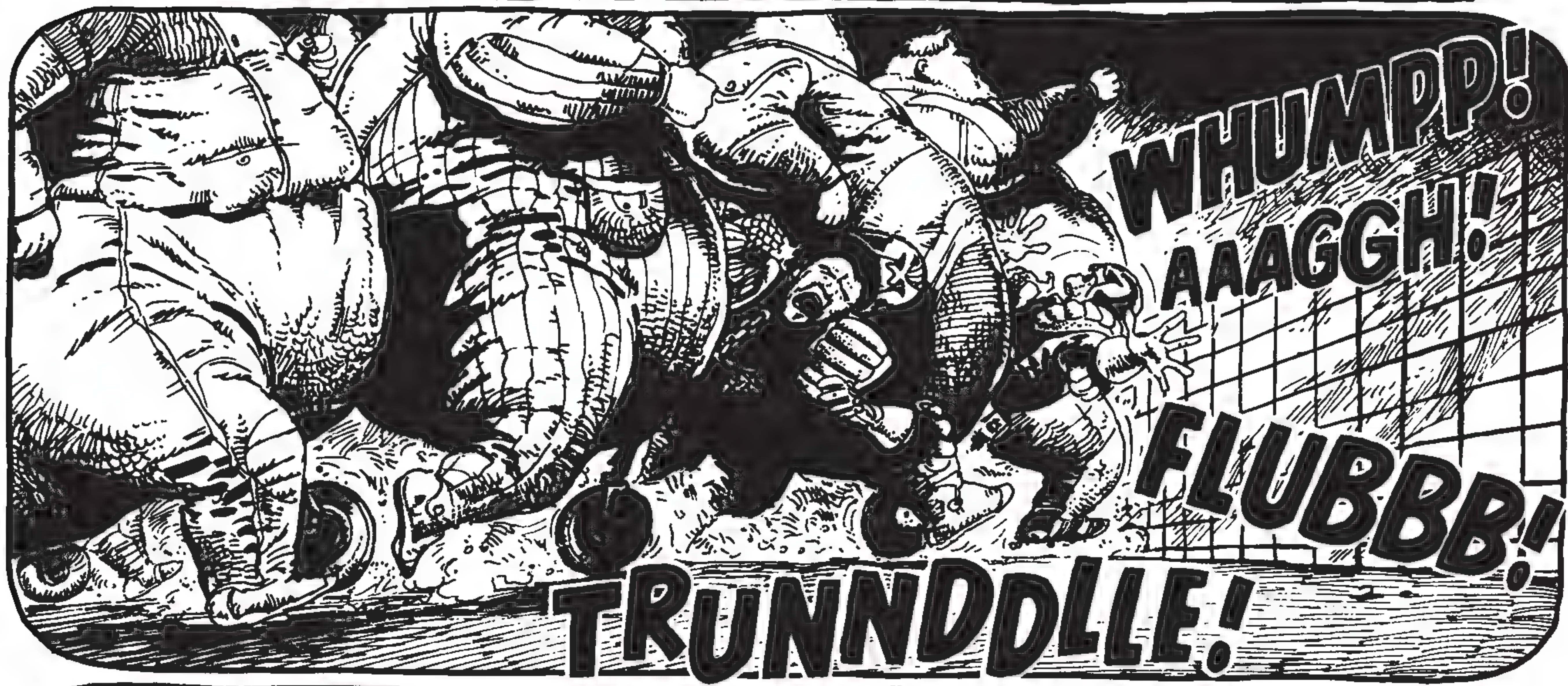
SO IT WAS CHARLEY BRUNO WHO MADE THAT FATEFUL ANNOUNCEMENT -

CHARLEY BRUNO WHO WAS DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF TWO OF MEGA-CITY'S FINEST -

RUMBLE!
TRUNDLE!

ATTENTION, FATTIES!

STOP! STOP!



WHUMPP!
AAAGGH!

FLUBBB!

TRUNNDLLE!

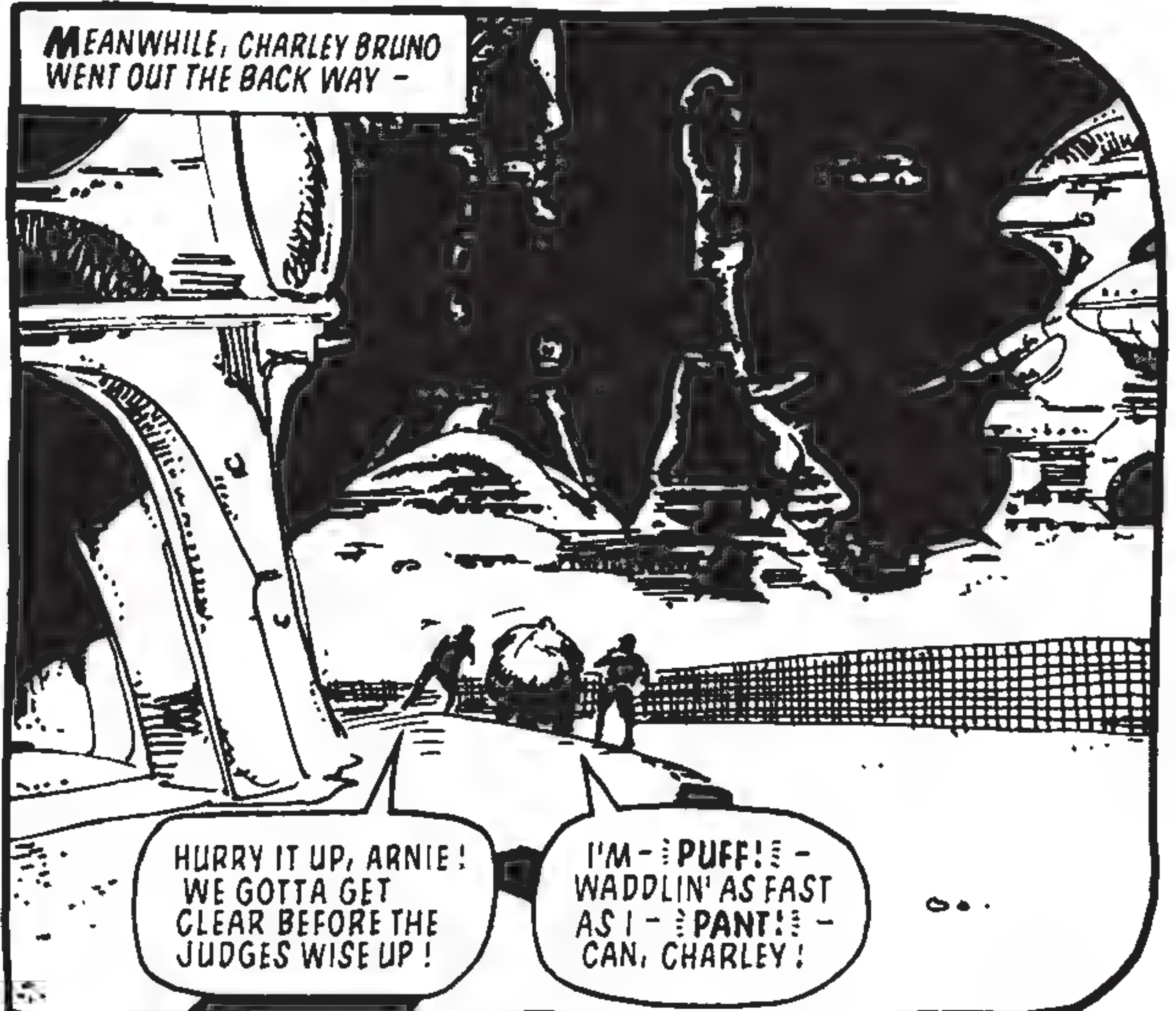
CHARLEY BRUNO WHO BROKE THIRTY THOUSAND FAT HEARTS!

W-WE BEEN HOAXED!
TH-THERE'S NO FOOD
HERE!

WHO COULD - SNIFF! -
BE SO CRUEL?



MEANWHILE, CHARLEY BRUNO WENT OUT THE BACK WAY -

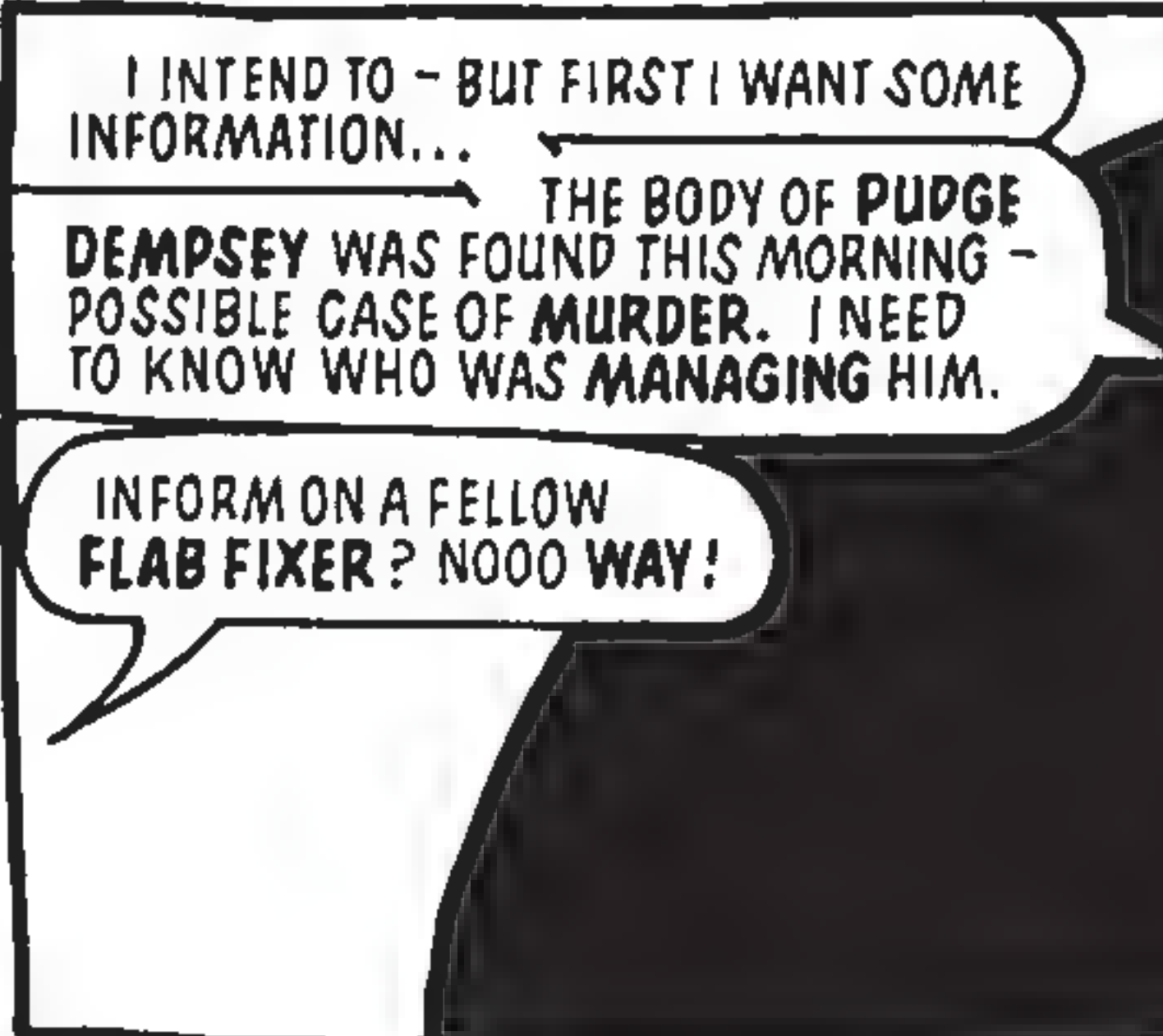


HURRY IT UP, ARNIE!
WE GOTTA GET
CLEAR BEFORE THE
JUDGES WISE UP!

I'M - PUFF! -
WADDLIN' AS FAST
AS I - PANT! -
CAN, CHARLEY!



ACTING ON INFORMATION, JUDGE DREDD HAS LOCATED ANOTHER OF THE UNDERWORLD'S SECRET FATTY TRAINING STABLES -





MAYBE I CAN CHANGE YOUR MIND.
LET'S START WITH THESE TWO...

...HARBOURING KNOWN FATTIES -
TWO YEARS EACH COUNT!



CLATTER!

BONK!



ILLEGAL FOOD HOARD!
FIVE YEARS! SHALL I
GO ON?

ENOUGH ALREADY!
I'LL TALK!

IN A CITY SUFFERING SEVERE SHORTAGES,
FOOD HOARDING WAS A SERIOUS OFFENCE.



PUDGE WAS EATIN' FOR CHARLEY BRUNO.
JUST A SMALL-TIME STABLE, BUT REAL
CLASS PIGS!

WHERE DOES THIS
BRUNO HANG OUT?

NO IDEA - HONEST! IN THIS GAME, YOU KEEP
YOUR LOCATION DEAD QUIET, ELSE YOU TEND
TO GET BUSTED. KNOW WHAT I MEAN?



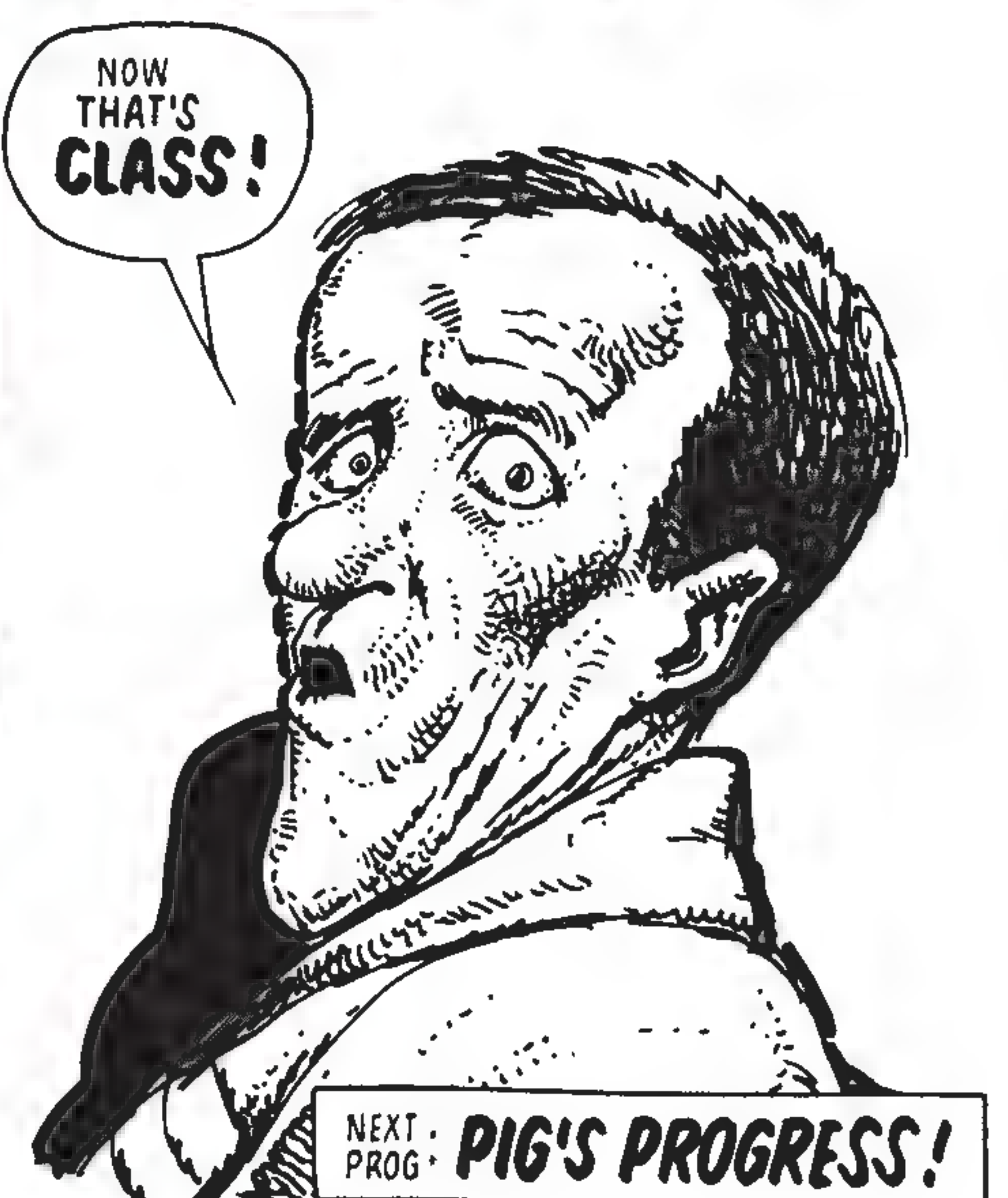
YEAH,
I KNOW.
MOVE.



BY THE WAY,
WHAT DID PUDGE
DIE OF?



ATE HIS BED!



NOW
THAT'S
CLASS!

NEXT
PROG. **PIG'S PROGRESS!**



NIGHT, JUDGE DREDD IS CALLED TO THE FRANK CANNON SEGREGATION BLOCK FOR THE EXCESSIVELY FAT...

SOME JOKER PUT OUT AN ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE WHOLE BLOCK - TOLD THE FATTIES THERE WAS FREE FOOD OUTSIDE THE GATES.

TWO GOOD JUDGES WERE KILLED IN THE RUSH.

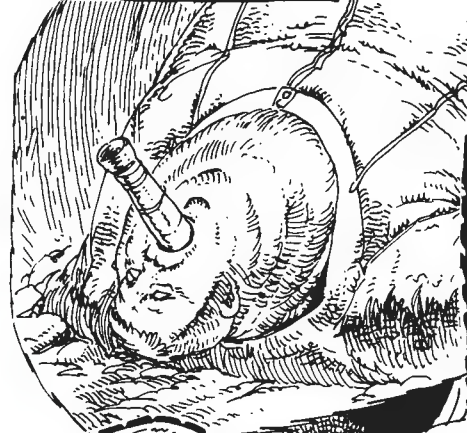
A HOAX?



RECKON THERE'S MORE TO IT. DURING THE RIOT, ONE OF THE BLOCK RESIDENTS MADE HIS ESCAPE - ONE ARNOLD STODGMAN.

WE FOUND CHARLEY BRUNO'S FINGERPRINTS IN STODGMAN'S APARTMENT.

THAT MORNING, THE BODY OF PUDGE DEMPSEY, A CONTESTANT IN ILLEGAL HEAVYWEIGHT EATING MATCHES, HAD BEEN FOUND. NOW DREDD WAS SEARCHING FOR DEMPSEY'S MANAGER, CHARLEY BRUNO...



YEAH, MAKES SENSE. BRUNO LOST HIS PRIZE PIG - NEEDED A REPLACEMENT. HE CHOSE STODGMAN.

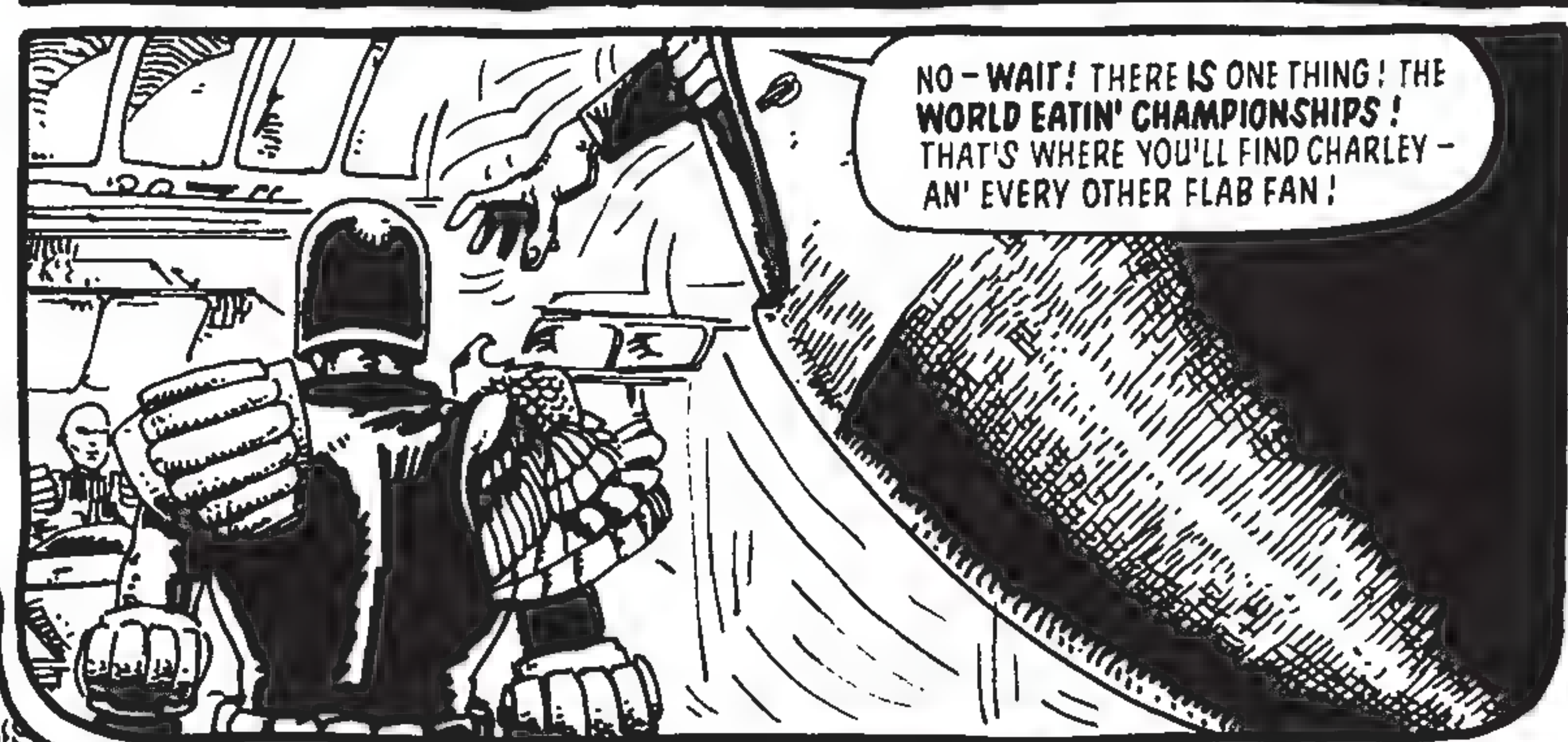
IT WAS BRUNO WHO MADE THAT FAKE ANNOUNCEMENT - A DIVERSION TO HELP STODGMAN ESCAPE. BUT THINGS GOT OUT OF HAND, AND TWO JUDGES DIED.



I'M GONNA NAIL THAT BRUNO CREEP - AND WHEN I DO, THIS TIME THE CHARGE IS DEFINITELY MURDER!

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
C EZQUERRA
LETTERING
T FRAME

REQUIEM FOR A HEAVY-WEIGHT





IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW,
TRAINING ACCELERATES -

THIS APPETITE INDUCER'S BANNED IN THE ACTUAL
CONTEST, BUT FOR TRAININ', IT'LL HELP INCREASE
YOUR STOMACH CAPACITY.

HE'S PUT ON FIFTY KILOS IN TWO DAYS,
CHARLEY - THAT'S GOOD
WEIGHT GAIN!

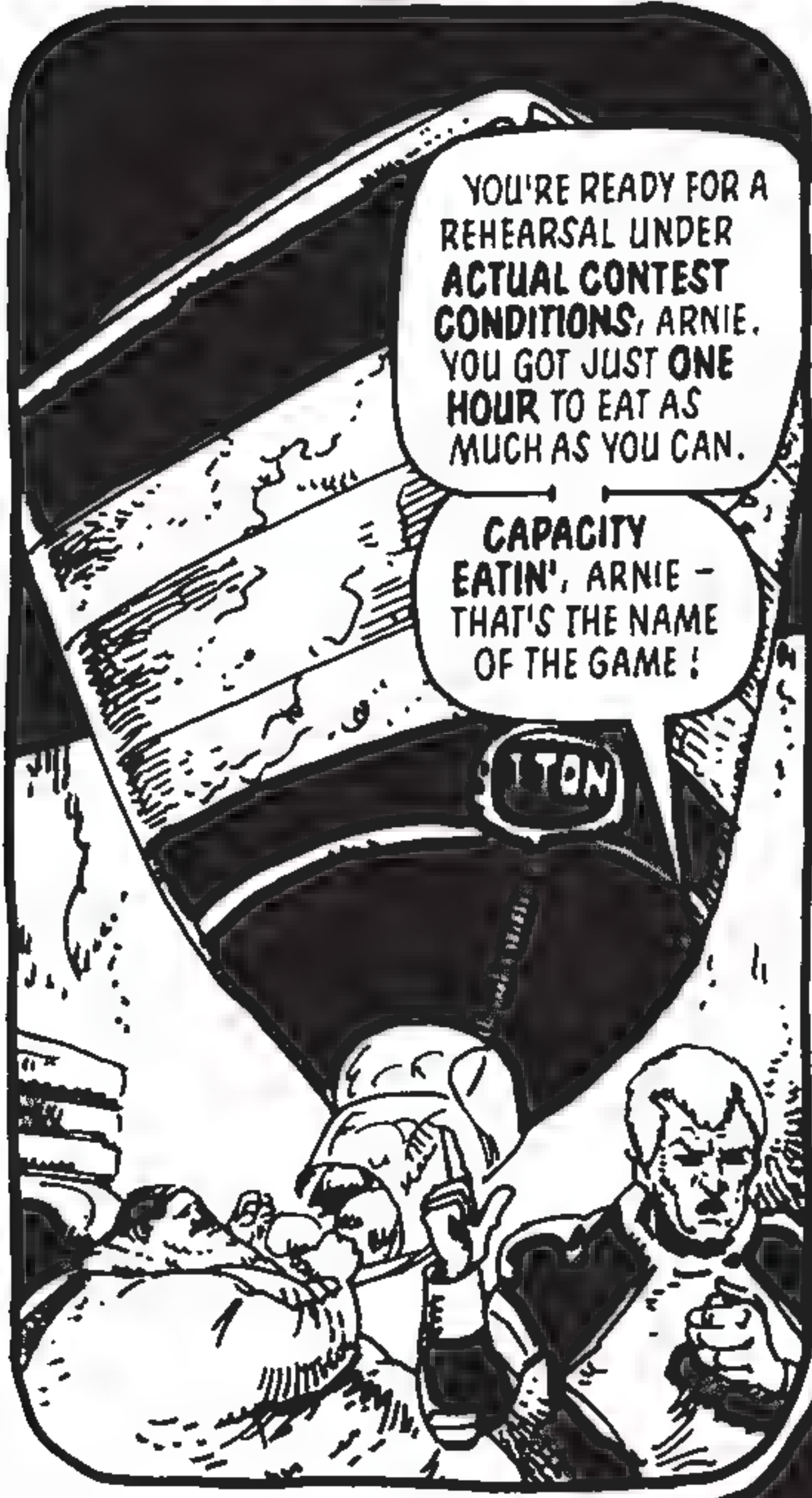
OPEN WIDER, ARNIE!
REMEMBER -
JAWS OF THE
TIGER!



YOU'RE READY FOR A
REHEARSAL UNDER
ACTUAL CONTEST
CONDITIONS, ARNIE.
YOU GOT JUST ONE
HOUR TO EAT AS
MUCH AS YOU CAN.

CAPACITY
EATIN', ARNIE -
THAT'S THE NAME
OF THE GAME!

1 TON



GO!

GLUB! CRAM!



340
KILOS,
CHARLEY!

C'MON,
ARNIE!
YOU'RE NOT
TRYIN'!
EAT! EAT!
EAT!



WHADDYA MEAN, SATISFIED? A
GOOD EATER'S **NEVER** SATISFIED!

HOUR'S UP, CHARLEY!
TOTAL CONSUMED -
713 KILOS!

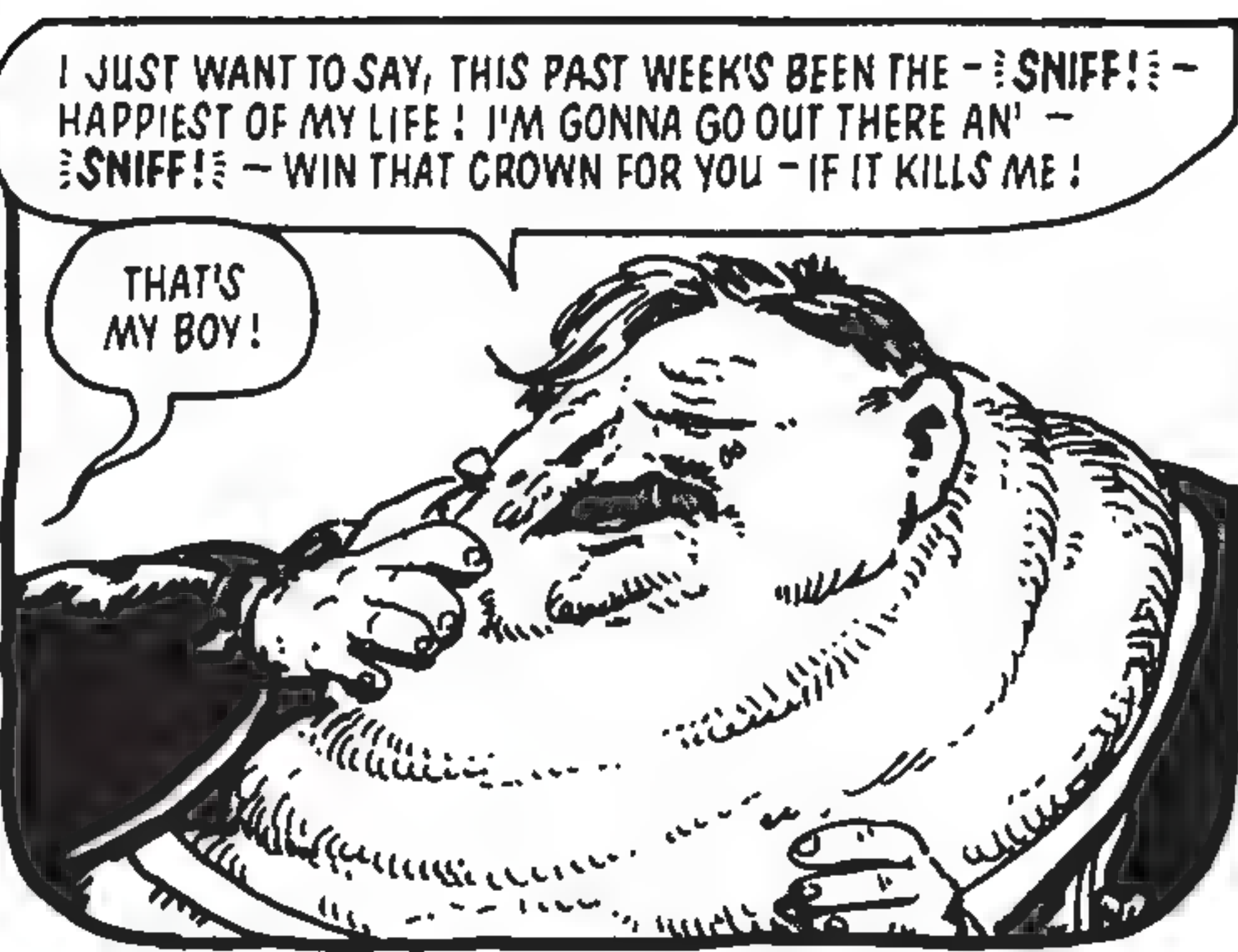
CHICKENFEED!

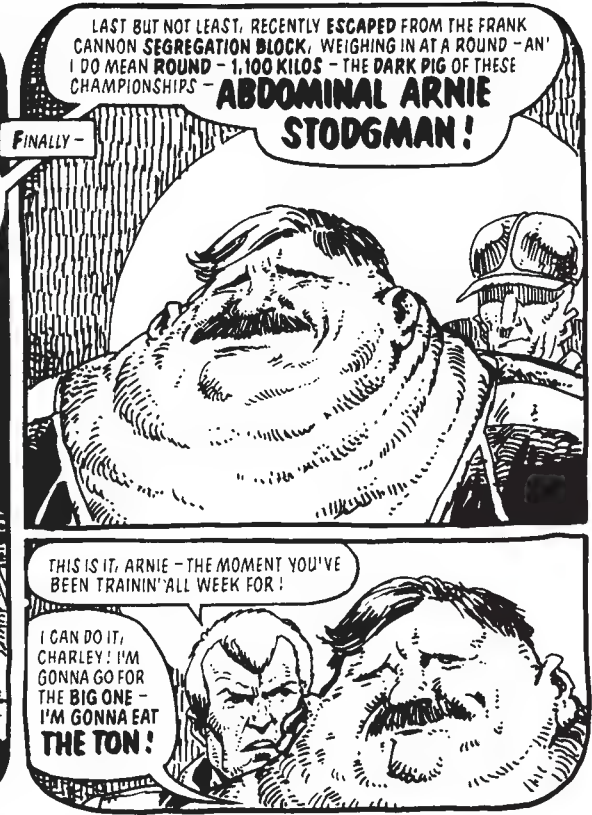
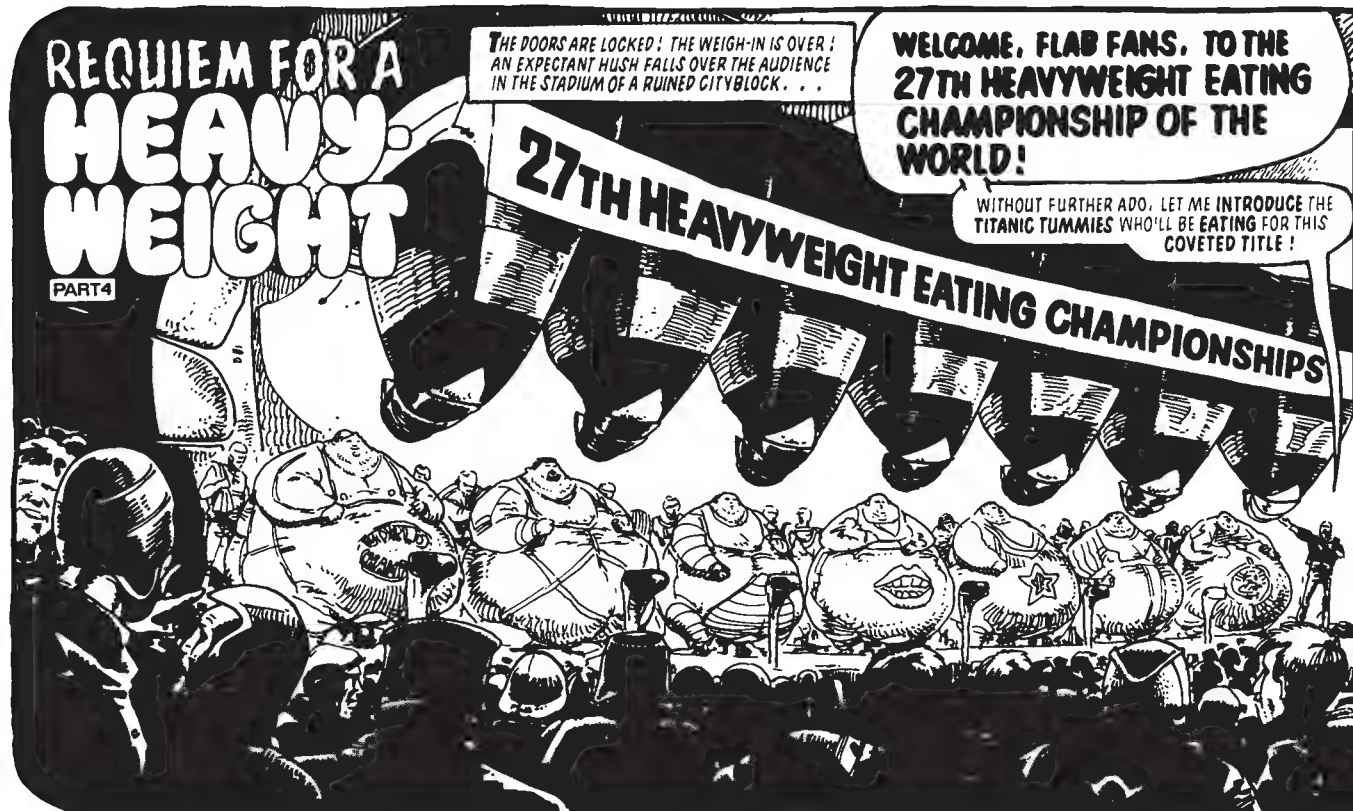
GONNA HAFTA DO
BETTER, BOY! GO
LOSE IT AN' WE'LL
START AGAIN!



CHARLEY BRUNO IS A HARD
TASKMASTER -

590 KILOS!





SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
C EZQUERRA
LETTERING
T FRAME



WE'VE PASSED HALFWAY,
AN' IT'S TURNIN' INTO A
FOUR-PIG RACE...

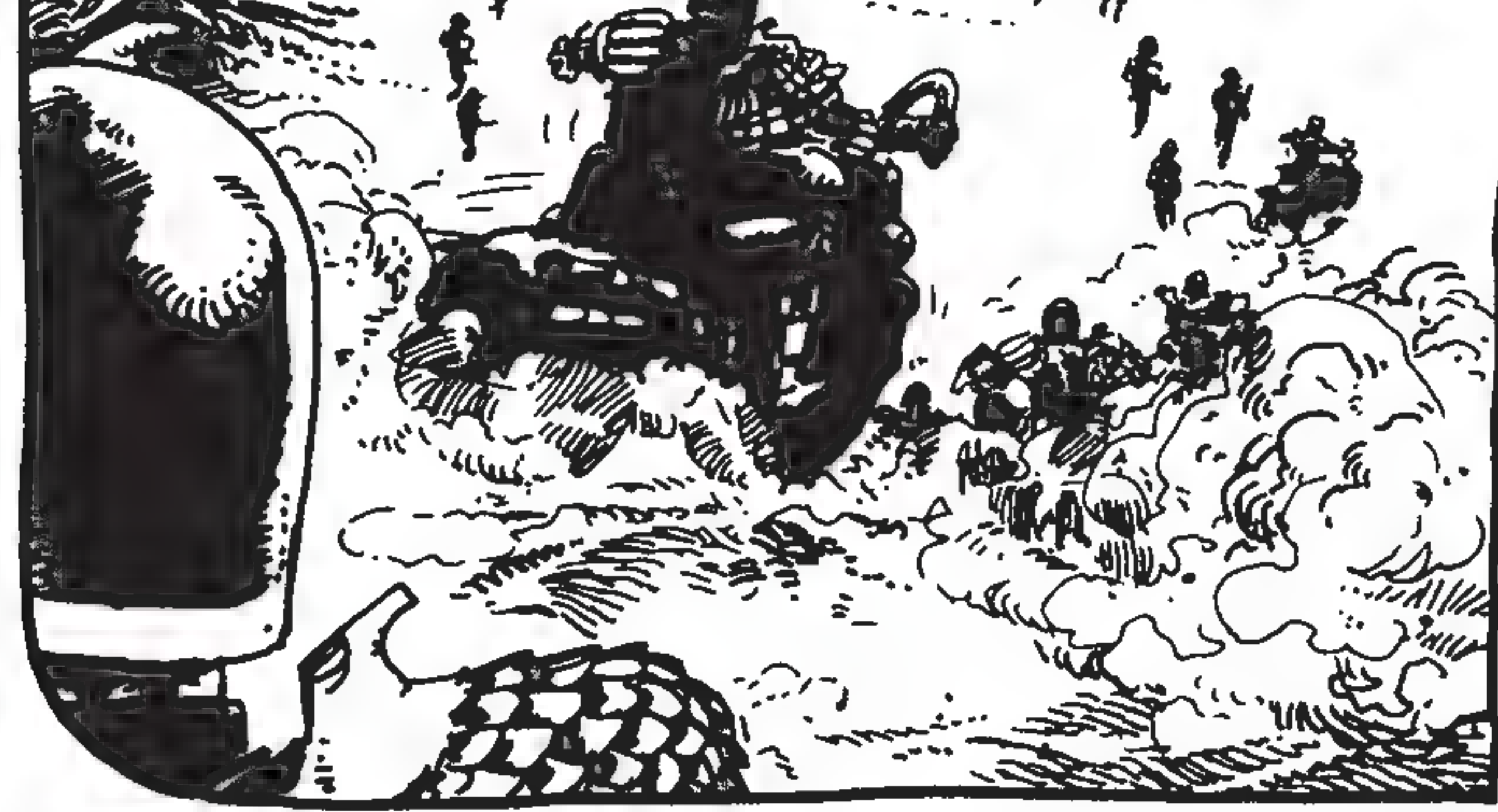
IT'S TIME!
POINT MEN -
TAKE THOSE
LOOKOUTS!

EARLIER THAT
DAY, DREDD HAD
CONCEALED
JUDGES INSIDE
THE RUINED
BLOCK -



ALL CLEAR HERE, DREDD!
ROOF LOOKOUT
DEALT WITH!
OKAY - ALL UNITS
MOVE IN!

I WANT THAT WHOLE
BLOCK CORDONED OFF!
NOBODY GETS OUT
'LESS IT'S IN A
MEAT WAGON!



INSIDE THE STADIUM -

FORTY MINUTES GONE AND WE SAY
GOODBYE TO FATBELLY FRANK!
ANY REGRETS, FRANK?

NO, SIR! 700 KILOS IS A PERSONAL
BEST! I'M SICK BUT HAPPY!



THAT LEAVES ONLY THREE CONTENDERS! THUNDER CHOPS GUNSTON IS WELL BEHIND ON 667 KILOS, BUT HE'S COMIN' ON WITH A REAL LATE BURST. THERE'S A GLAZED LOOK IN HIS EYES AND HE'S EATING LIKE A WILD MAN!



OH! SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE! THUNDER CHOPS IS TRYING TO EAT HIS MANAGER!



ILLEGAL USE OF APPETITE INDUCERS! **DISQUALIFIED!**

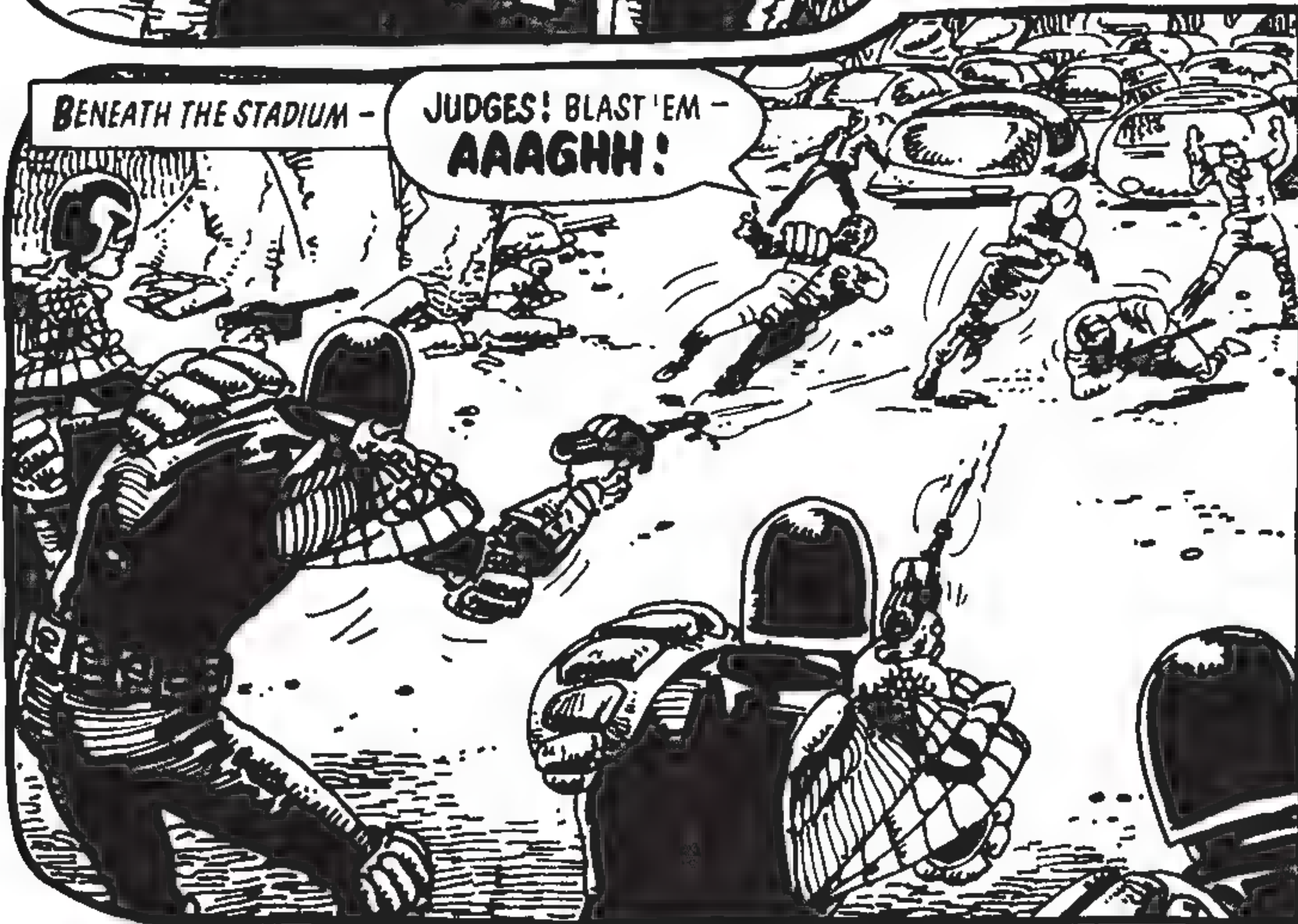


THUNDER CHOPS IS DRAGGED OFF, GNASHING -

ONLY TWO PIGS IN IT NOW! ABDOMINAL ARNIE HAS CUT LITTLE JOE'S LEAD TO UNDER TEN KILOS!

THEY'VE SETTLED INTO A STEADY RHYTHM! THEY'RE MATCHIN' EACH OTHER BITE FOR BITE!

27TH HEAVYWEIGHT EATING CHAMPIONSHIP



BENEATH THE STADIUM -

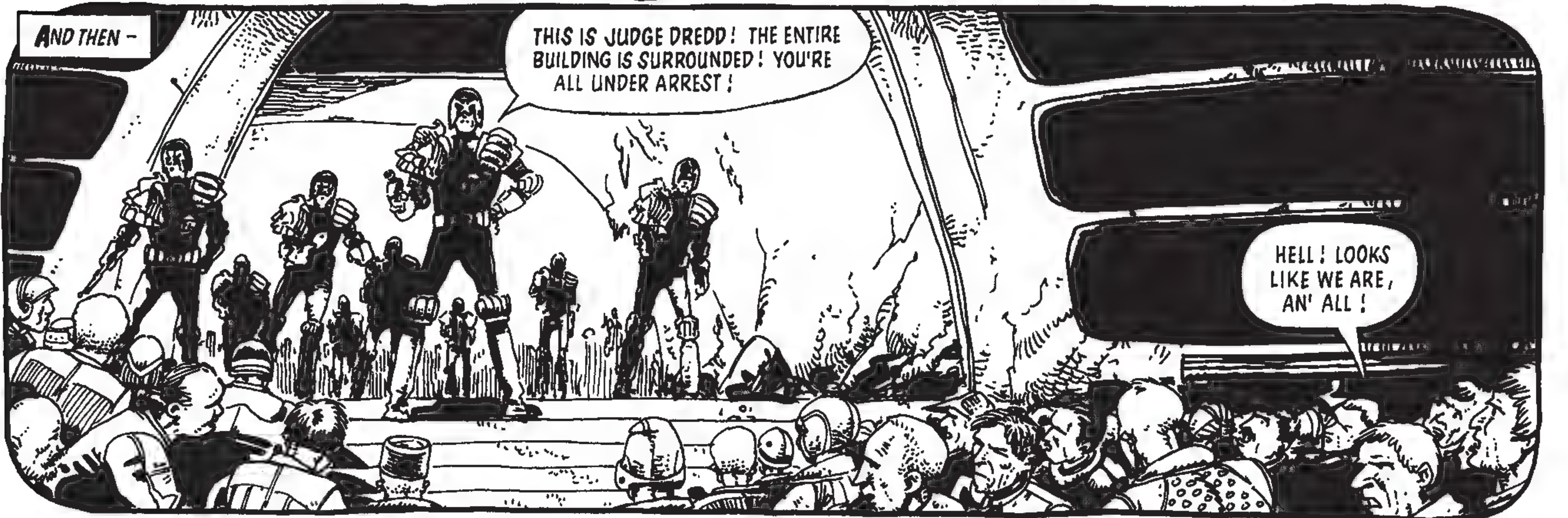
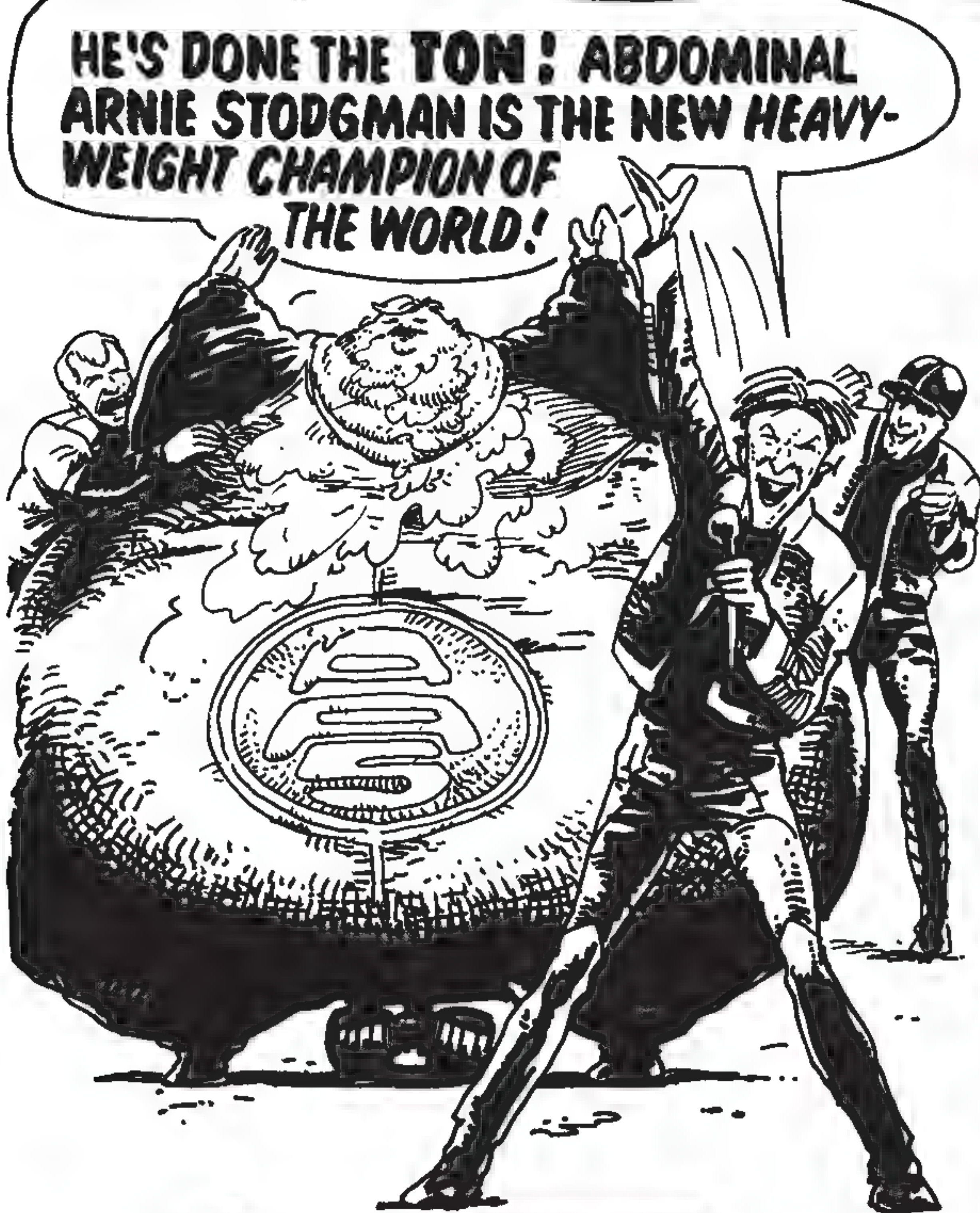
JUDGES! BLAST 'EM - **AAAGHH!**



TAKE 'EM OUT - LOAD 'EM UP - HAUL 'EM AWAY!

THE REST OF YOU WITH ME!







FACED WITH OVERWHELMING ODDS, THE CROWD SURRENDER WITHOUT TROUBLE -

CHARLES BRUNO...?

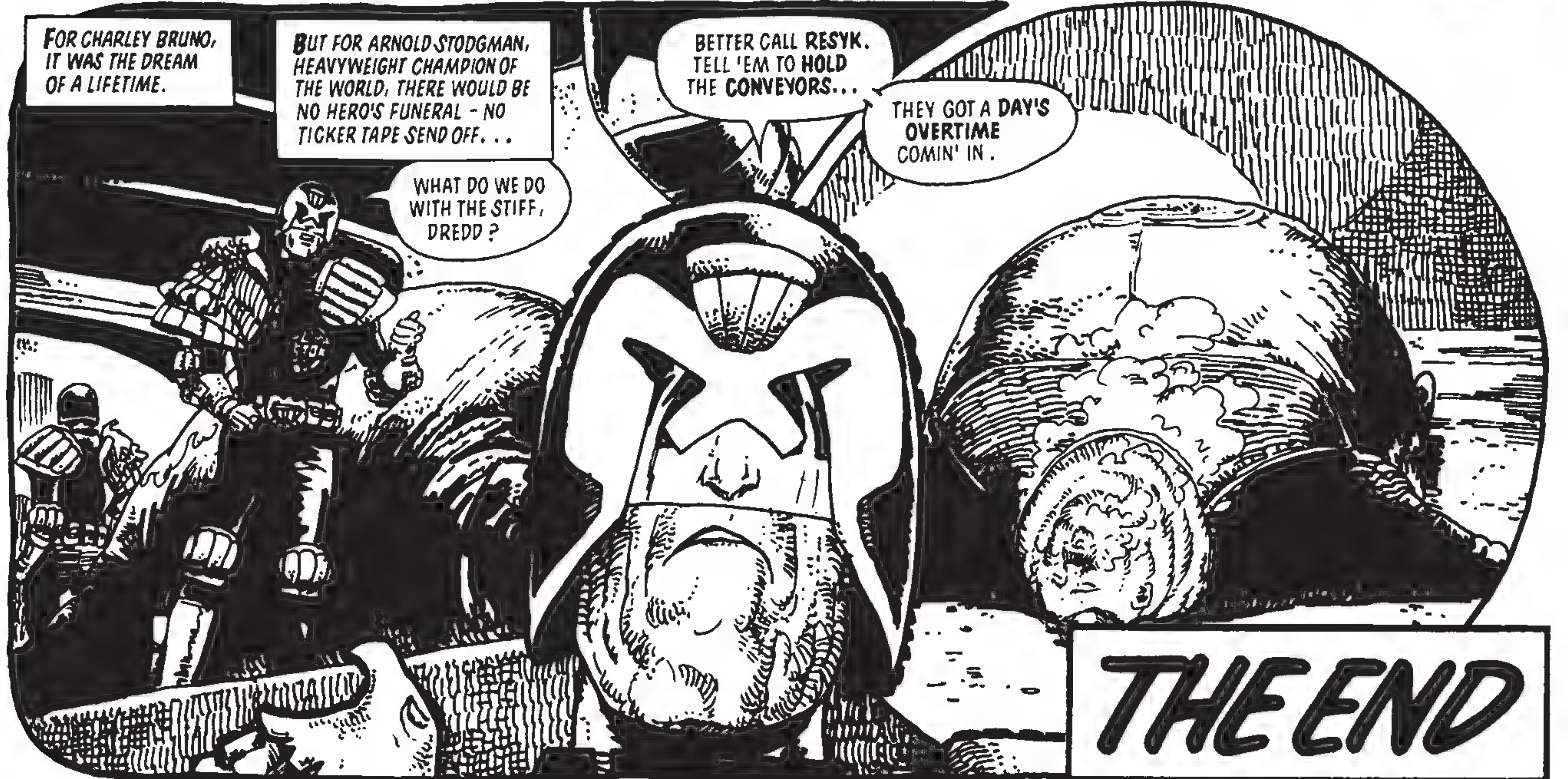


HE... HE DID THE TON FOR ME. BUT IT... IT WAS TOO MUCH. HE'S... DEAD...

JUST ANOTHER VICTIM OF YOUR OBSESSION, BRUNO. I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR MURDER.



DO WHAT YOU LIKE TO ME. MY BOY WON THE HEAVYWEIGHT EATING CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD! AFTER THIS, EVERYTHING ELSE IS JUST... SMALL PORK!



FOR CHARLEY BRUNO, IT WAS THE DREAM OF A LIFETIME.

BUT FOR ARNOLD STODGMAN, HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD, THERE WOULD BE NO HERO'S FUNERAL - NO TICKER TAPE SEND OFF...

WHAT DO WE DO WITH THE STIFF, DREDD?

BETTER CALL RESYK. TELL 'EM TO HOLD THE CONVEYORS...

THEY GOT A DAY'S OVERTIME COMIN' IN.

THE END



JUDGE DREDD

THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT - Part 1

NIGHT FALLS ON MEGA-CITY ONE, TOWERING FUTURE CITY IN THE 22ND CENTURY. ON WATCHING BAYS HIGH ABOVE THE NEON STREETS, KEEN-EYED JUDGES TAKE UP POSITION.

THERE WILL BE TROUBLE TONIGHT. THERE IS ALWAYS TROUBLE ON **THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT!**

CONTROL TO ANY JUDGE VICINITY
VIC MATURE MEMORIAL AVENUE!
WE HAVE A POSSIBLE
A.R.V. IN PROGRESS!

DREDD HERE.
RESPONDING!



ON VIC MATURE...



...THE NEWBORN NIGHT'S FIRST VICTIM.

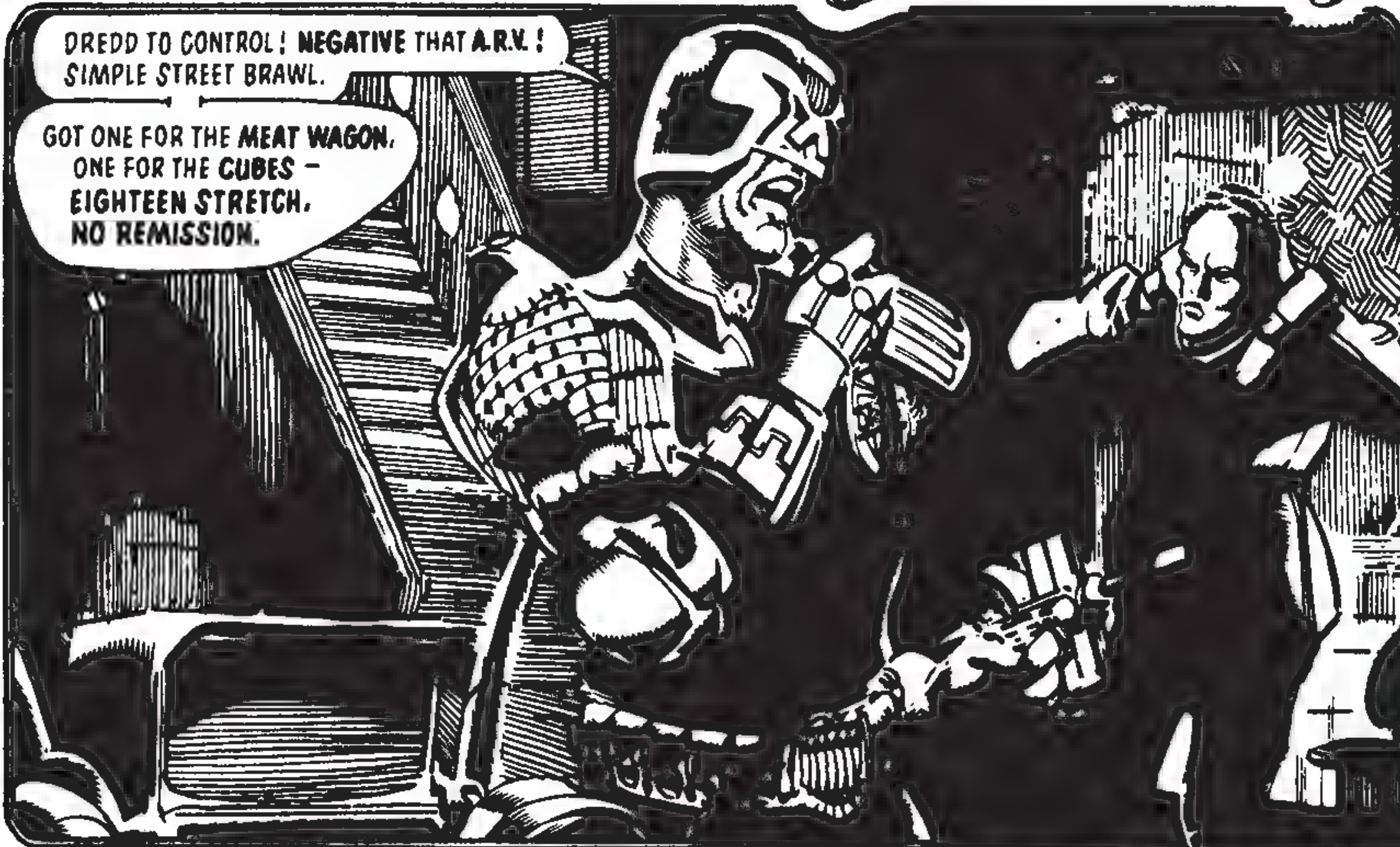


DROP IT!



DREDD TO CONTROL! NEGATIVE THAT A.R.V.!
SIMPLE STREET BRAWL.

GOT ONE FOR THE MEAT WAGON,
ONE FOR THE CUBES -
EIGHTEEN STRETCH,
NO REMISSION.



A.R.V. - ARMED ROBBERY WITH VIOLENCE.

CATCH WAGON'S ON ITS WAY, DREDD.
PUT YOUR PERP ON HOLD. GOT A
299 FOR YOU, MATURE
BLOCK MEZZANINE.



CRAZIES ARE OUT IN FORCE TONIGHT.

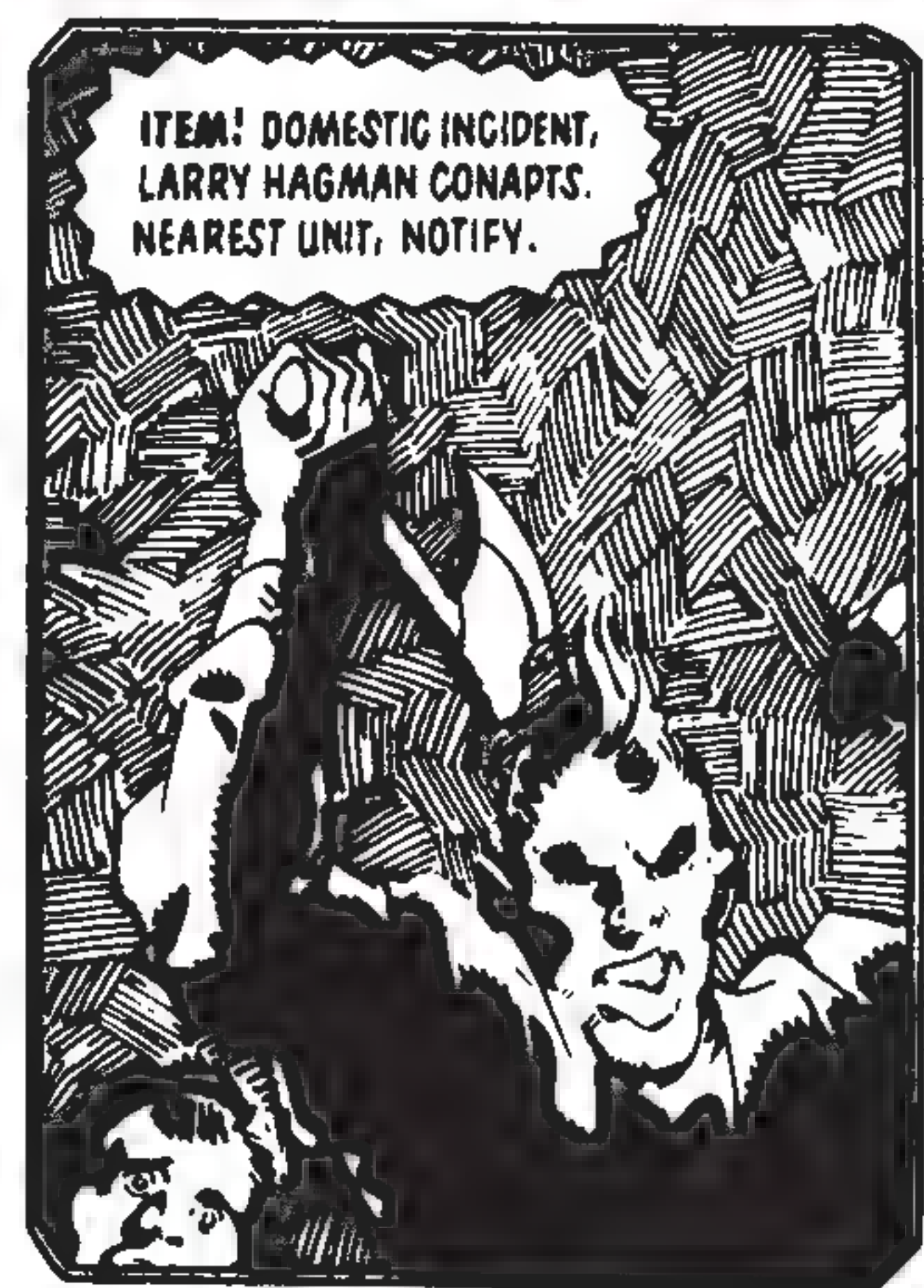
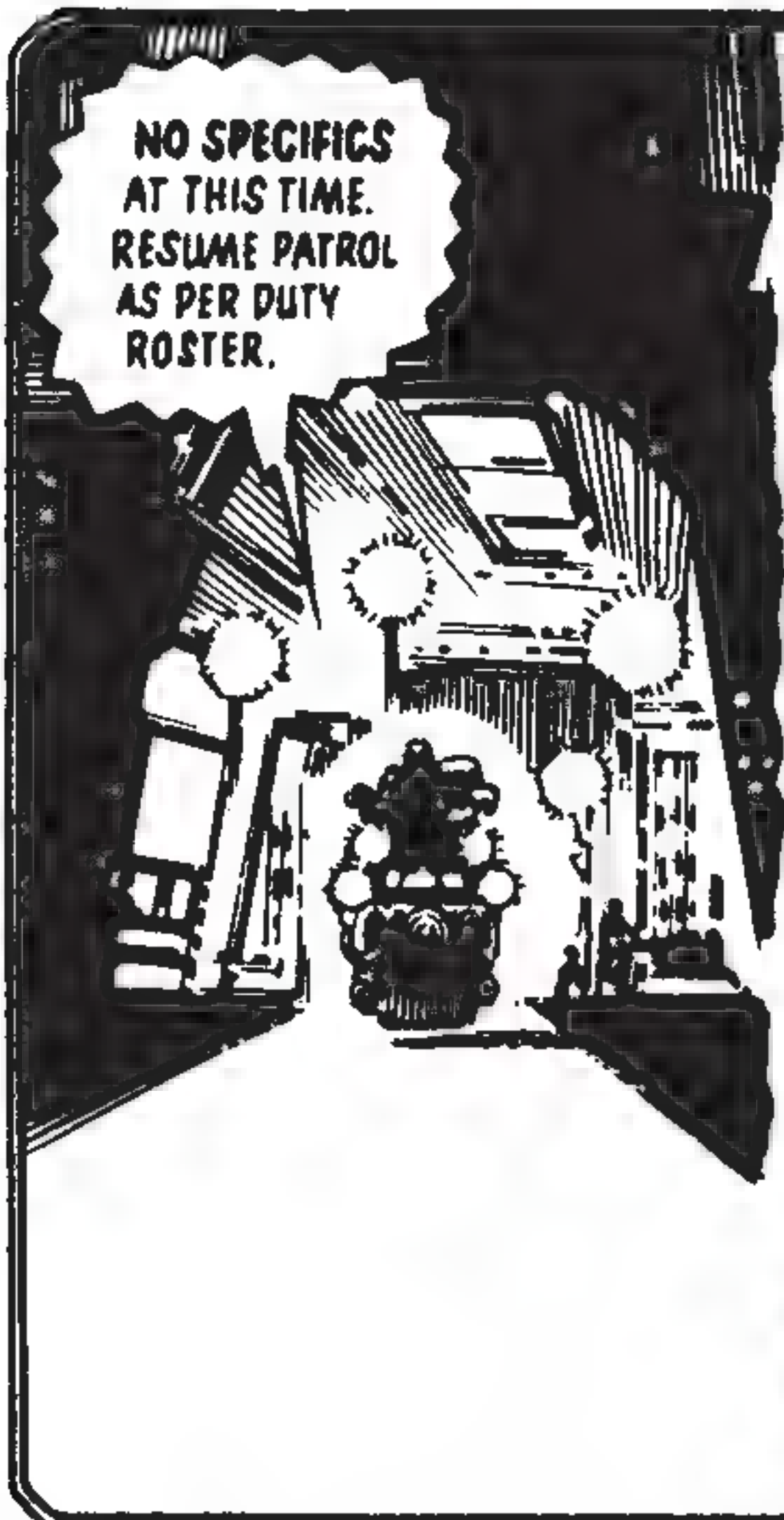
AREN'T THEY
ALWAYS?

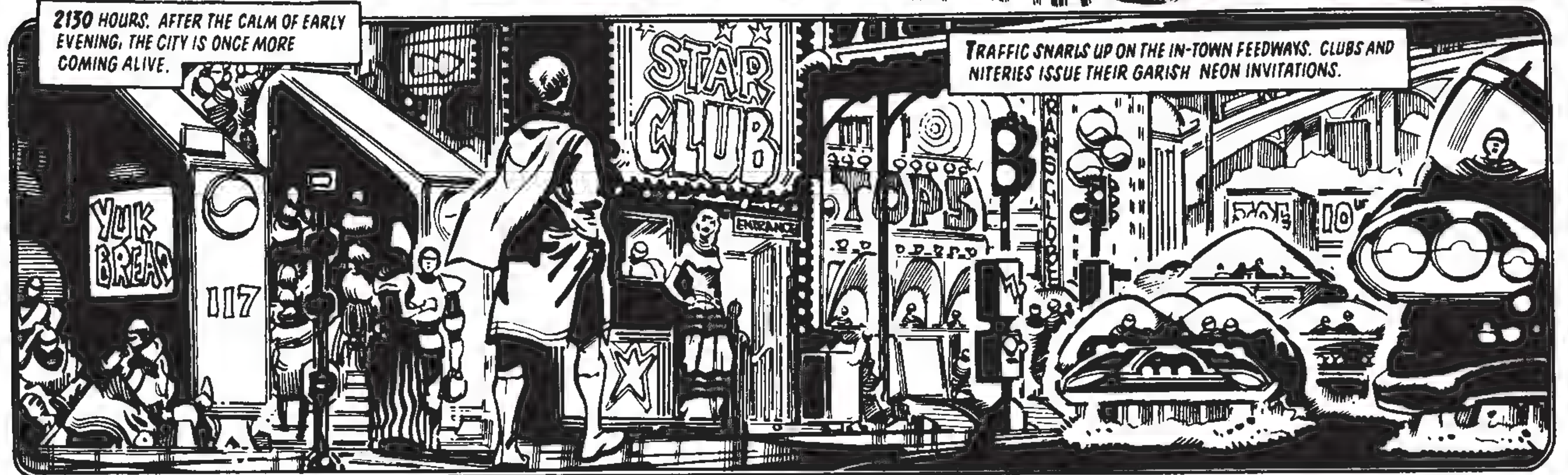


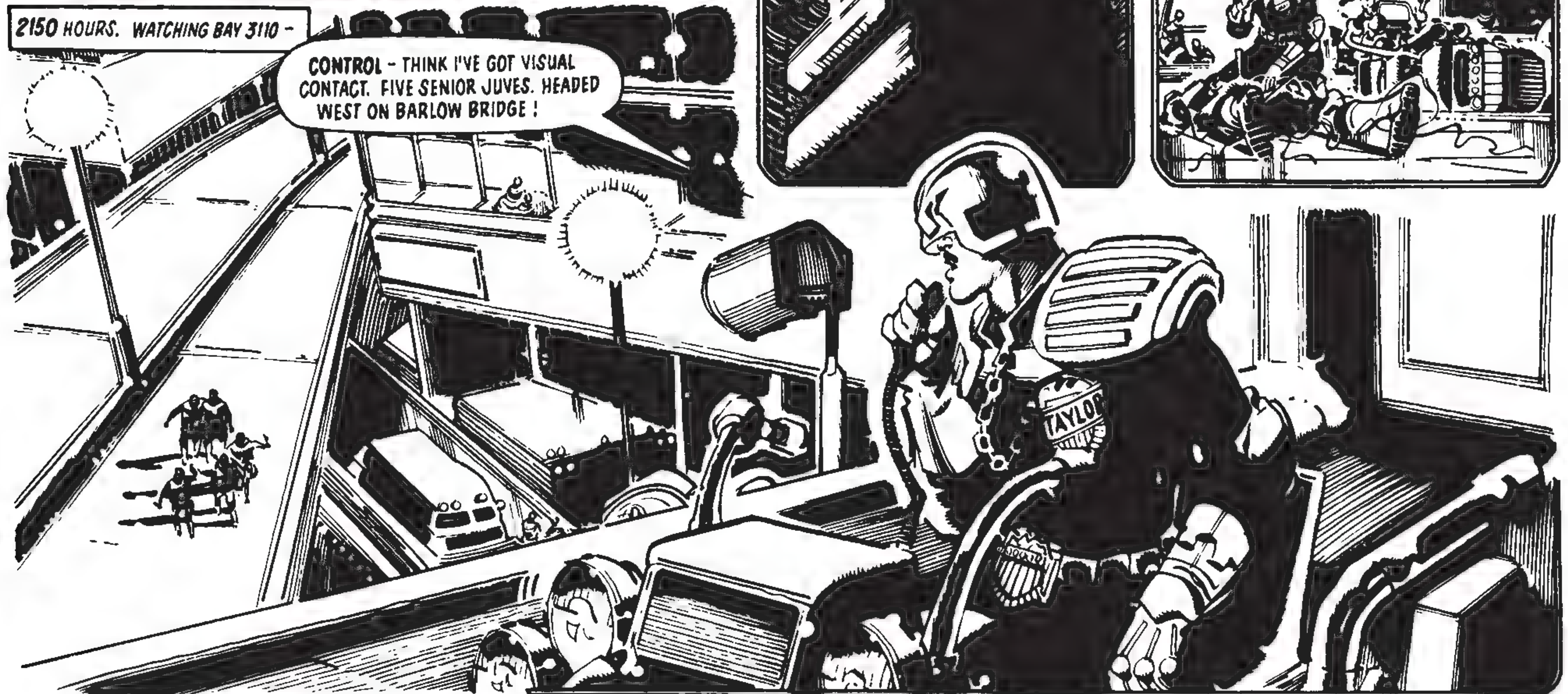
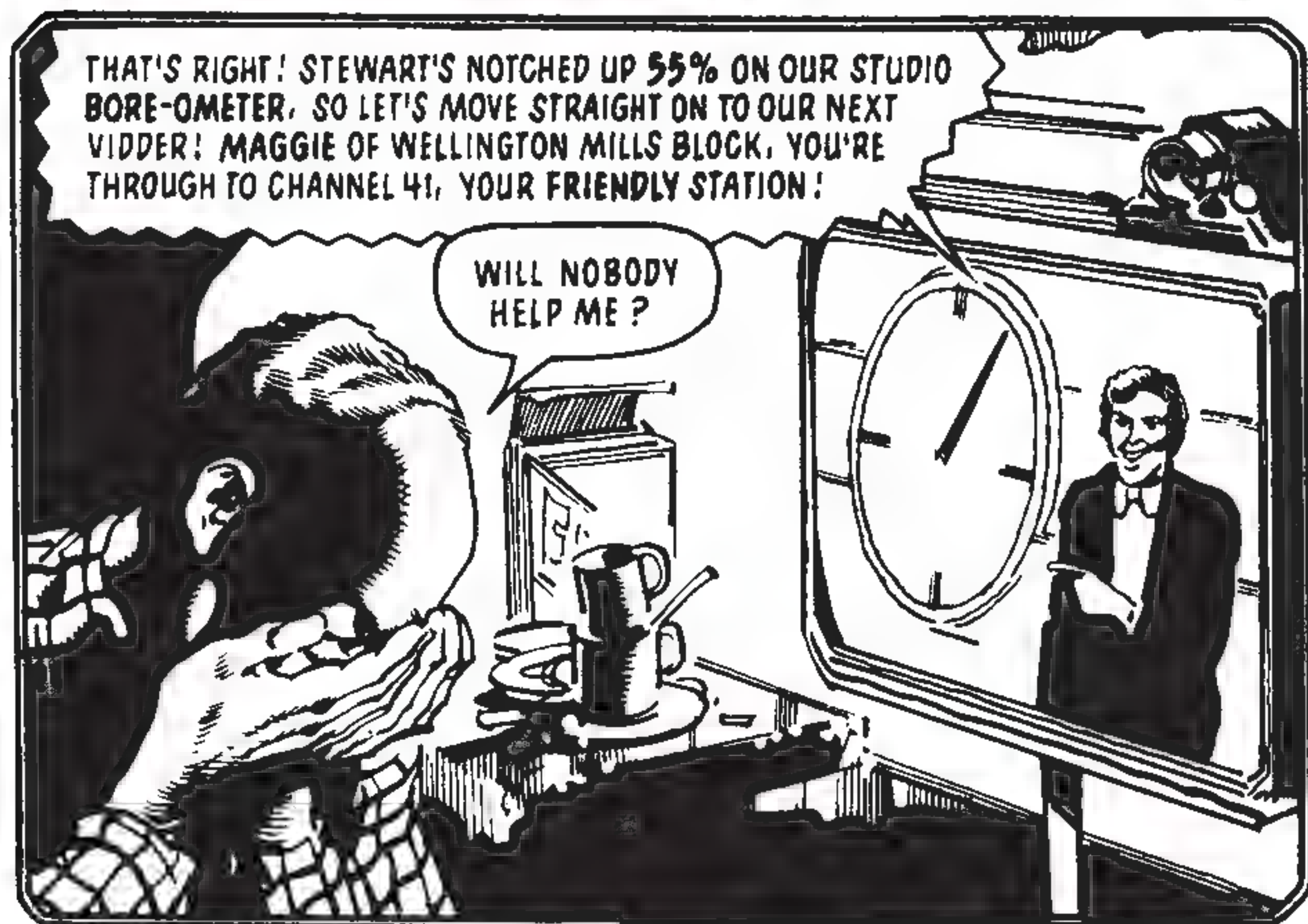
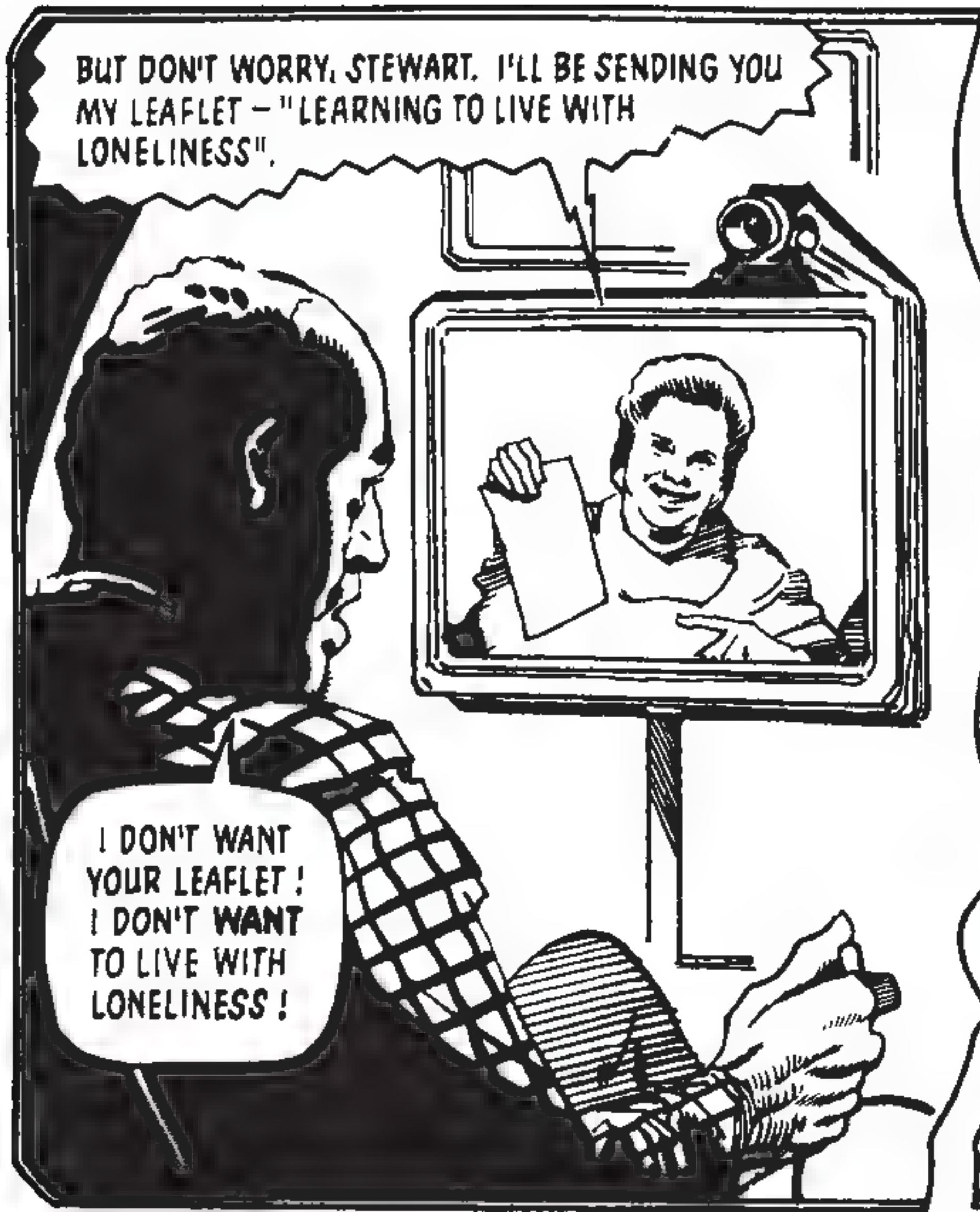
299 - A
CITIZEN
AMOK.

WHO'S GONNA BE FIRST? I'LL FIGHT YA ALL! I'LL TEAR
YA APART AN' EAT YA! YA HEAR ME - EATCHA!











NEXT PROG:

BREAK-IN FROM THE CURSED EARTH!



MEGA-CITY NIGHT. THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT IS LESS THAN AN HOUR OLD. ALREADY, 9,000 PLUS SERIOUS CRIMES HAVE BEEN COMMITTED. FOR THE JUDGES THAT PATROL THE VAST FUTURE CITY, IT IS A QUIET NIGHT.

NOW, ON STRATFORD JOHNS BLOCK—

400 MILLION PEOPLE AN' NOT ONE OF THEM'S MY FRIEND!
I'M LONELY! **LONELY! LONELY!**

JUDGE DREDD

THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT—Part 2



AS USUAL, AN APPRECIATIVE CROWD GATHERS—

JUMP!
JUMP!
JUMP!

NO, DON'T!
WAIT'LL I
LOAD MY
CAMERA!

DREDD TO CONTROL!
HE'S A LEAPER,
ALL RIGHT! I WANT
AN H-WAGON, AN' I
WANT IT FAST!



HERE HE
COMES!



SCRUB THAT
H-WAGON—



CLEAN UP SQUAD TO
STRATFORD JOHNS!

DREDD

2200 HOURS. A CLEAN-UP SQUAD ARRIVES. DREDD RESUMES PATROL -

ITEM! JUVE
SKIRMISHES
REPORTED,
SECTOR 57
'DUST*ZONE.
SECTOR
JUDGES
INVESTIGATE.

ITEM! LARRY HAGMAN
CONAPTS. DOMESTIC
INCIDENT ESCALATING.
ENTIRE 9TH LEVEL
NOW INVOLVED. A
RIOT SQUAD IS ON
ITS WAY.

ITEM! RAD-WIND BLOWING
UP FROM THE SOUTH. YOU
ARE REMINDED OF NORMAL
ANTI-RADIATION PROCEDURES.

ITEM! SUICIDE COUNT, 49 THIS
SHIFT. LET'S WATCH OUT FOR
THOSE LEAPERS, HUH?

*INDUSTRIAL.

DREDD TO CONTROL!
GOT A ROBBERY IN
PROGRESS. JETA SPORTS
ON WINSTON. NO
ASSISTANCE REQUIRED.

MESSAGE LOGGED.
CATCH WAGON
ON ITS WAY.

YOU CREEPS! YOU GOT 10 SECONDS
TO COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS
EMPTY!

HOLY MOLEY!
IT'S DREDD!

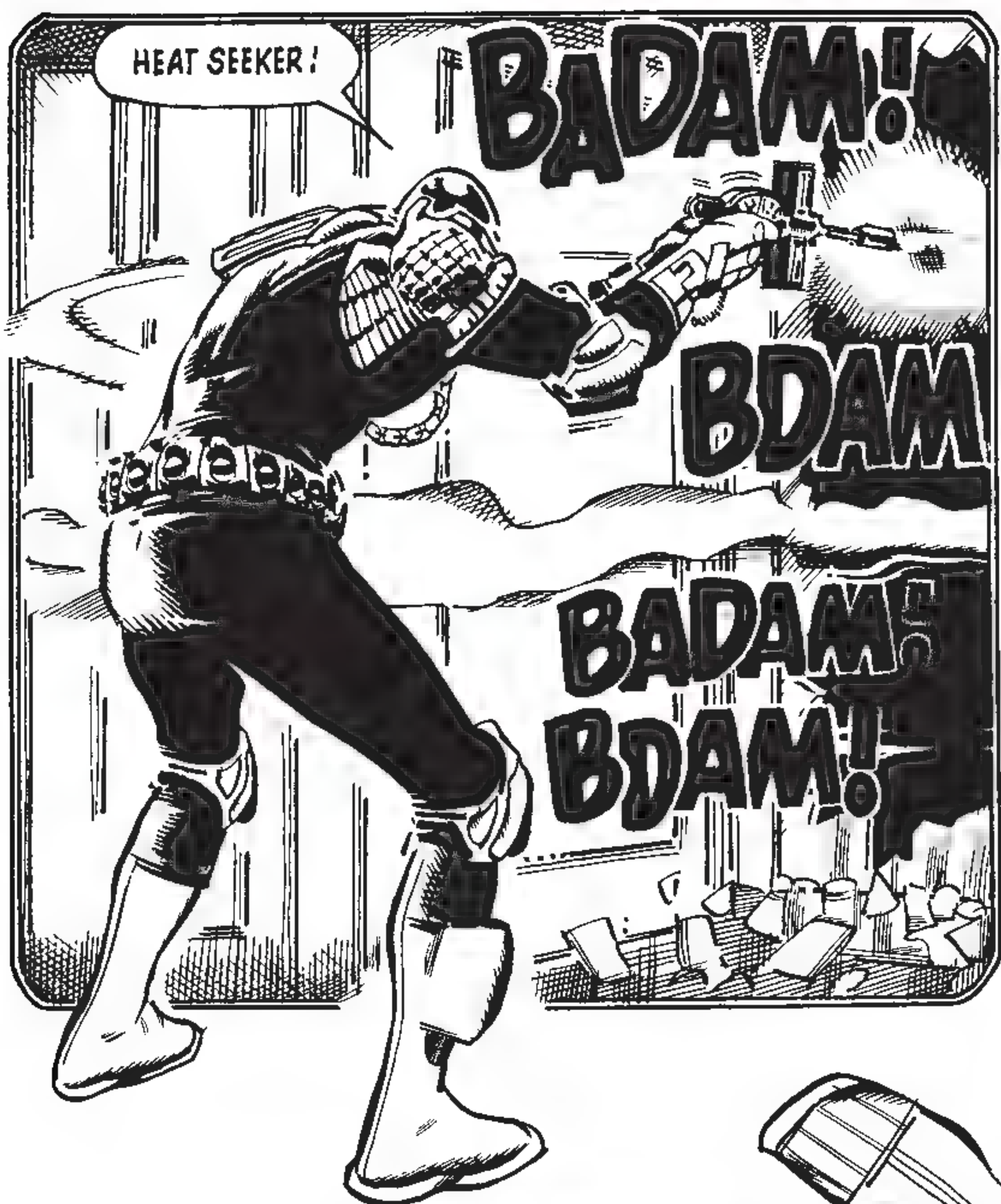
BDAM
P
BLAM

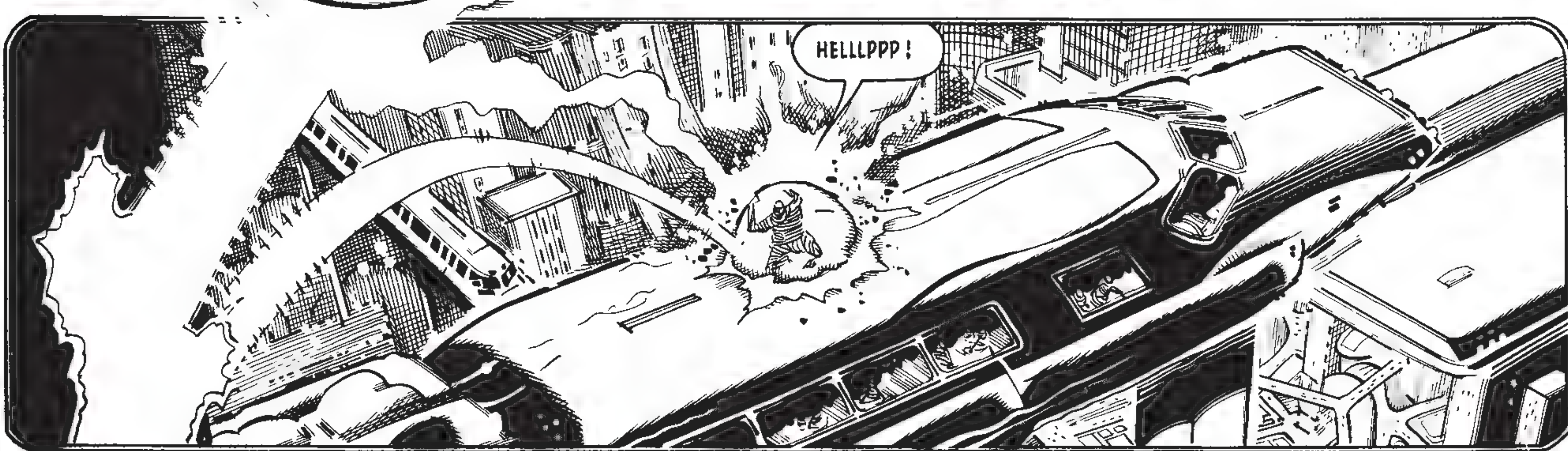
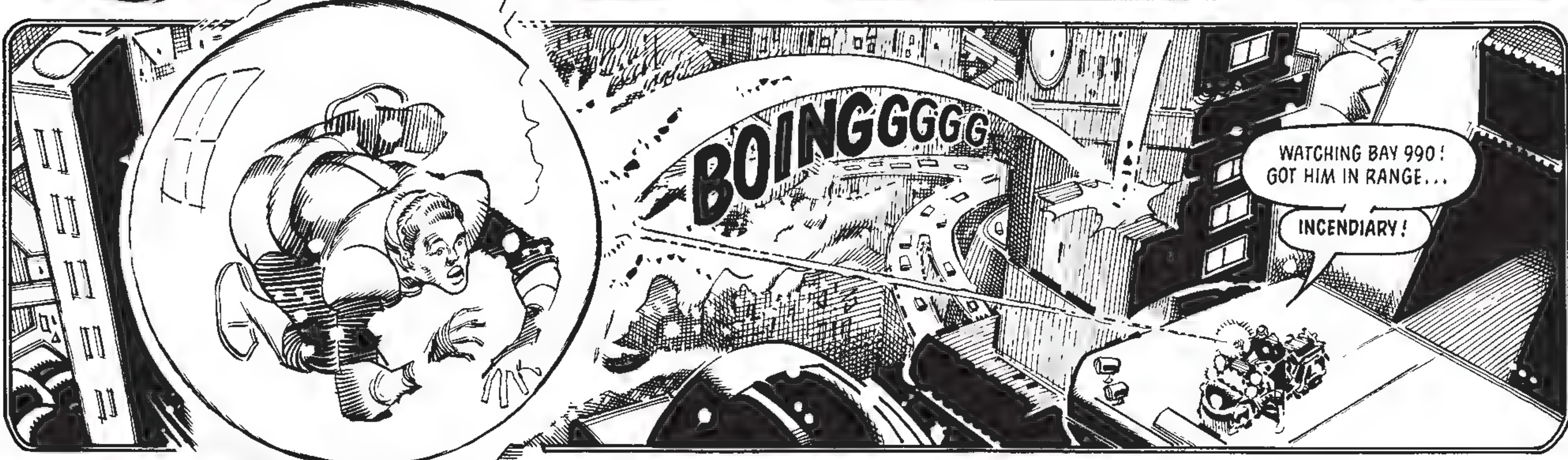
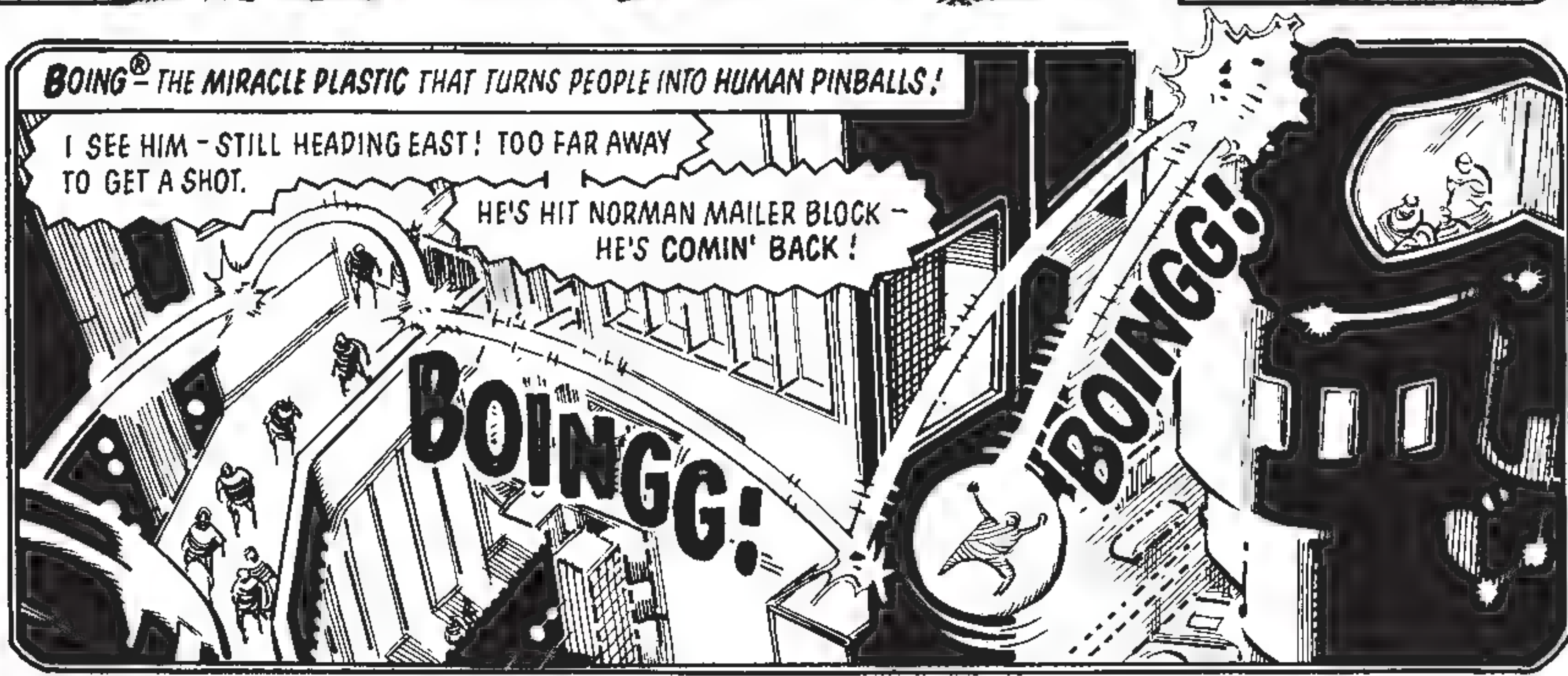
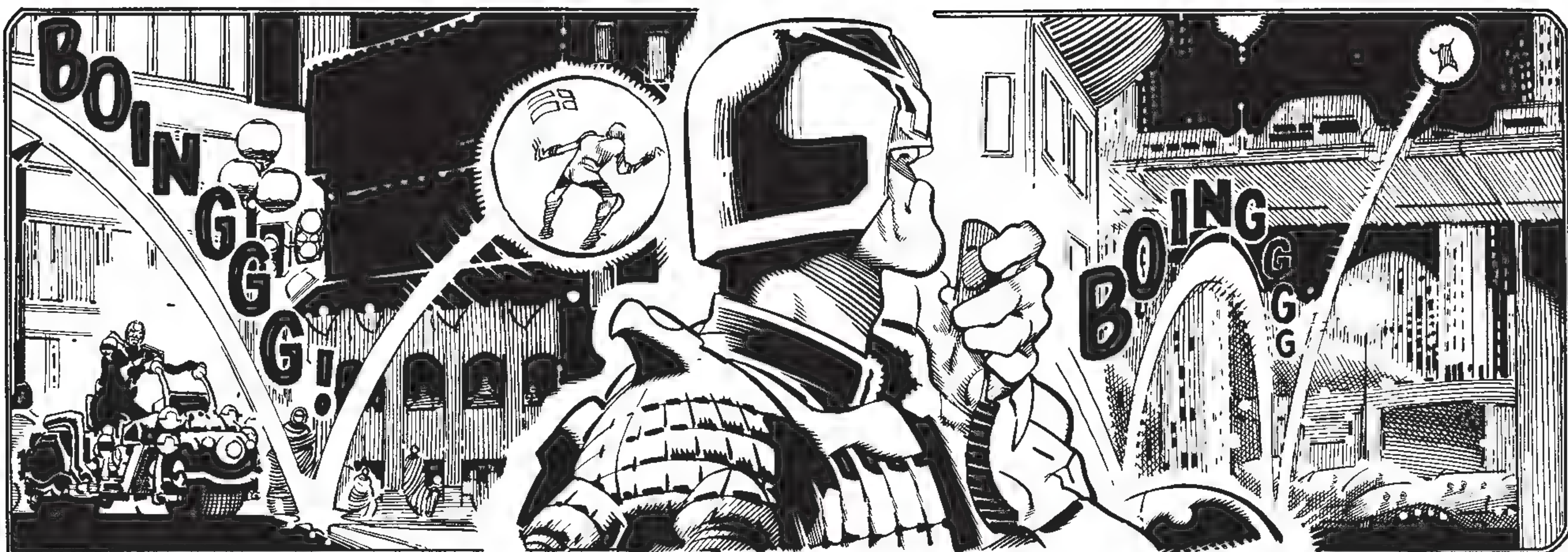
CONTROL - BETTER
MAKE THAT A
MEAT WAGON.

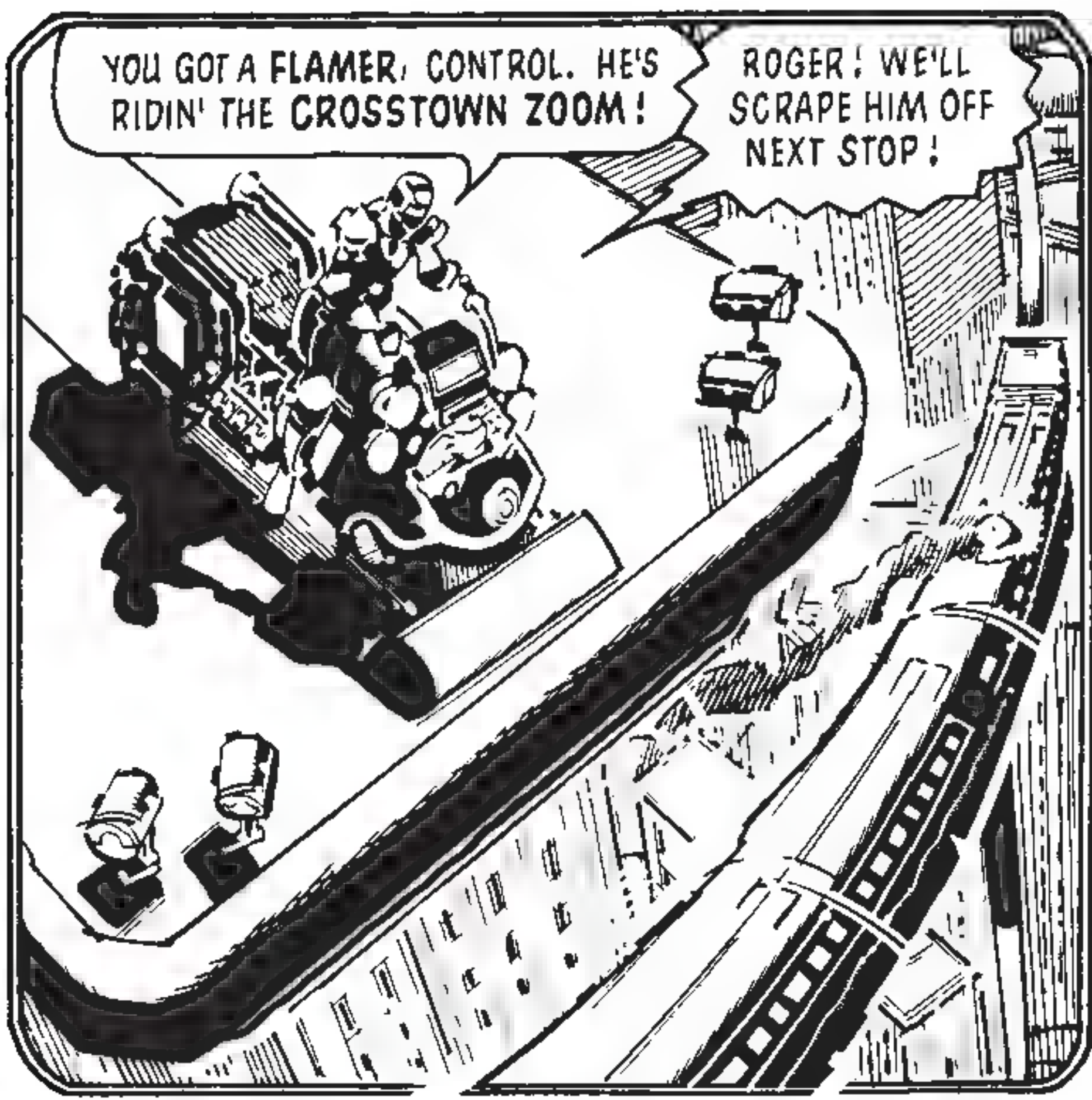
WHAT'S THE
BODY COUNT,
DREDD?

I'LL LET
YOU KNOW.

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
T FRAME







YOU GOT A FLAMER, CONTROL. HE'S RIDIN' THE CROSSTOWN ZOOM!

ROGER! WE'LL SCRAPE HIM OFF NEXT STOP!



2230 HOURS. BY NOW THE CITY 'NITESPOTS' ARE FILLING UP. PICKPOCKETS AND MUGGERS ARE OUT IN FORCE. VIOLENT INCIDENTS ARE TAKING THEIR USUAL NIGHTLY RISE.

ON THE AVENUE OF BROTHERLY LOVE ALONE, TWELVE STABBINGS HAVE OCCURRED - THREE OF THEM FATAL.



IN SECTOR 57, WEATHER CONTROL'S SCHEDULED DRIZZLE DOES NOT DAMPEN THE ARDOUR OF THE JUVE GANGS -



Y BRATS KAYO, OKAY!

CHUCKEE! CHUCKEE! CHUCKEE!

AAGH!



WE GOT A FOUR-WAY JUVE CONFRONT, SECTOR 57! ALL JUDGES IN VICINITY - ASSIST!

DREDD HERE - RESPONDING!



THE JUVE CLASH IS DEALT WITH QUICKLY, EFFICIENTLY - RUTHLESSLY.

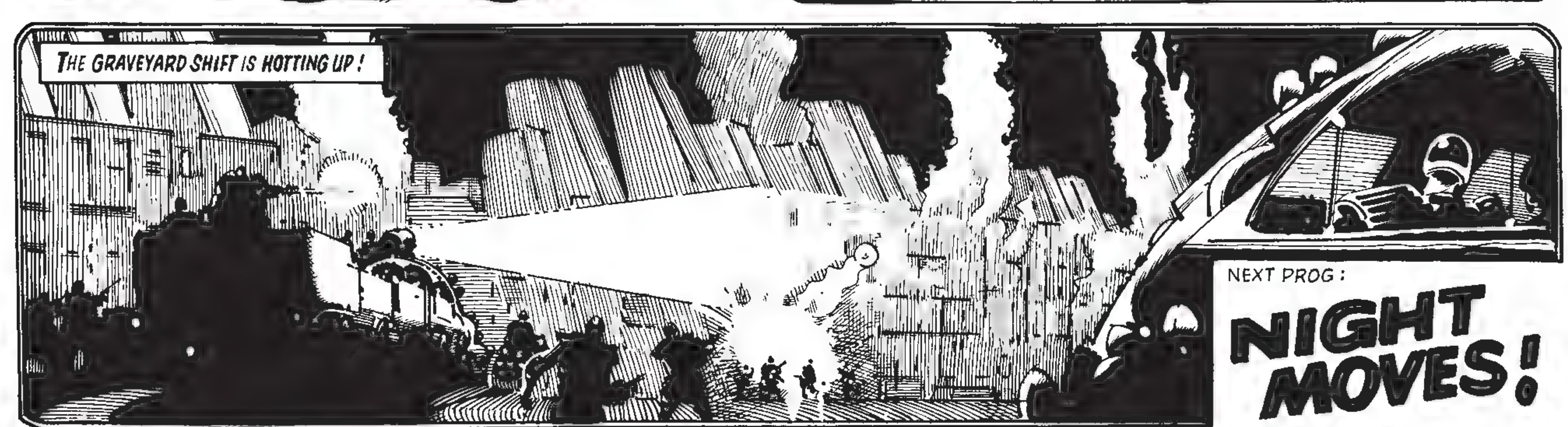
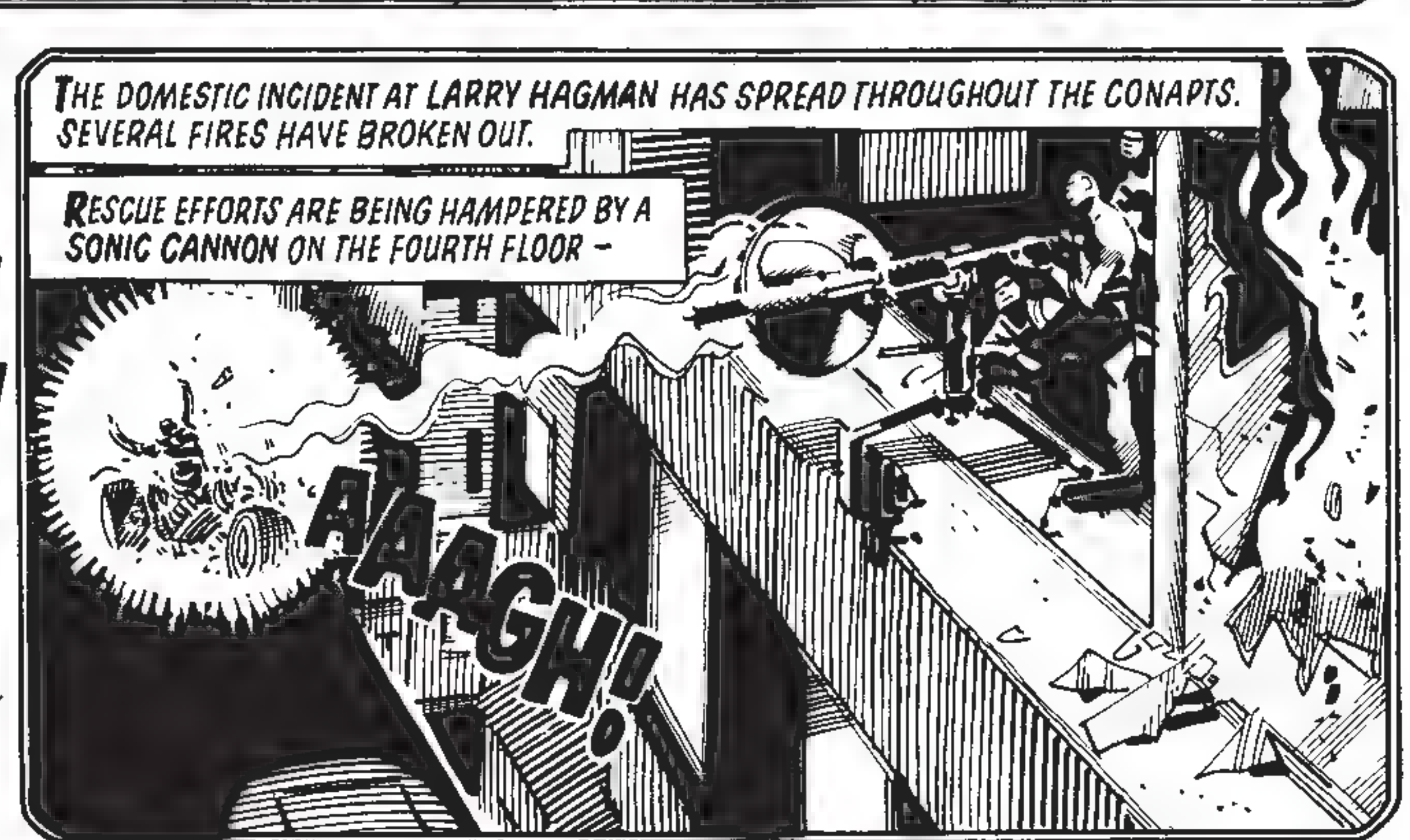
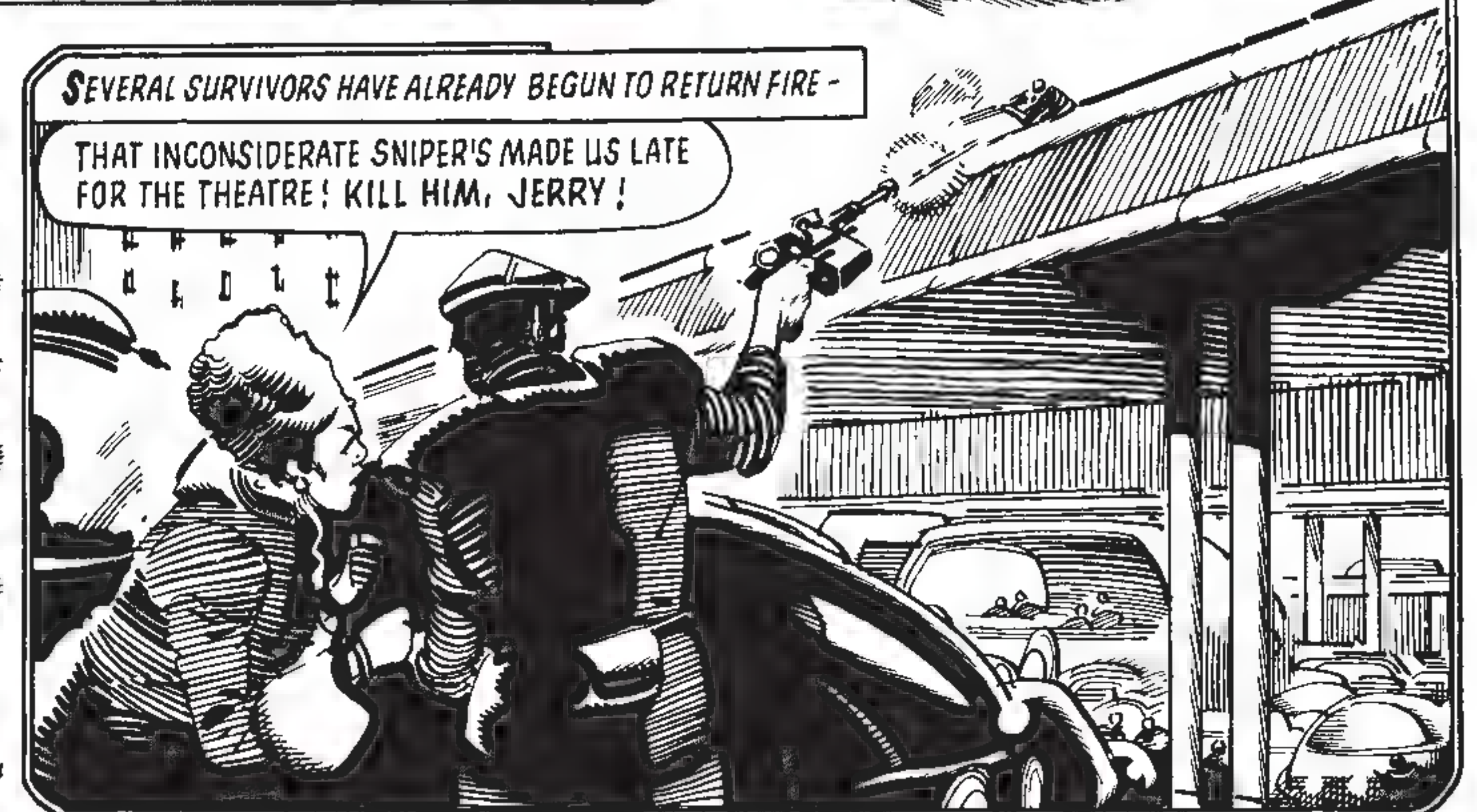
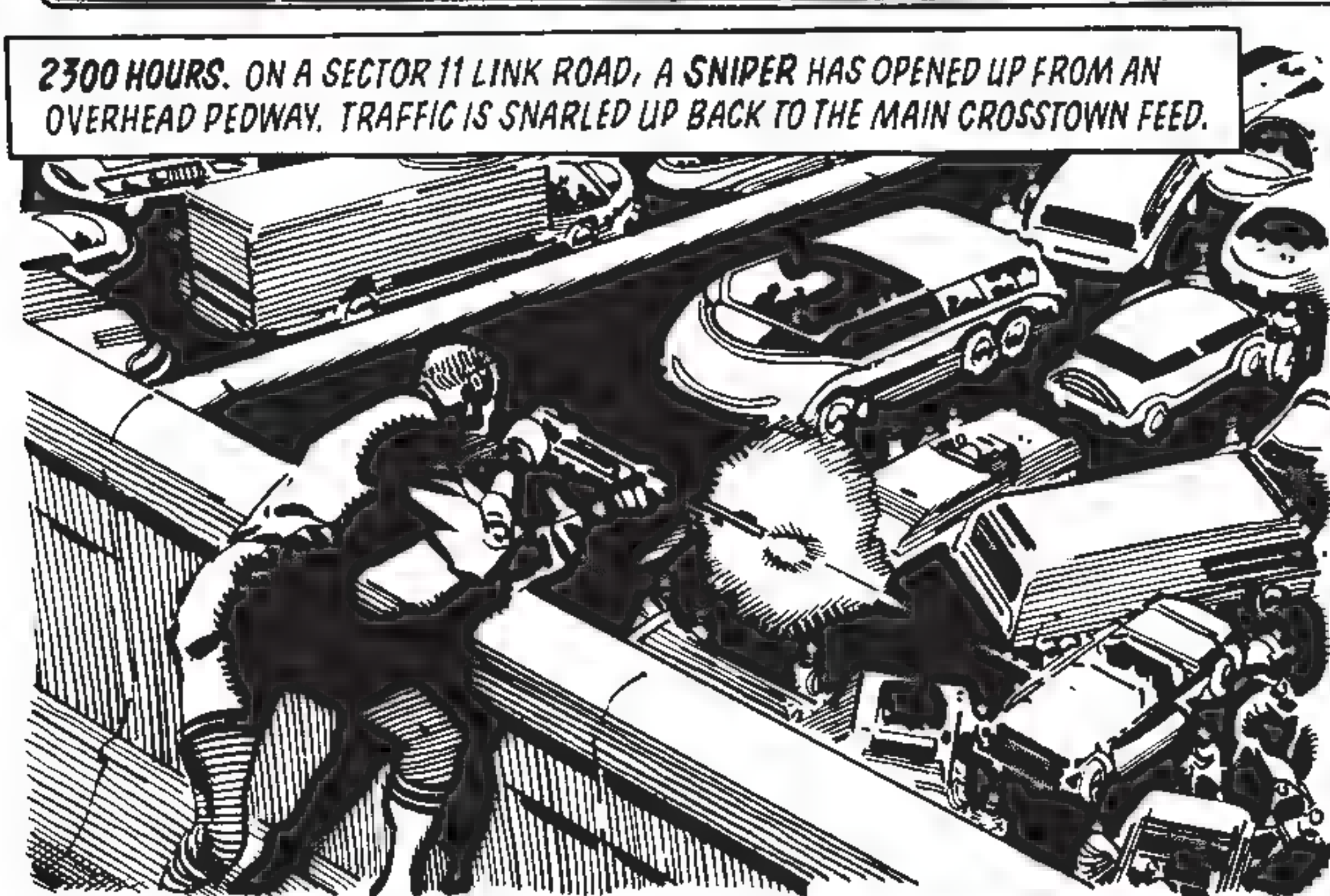
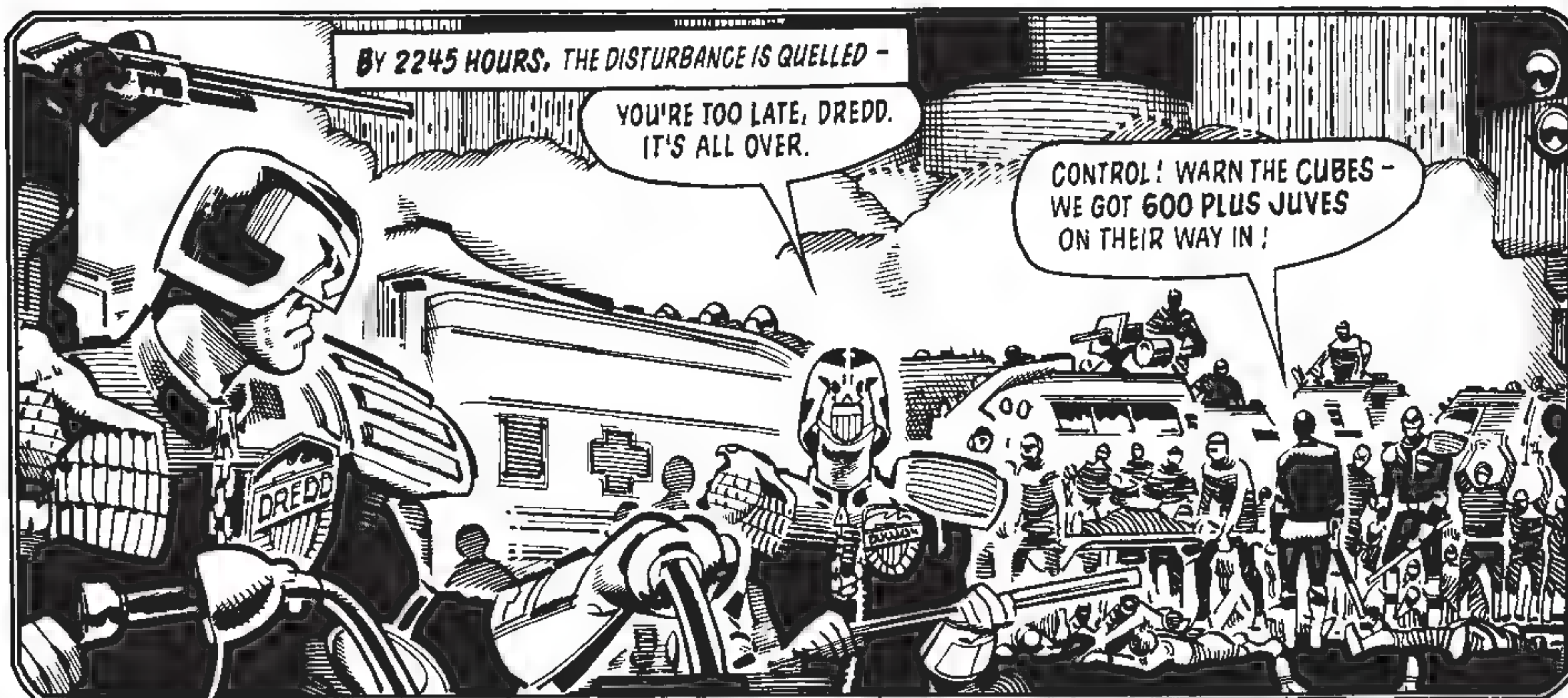
STUMM GAS!



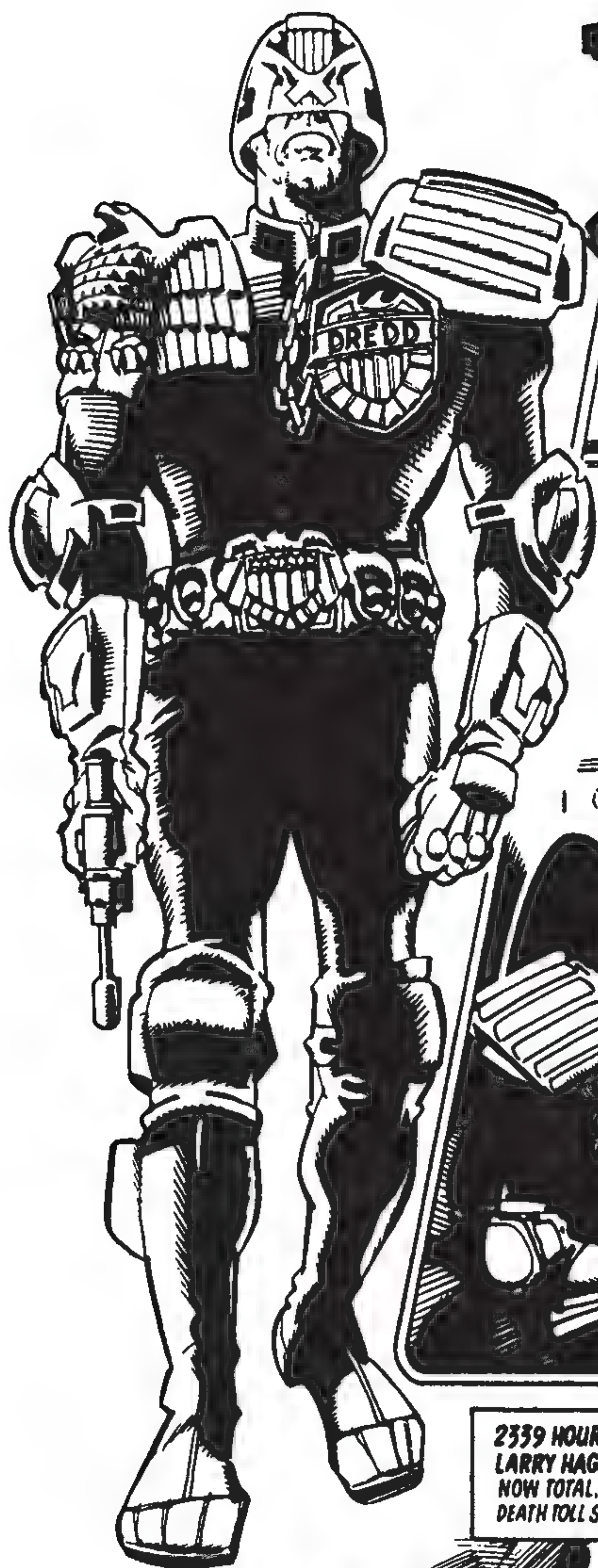
CAN'T BREATHE!

EAT COUGH! BOOT!

ROUND 'EM UP!



JUDGE DREDD



2330 HOURS. THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT IS 2½ HOURS OLD. IN THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE, CHIEF JUDGE MCGRUDER MONITORS HER CITY -

ITEM! VEHICLES STOLEN THIS SHIFT: 2469. VEHICLES RECOVERED: 1308.

ITEM! SEVERAL SOURCES REPORT INCREASE IN TENSION BETWEEN VINCE ST. CLAIR AND CAROL MONROE BLOCKS. POSSIBILITY OF FLARE-UP. ALL JUDGES BE ON ALERT.

ITEM! SONIC CANNON AT HAGMAN CONAPTS NOW NEUTRALISED. RESCUE SQUADS MOVING IN.



THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT - Part 3

CONTROL - WHAT ANTI-LOOTING PRECAUTIONS ARE BEING TAKEN ON THE SOUTHFORK ESTATE?

ROUTINE PERIPHERAL SURVEILLANCE, CHIEF JUDGE.

BETTER THROW IN A FEW BACK-UPS. BOUND TO BE HEAVY ACTION ROUND THE HAGMAN FIRE.



2339 HOURS. THE BLAZE AT LARRY HAGMAN CONAPTS IS NOW TOTAL. ESTIMATED DEATH TOLL SO FAR: 2100 -



MEANWHILE, THE REST OF THE SOUTHFORK ESTATE HAS SEIZED THE OPPORTUNITY FOR AN IMPROMPTU BARBECUE -

BEST BLAZE I SEEN SINCE POWER TOWER WENT UP!

TRUST OL' LARRY TO GO OUT IN STYLE!

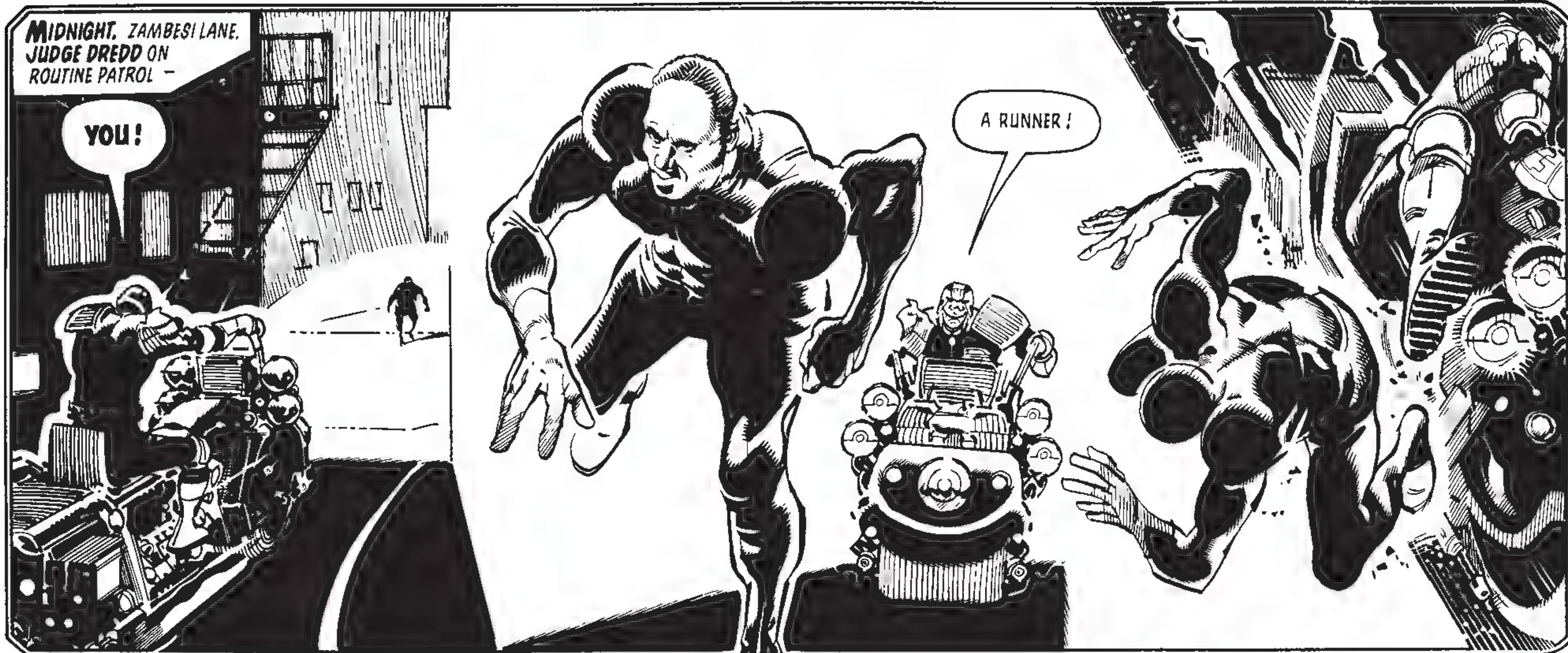


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ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
T.FRAME



ELSEWHERE, THE CRIME RATE IS ESCALATING RAPIDLY. ON AVERAGE, THERE ARE NOW 18 A.R.V.s, 97 SERIOUS ASSAULTS, 4 MURDERS, 0.05 RIOTS AND 178 TRAFFIC OFFENCES EVERY MINUTE.

THERE IS NOW ONE SUICIDE EVERY 45 SECONDS. THREE JUDGES HAVE SO FAR DIED IN THE LINE OF DUTY.



0012 HOURS. JUDGES DREDD, HERSHEY AND LAVAL
ARRIVE AT A DISUSED WAREHOUSE ON SWEET STREET.

LIGHTS ON.
SOMEBODY IN
THERE
ALL RIGHT.

INSIDE, AN ILLEGAL BITE PIT—

C'MON, JAWS!
GO FOR THE
THROAT!

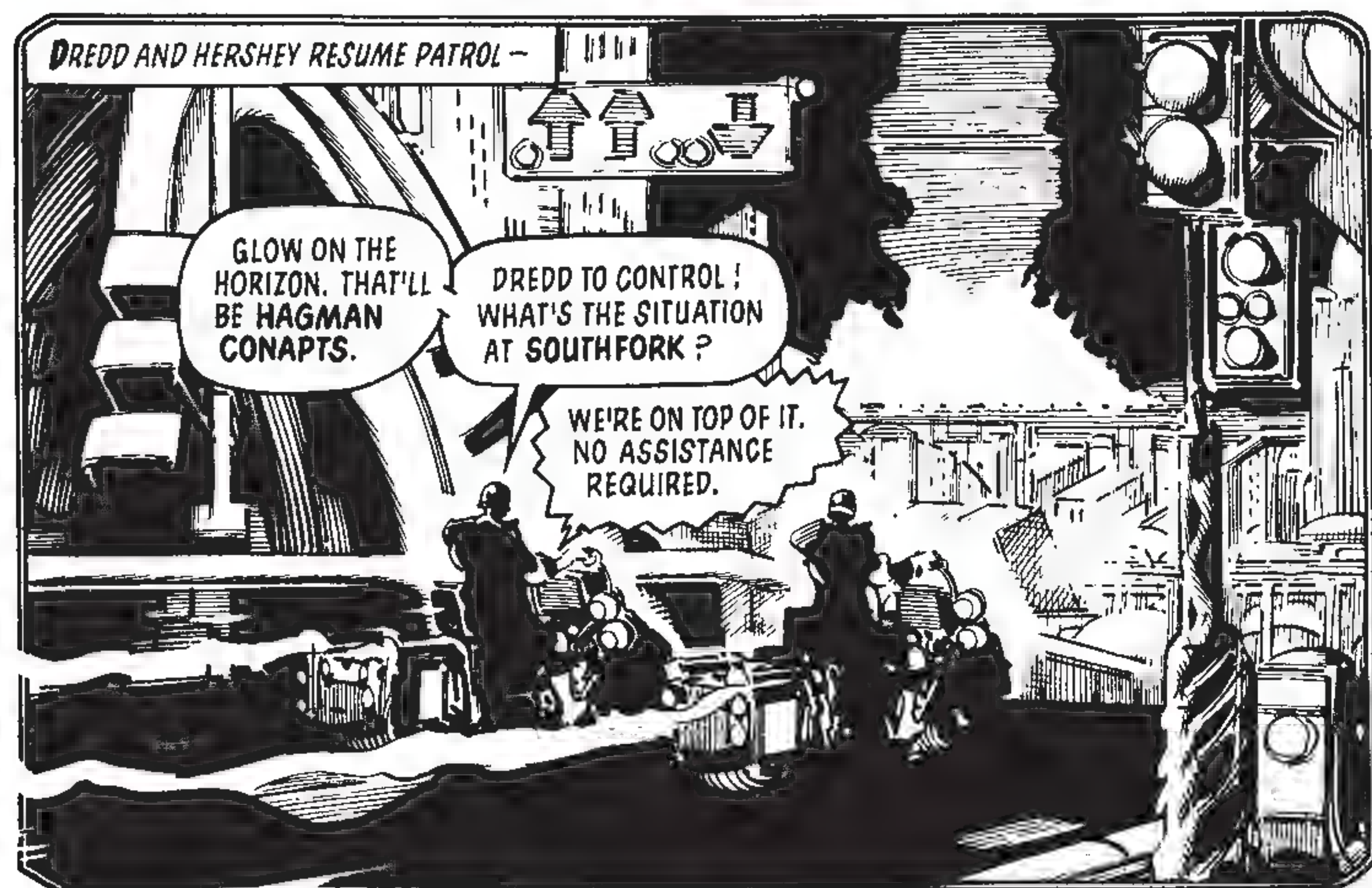
SLASH IS
WEAKENING!



THE FIGHT'S OVER! YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!

BLAMM!







0040 HOURS. AT LARRY HAGMAN CONAPTS THE FIRE IS UNDER CONTROL. REFUGEES ARE BEING REHOUSED. ESTIMATED DEATH TOLL: 3350.



BUT ACROSS CITY, IN THE OFFICE OF VINCE ST. CLAIR CITI-DEF, A MORE SERIOUS SITUATION IS DEVELOPING -

YOU GOT YOUR EXPLOSIVES AN' YOU GOT YOUR ORDERS. GET OUT THERE AN' DESTROY CAROL MONROE BLOCK!



NEXT PROG:
**THE HOLE THAT ATE
CAROL MONROE BLOCK!**



JUDGE DREDD

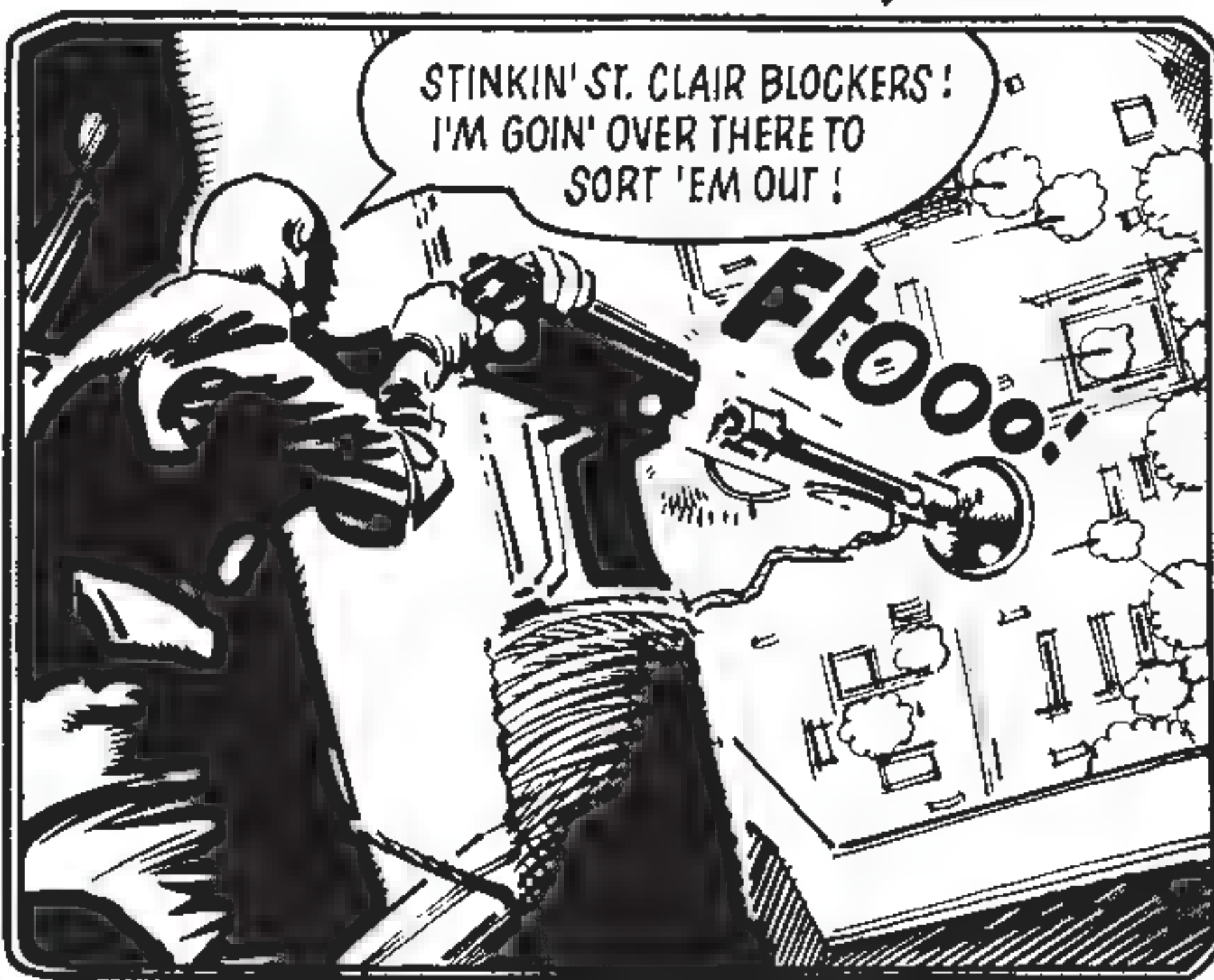
010 HOURS, THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT - THE VIOLENT HOURS BETWEEN DUSK AND DAWN WHEN MEGA-CITY CRIME REACHED PEAK LEVELS.

THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT - Part 4

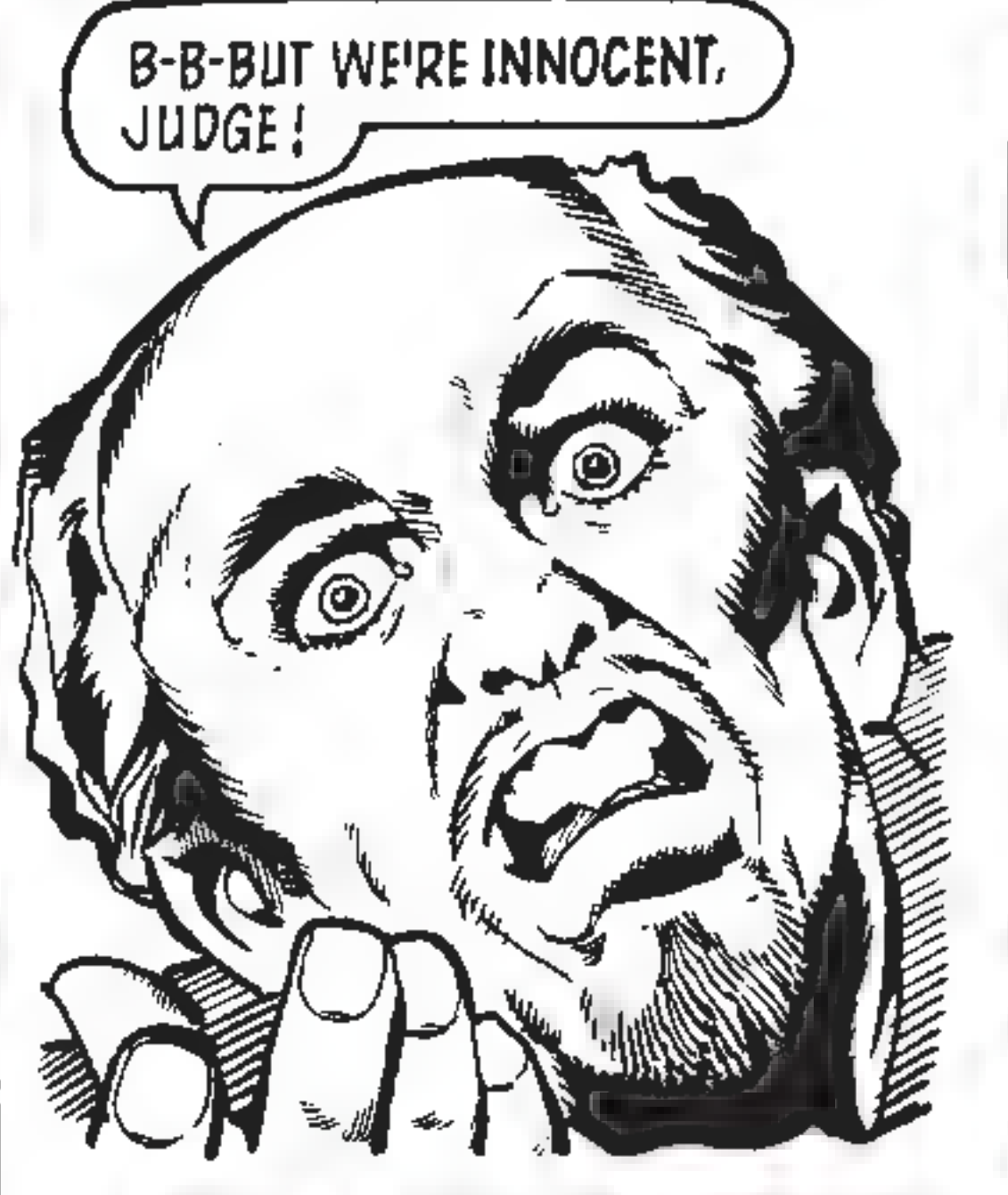
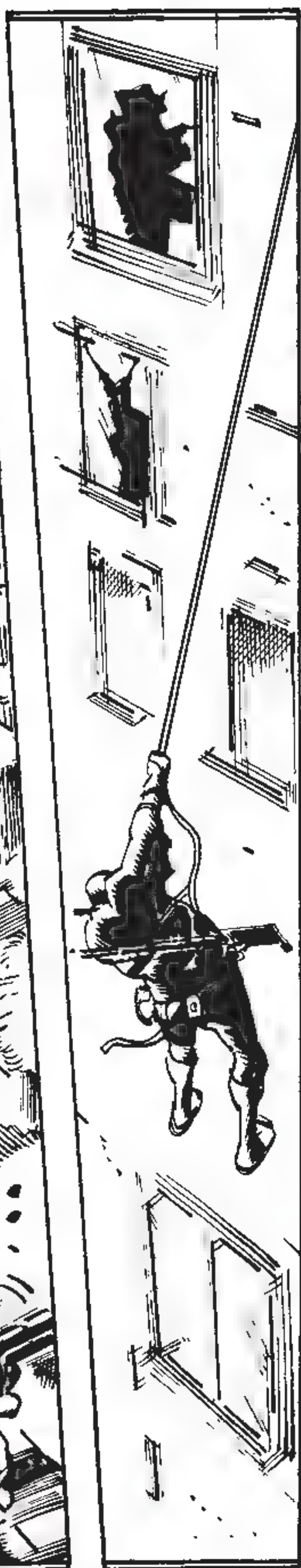
IN SECTOR 117, A SERIOUS DISTURBANCE IS BREWING BETWEEN TWO NEIGHBOURING CITYBLOCKS -

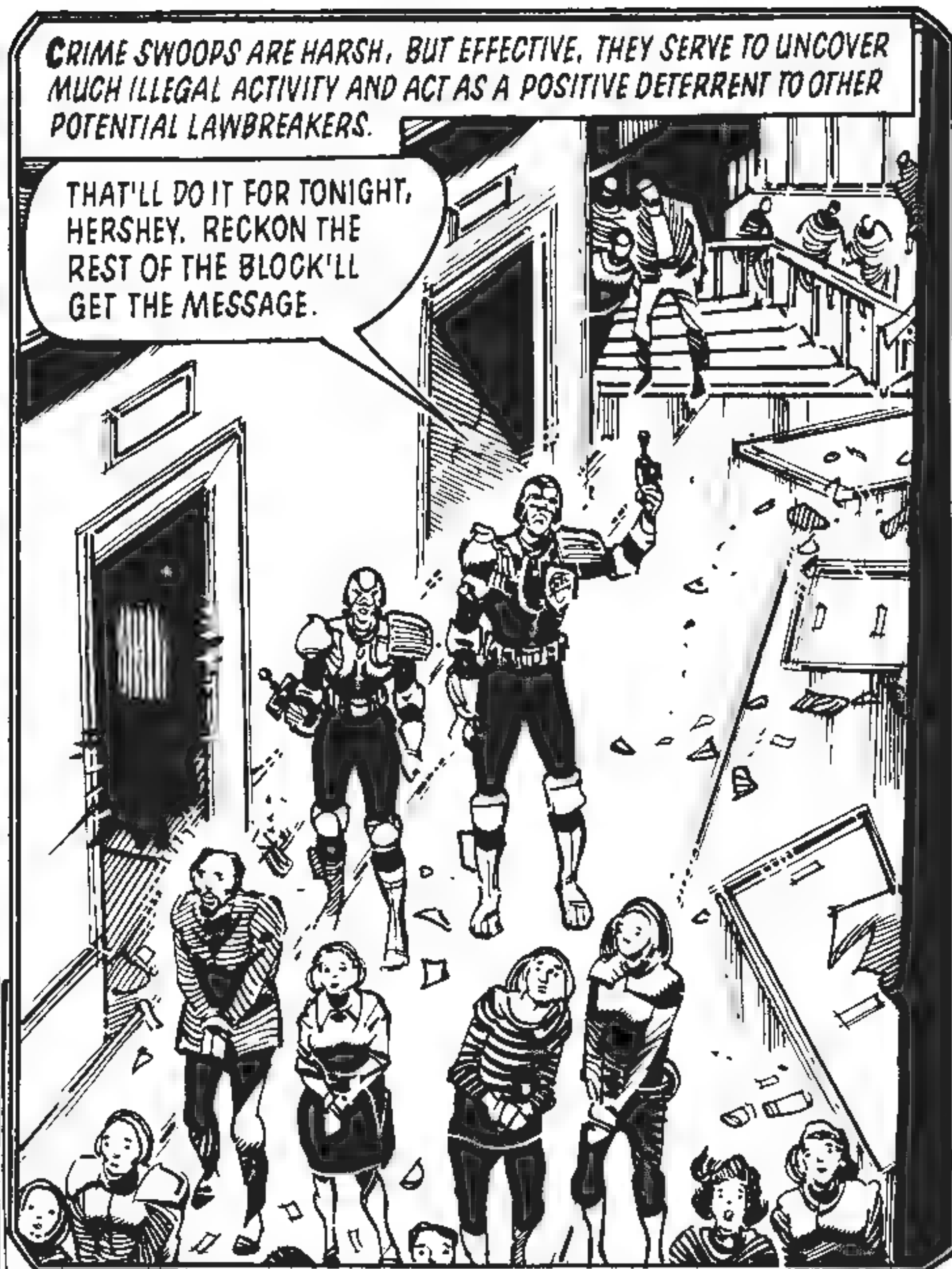
SPANO TO CONTROL!
SPORADIC FIRING HAS
BROKEN OUT BETWEEN
ST. CLAIR AND MONROE!
WE'RE MOVING IN!

BLOCK FIGHTING IS A COMMON FEATURE OF MEGA-CITY LIFE. BOREDOM, OVERCROWDING, MASS UNEMPLOYMENT - ALL COMBINE TO SET TENSIONS ON A RAZOR EDGE. THE SLIGHTEST INCIDENT CAN SPARK OFF A BLOCK WAR -



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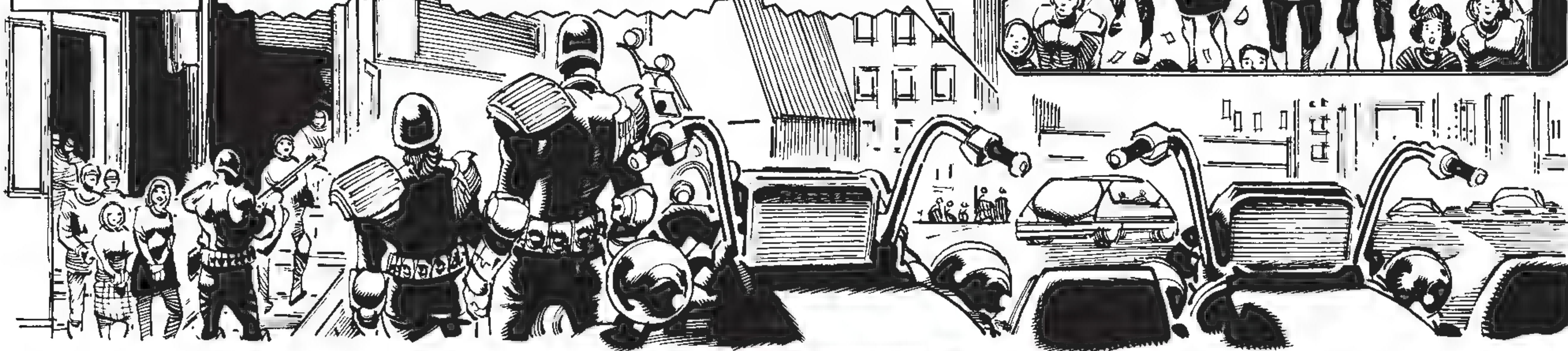


BELOW, THE JUDGES' RADIOS CRACKLE OUT THE CONTINUOUS LITANY OF THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT -

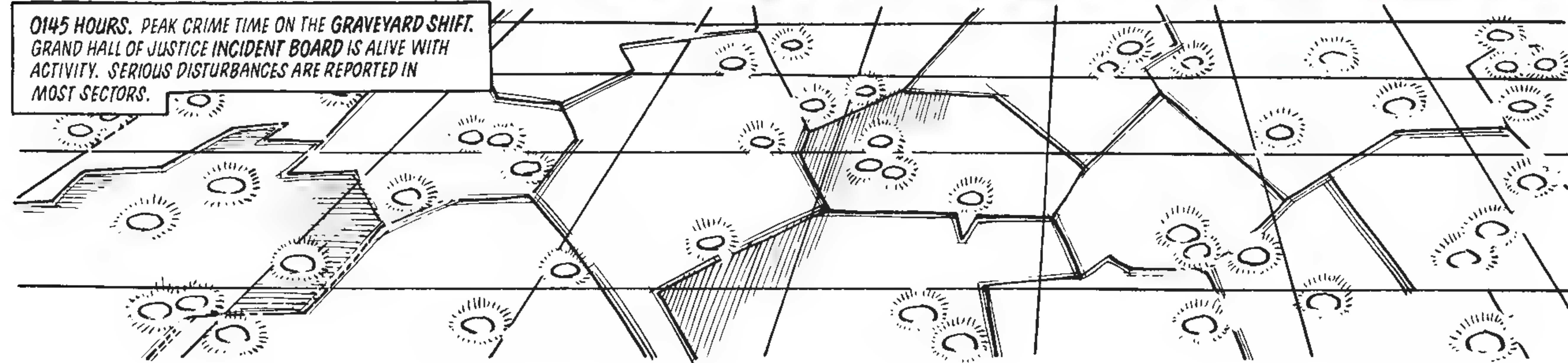
ITEM: SNIPERS APPREHENDED, SECTOR 11 LINK ROAD. TRAFFIC MOVING NORMALLY. HAZARD WARNING NOW CANCELLED.

ITEM: PEDWAY COLLAPSE, CROSSROADS, MORTIMER AND MEGG. REPAIR SQUAD ESTIMATES ONE HOUR CLOSURE. AVOID TILL FURTHER NOTICE.

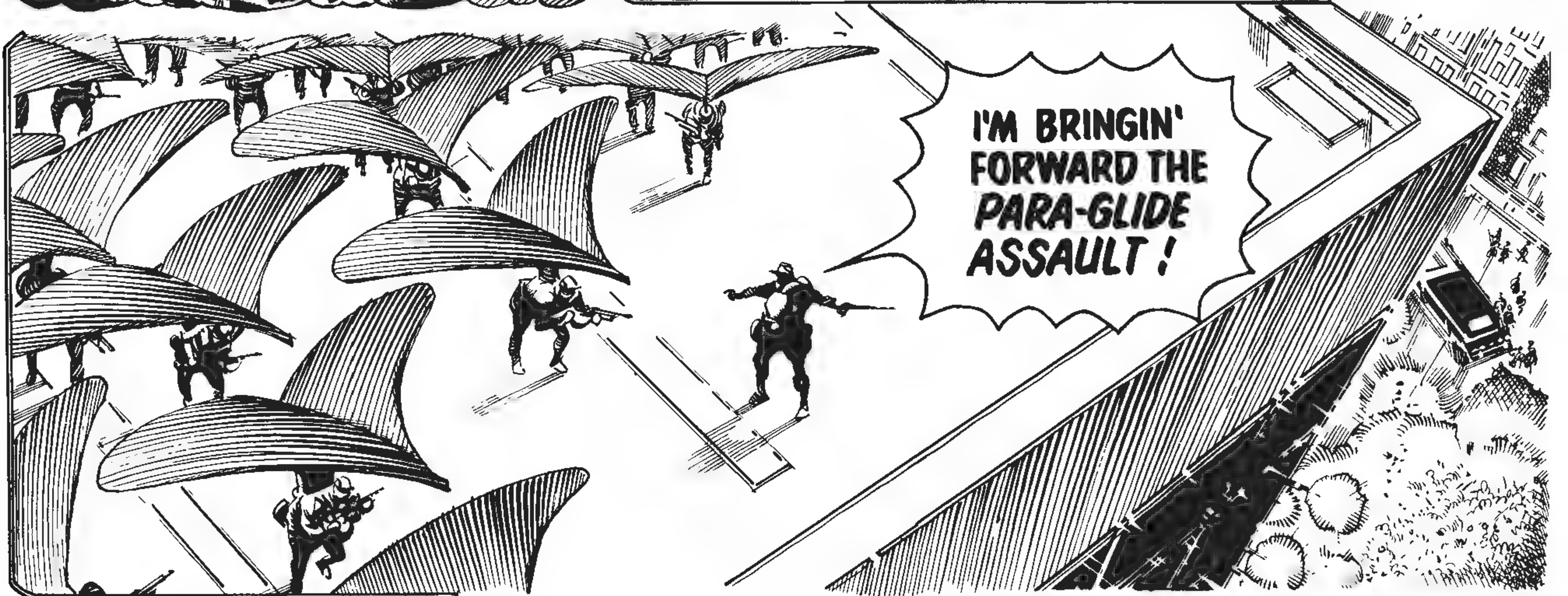
ITEM: MASS BREAKOUT, ISO CUBE 400. ALL CENTRAL SECTOR UNITS, VOICE ACTIVATE FOR FURTHER DATA.

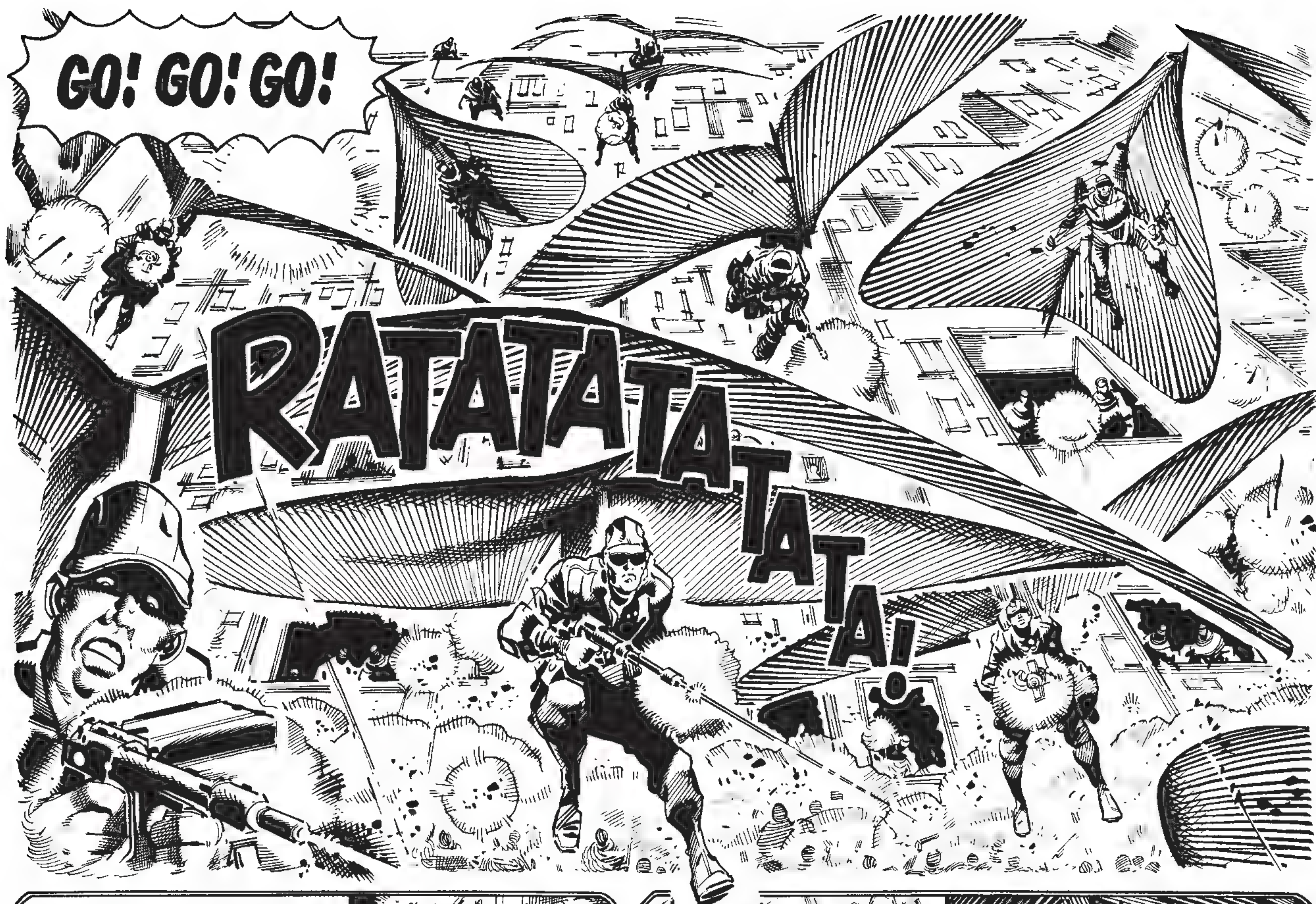


0145 HOURS. PEAK CRIME TIME ON THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT. GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE INCIDENT BOARD IS ALIVE WITH ACTIVITY. SERIOUS DISTURBANCES ARE REPORTED IN MOST SECTORS.











0150 HOURS. THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT - THE HECTIC HOURS BETWEEN DAWN AND DUSK. AT THE ST. CLAIR/MONROE CITY-BLOCK CONFRONTATION, ST. CLAIR'S SNEAK ATTACK UNIT HAS BLOWN AWAY THE MONROE BLOCK FOUNDATIONS -

JUDGE DREDD

THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT - Part 5



IN THE VINCE ST. CLAIR
CITI-DEF OFFICE, THERE
IS JUBILATION -

WE DID IT! WE TAUGHT
MONROE A LESSON THEY'LL
NEVER FORGET!

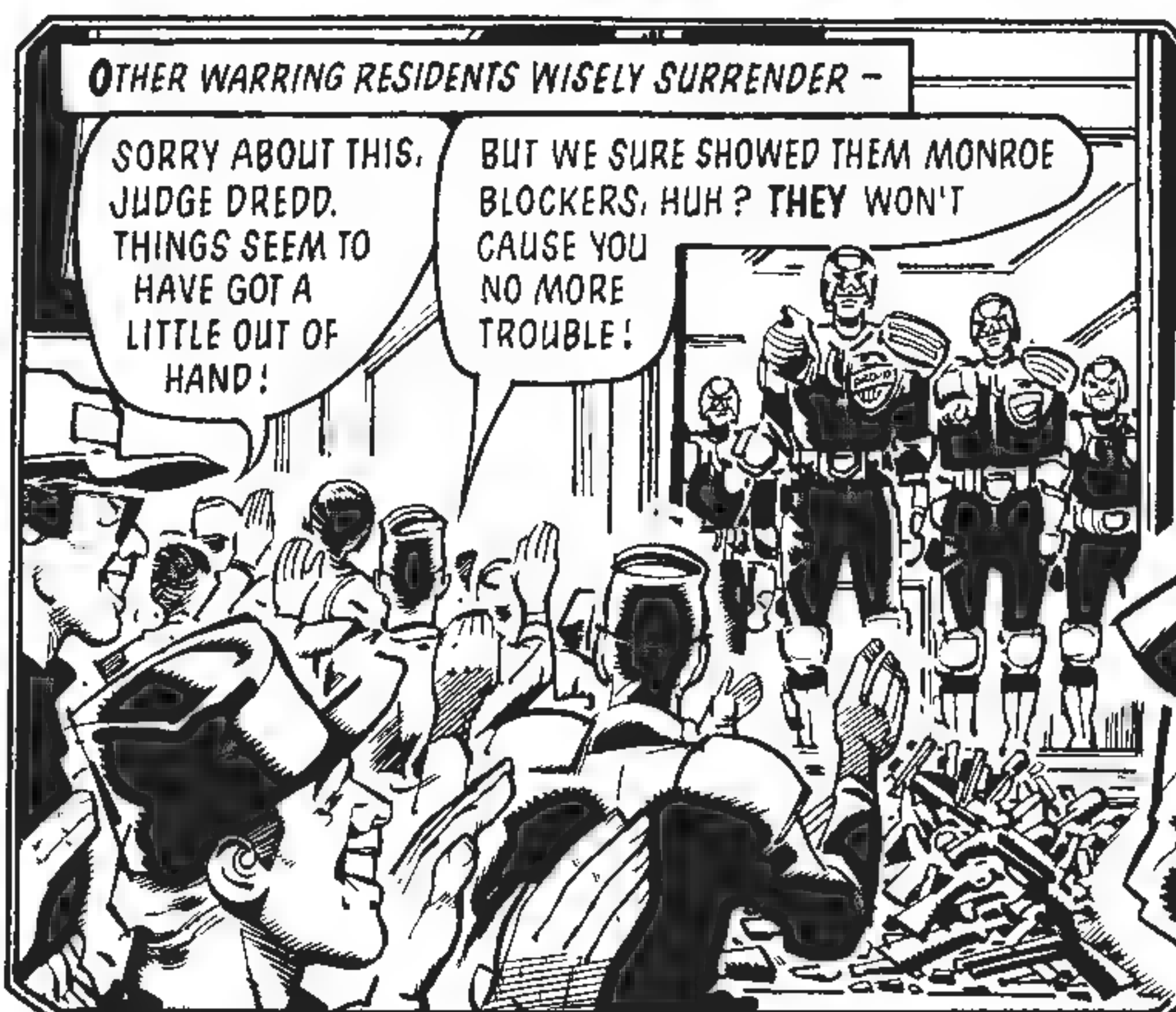
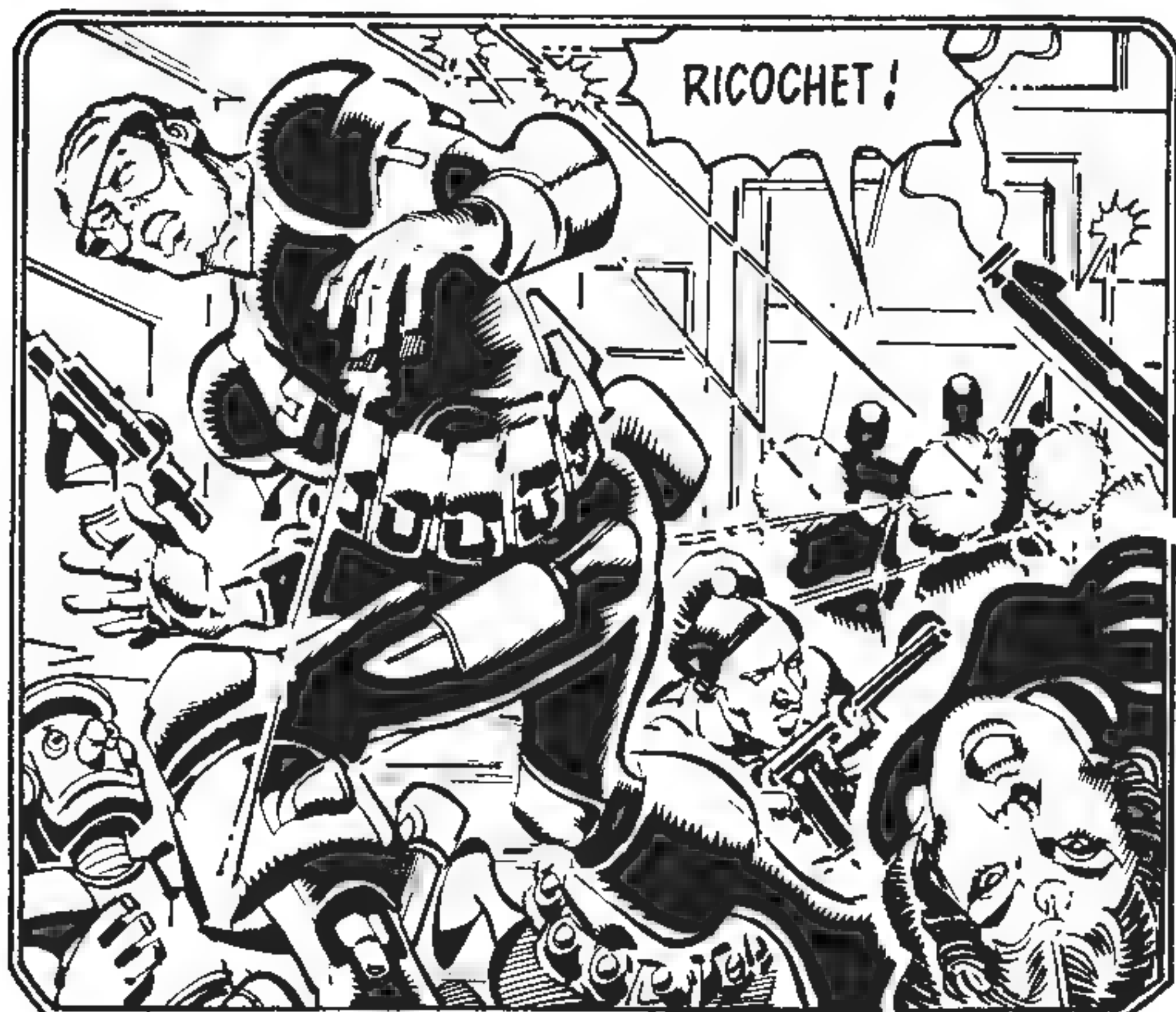
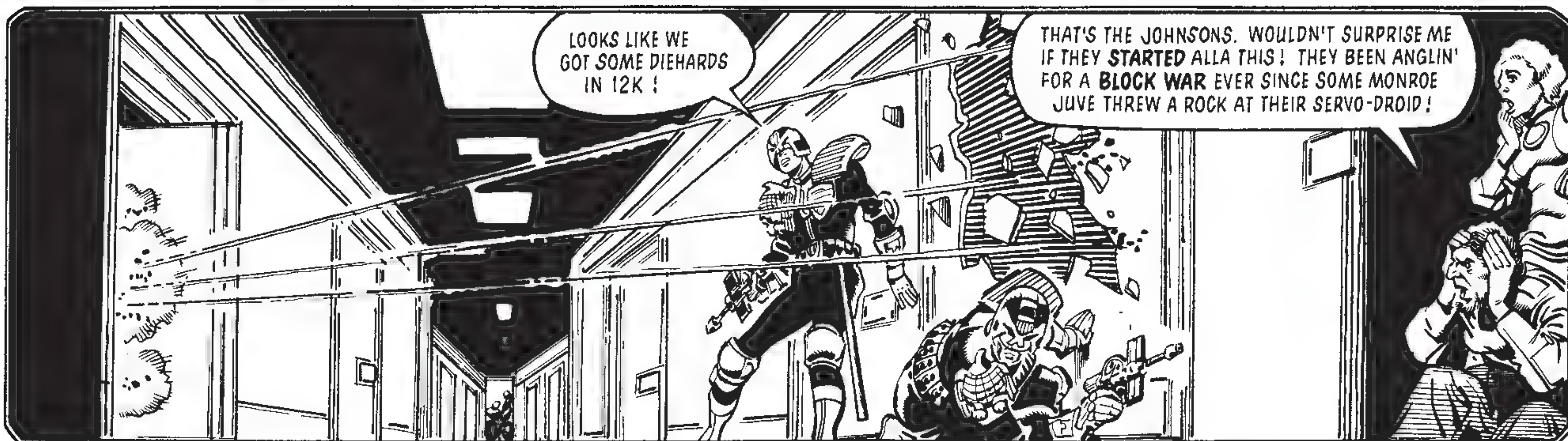
CAROL MONROE FALLS SQUARE ON THE 'TWEENBLOCK PLAZA, WHERE HUNDREDS
OF BLOCK WARRIORS ARE ENCASED IN JUSTICE DEPT RIOT FOAM -

AAAAH!

THEN, ITS SHEER WEIGHT CARRIES IT CRASHING THROUGH
CITY BOTTOM - AND INTO THE UNDERCITY BELOW!

THE WHOLE PLAZA'S
CRACKING OPEN!
ST. CLAIR'S BLOCK'S
TILTING!







I'LL CALL UP AN H-WAGON!

NO TIME. THE REST
OF THAT FLOOR
COULD GO ANY
SECOND!

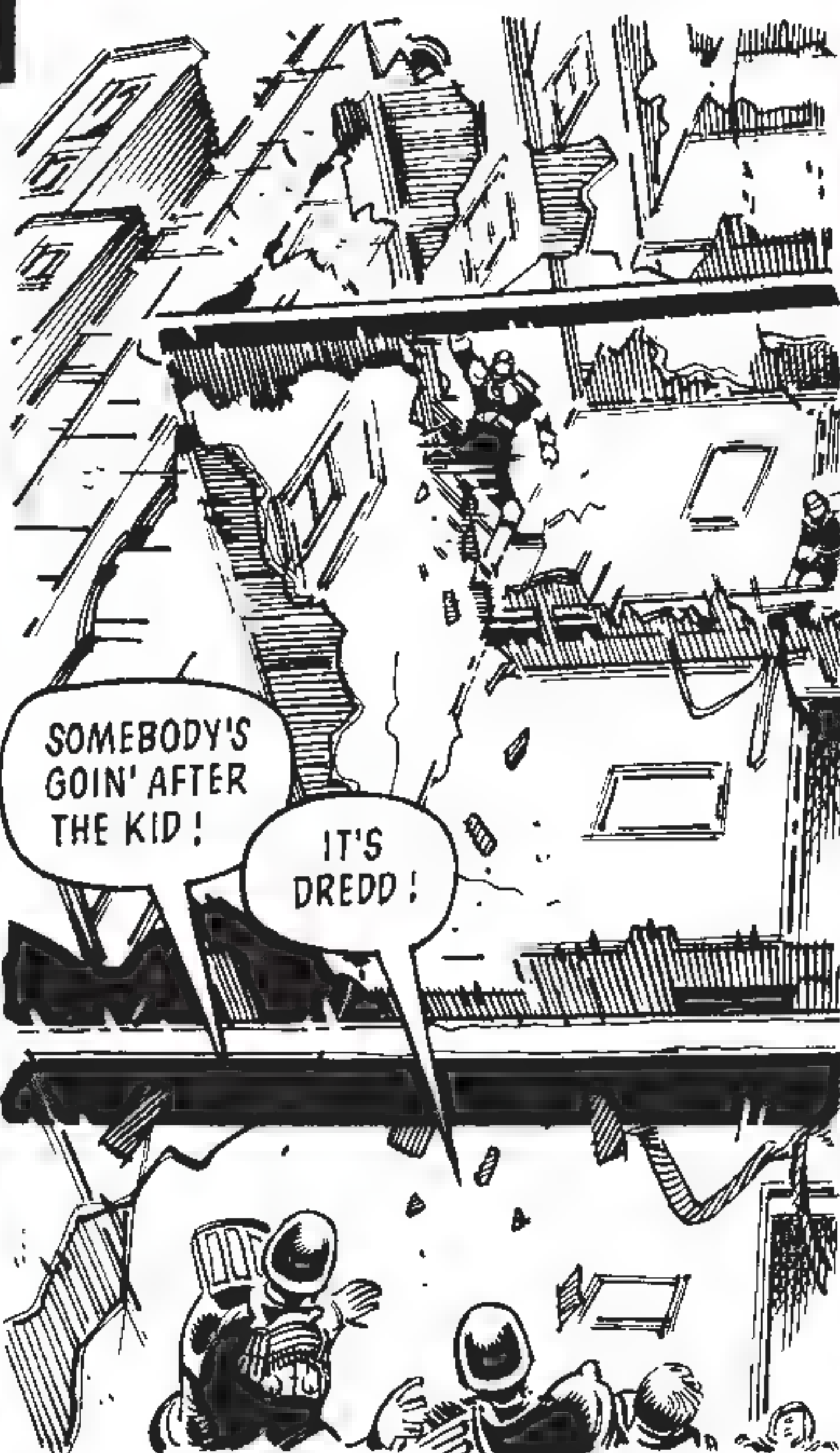
I'LL GET HER!



DREDD BEGAN
TO INCH HIS
WAY ACROSS
THE FLOOR -

YOU'RE TOO
VALUABLE
TO RISK,
DREDD!

WHEN A JUDGE GETS TOO
VALUABLE TO RISK, HE'S
NO LONGER A JUDGE!



SOMEBODY'S
GOIN' AFTER
THE KID!

IT'S
DREDD!

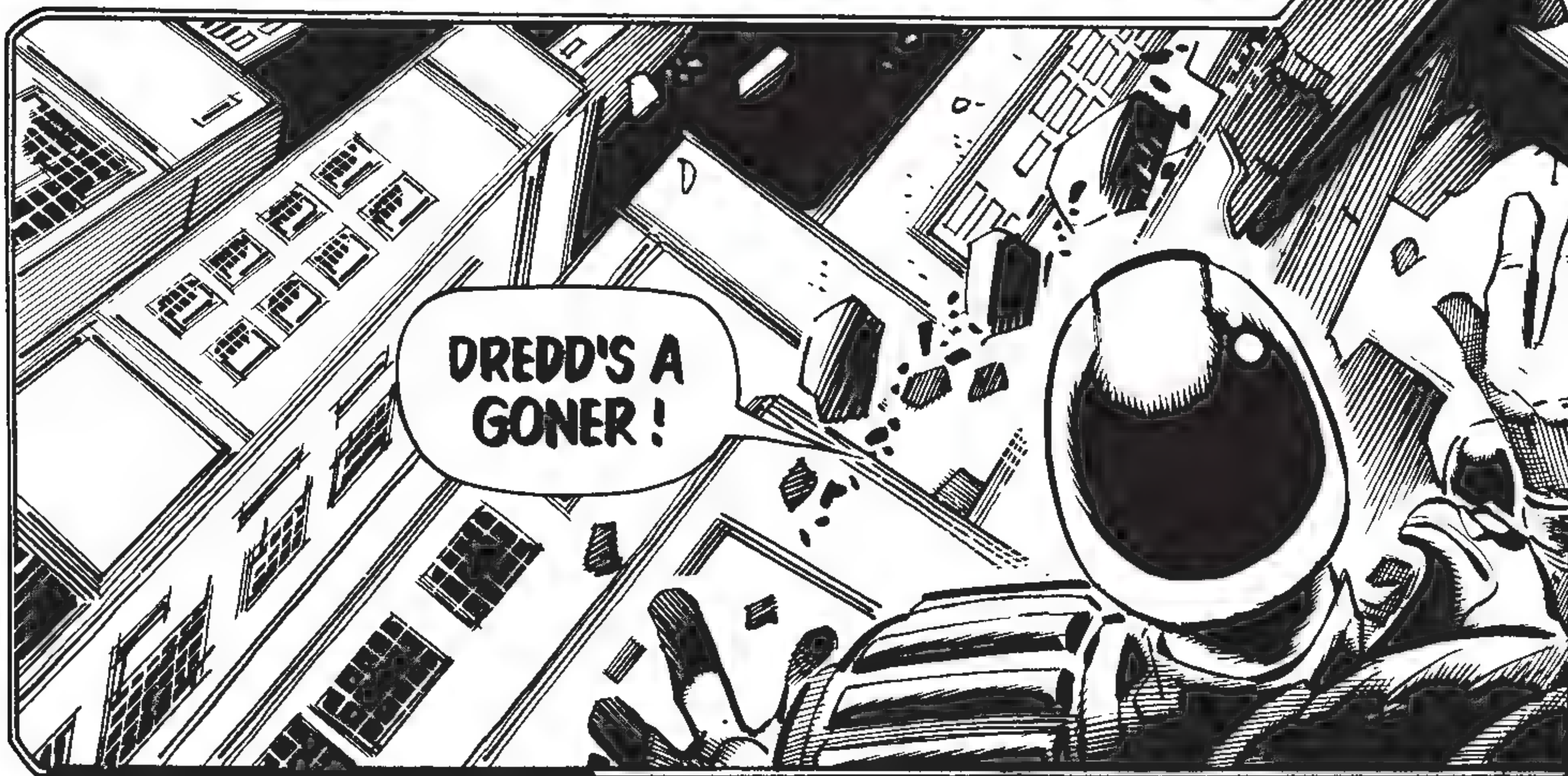
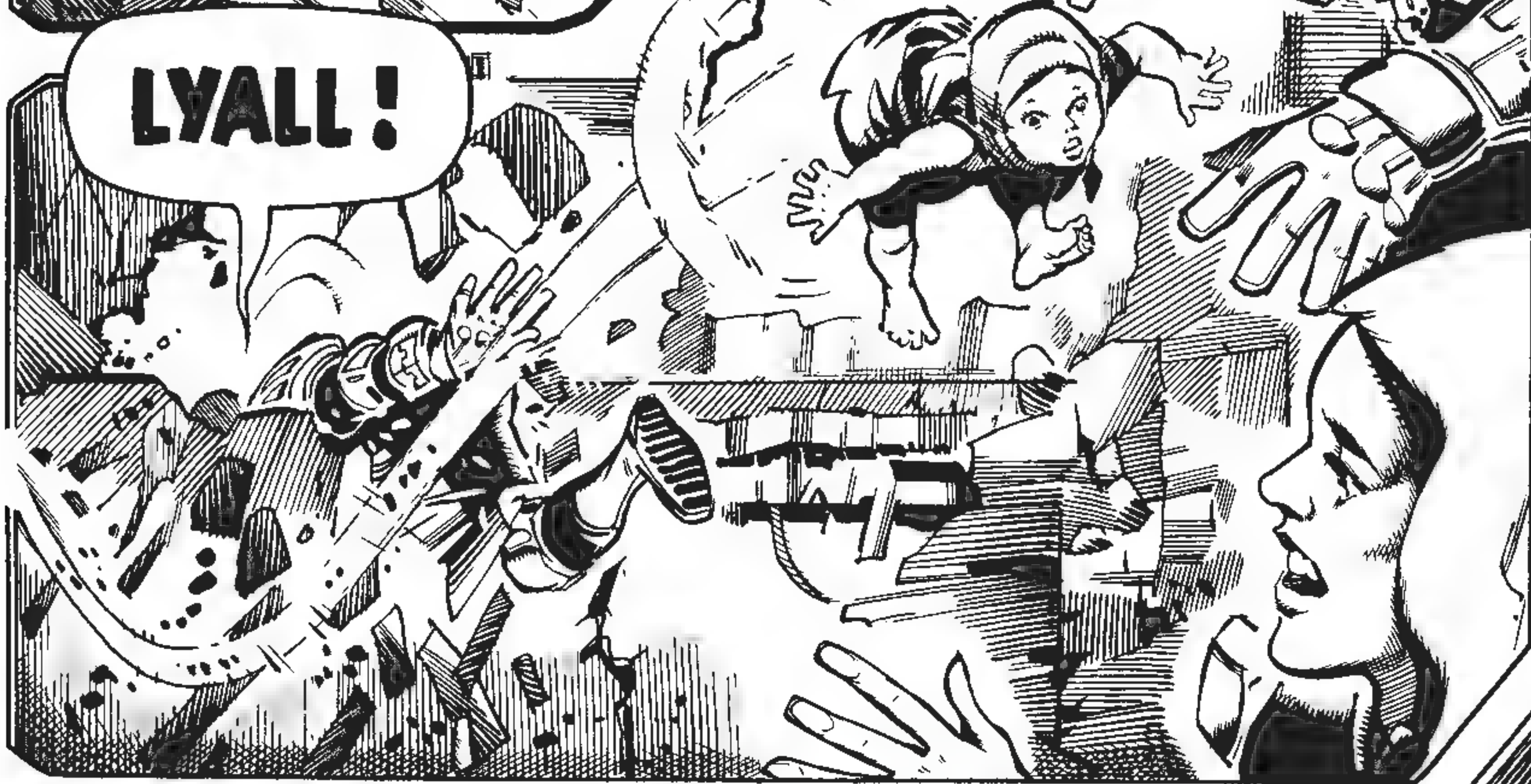
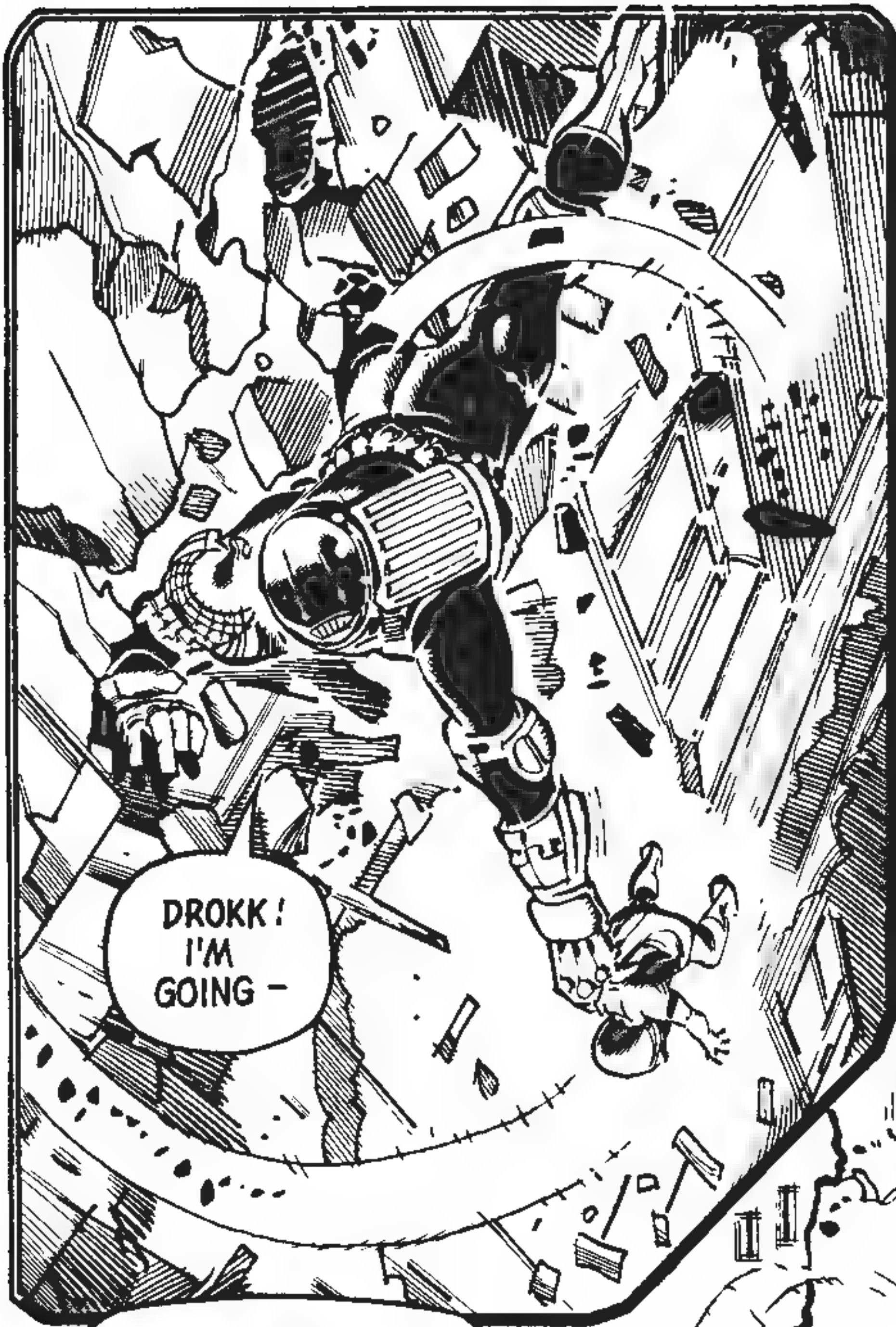


KRAKKK!

OH MY GOD!
THE FLOOR'S
BREAKING!



GOT HER!



NEXT PROG :

JUST ANOTHER
STATISTIC ?

0230 HOURS ON THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT. AFTER THE DESTRUCTION OF CAROL MONROE BLOCK, JUDGES HAVE MOVED IN TO QUELL FURTHER TROUBLE FROM NEIGHBOURING VINCE ST. CLAIR.

AND THERE —

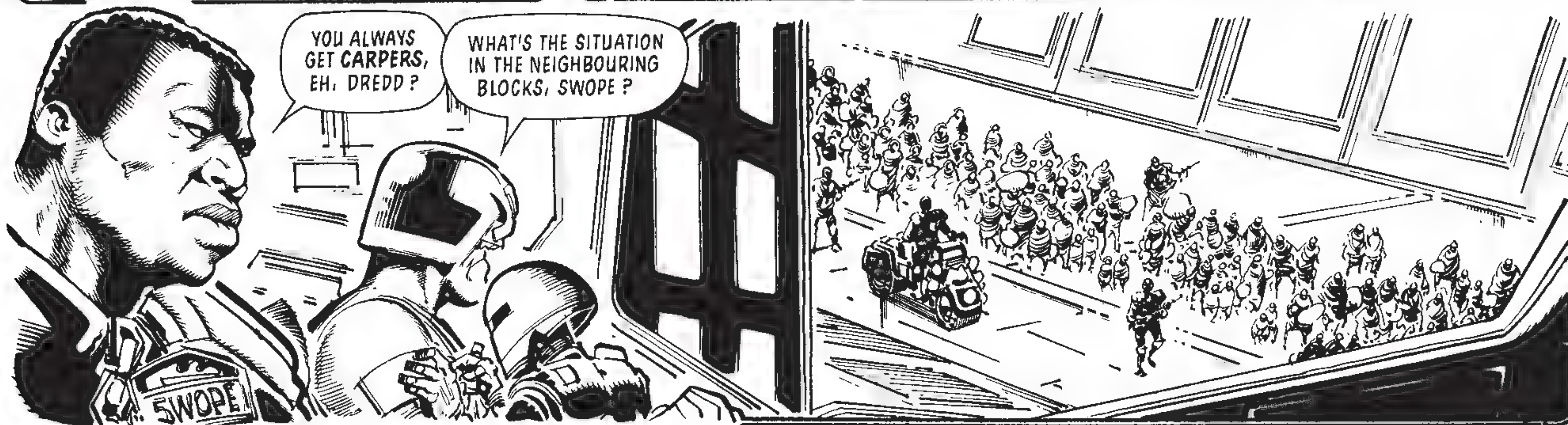
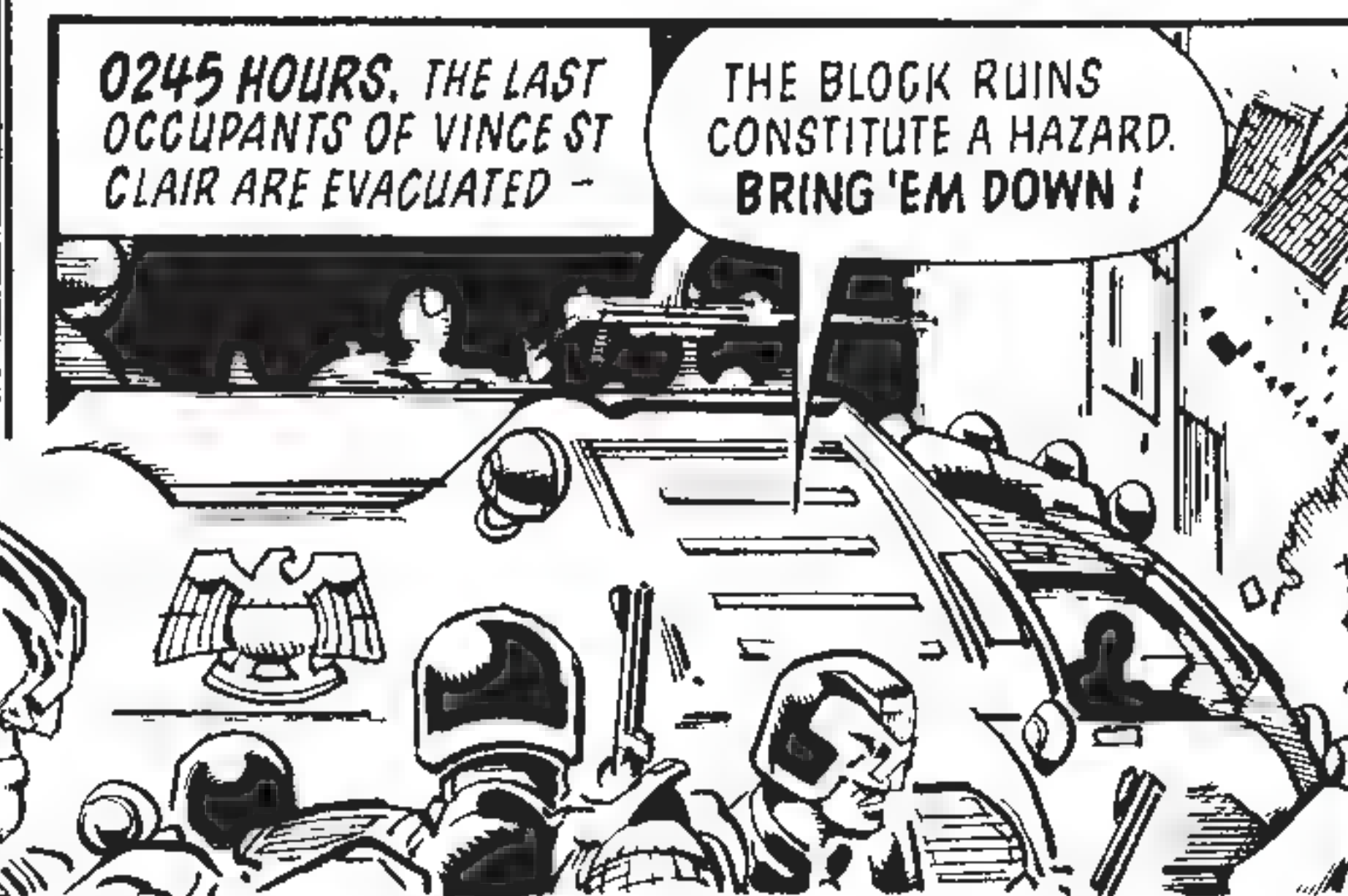
**DREDD'S SAVED
THE BABY - BUT
HE'S FALLING !**

**THE PEDWAY;
GOT TO STRETCH
FOR IT!**

SCRIPT
T B GROVER

ART
RON SMITH

LETTERING
T FRAME

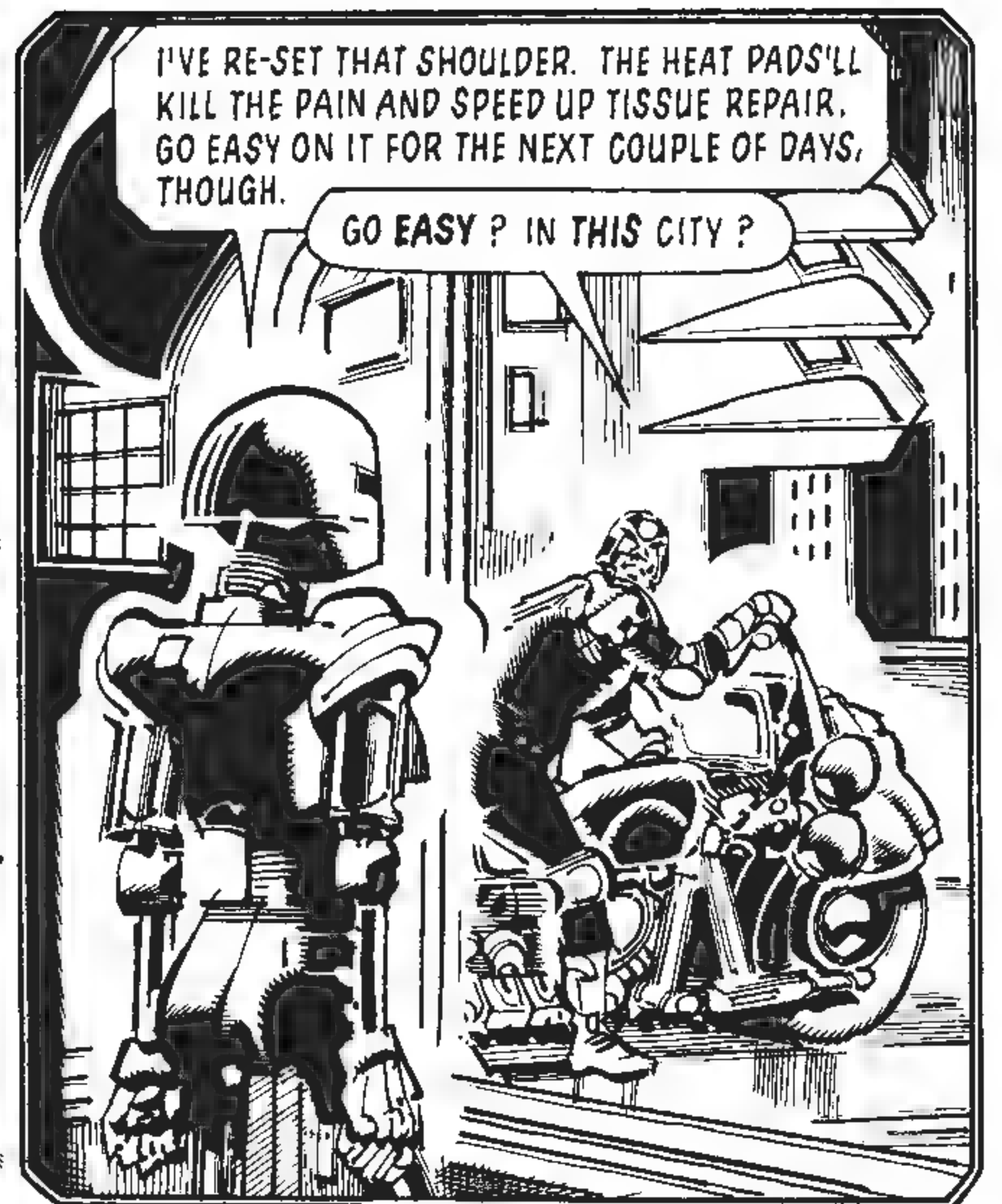




TENSE, BUT NO OUTRIGHT VIOLENCE SO FAR.

BETTER GET EXTRA JUDGES INTO EVERY BLOCK. MAKE YOUR PRESENCE FELT. WE DON'T WANT ANY REPETITION OF WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE.

BLOCK WAR IS A KIND OF MASS HYSTERIA. LET IT START SPREADING AND YOU GOT BIG TROUBLE.



I'VE RE-SET THAT SHOULDER. THE HEAT PADS'LL KILL THE PAIN AND SPEED UP TISSUE REPAIR. GO EASY ON IT FOR THE NEXT COUPLE OF DAYS, THOUGH.

GO EASY ? IN THIS CITY ?



CONTROL TO DREDD! WE GOT ANOTHER BAG OF LEFT HANDS IN SECTOR 93. JUDGE IN CHARGE REQUESTS SENIOR JUDGE ASSIST.

ON MY WAY!

0300 HOURS. ON THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT, TROUBLE CONTINUES UNABATED.



ON AVERAGE - EXCLUDING MAJOR DISASTERS SUCH AS THE MONROE/ST. CLAIR WAR, THERE ARE NOW 24 A.R.V.'S, 139 SERIOUS ASSAULTS, 5 MURDERS, 0.09 CLASSIFIABLE RIOTS AND 230 TRAFFIC OFFENCES EVERY MINUTE.

7 JUDGES HAVE SO FAR DIED IN THE LINE OF DUTY. 25 OTHERS HAVE BEEN HOSPITALISED.

AT THE WEST WALL, MUTANT INSURGENCE HAS BEEN HEAVY. THE VAST MUTIE PENS ARE NEARING CAPACITY. MORE ARE STILL COMING IN.



AT MEGA-CITY SPACEPORT, AN INCOMING ASTRO-FREIGHTER HAS CRASHED INTO A PACKED LUNAR LINER. A CLASS 1 EMERGENCY HAS BEEN DECLARED.



IN SECTOR 80, A HUNGRY ALIEN HAS ESCAPED FROM THE NETHERWORLDS EXHIBITION. SO FAR, 17 CITIZENS HAVE BEEN WHOLLY OR PARTIALLY CONSUMED.



IN SEVERAL NORTHERN SECTORS, CONTAMINATED BLACK MARKET FOOD HAS FOUND ITS WAY ONTO THE STREET. ONE HUNDRED PLUS CITIZENS ARE DEAD. TEN TIMES THAT NUMBER ARE ON THE CRITICAL LIST.

**MUCK-BURGERS
ARE DELISH!
EAT NOTHING ELSE!**



AT RESYK, THE CITY'S BODY RECYCLING PLANT, A DOZEN MOBILE JUSTICE DEPT AUTOPSY UNITS HAVE BEEN SET UP TO KEEP THE CONVEYORS MOVING.

EVEN BY GRAVEYARD SHIFT STANDARDS,
IT IS A BUSY NIGHT

0313 HOURS. SECTOR 93'S GENE KRUPA UNDERPASS —

GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT, DREDD.
DON'T MIND ADMITTING THESE
LEFT-HAND MURDERS HAVE
GOT ME FOXED!

THERE WERE SEVENTEEN HANDS IN THE FIRST BATCH.
ANOTHER TWENTY-EIGHT IN THIS BAG. ALL LEFT
HANDS!

NO SIGN OF THE BODIES?

NO.

DISINTEGRATOR?

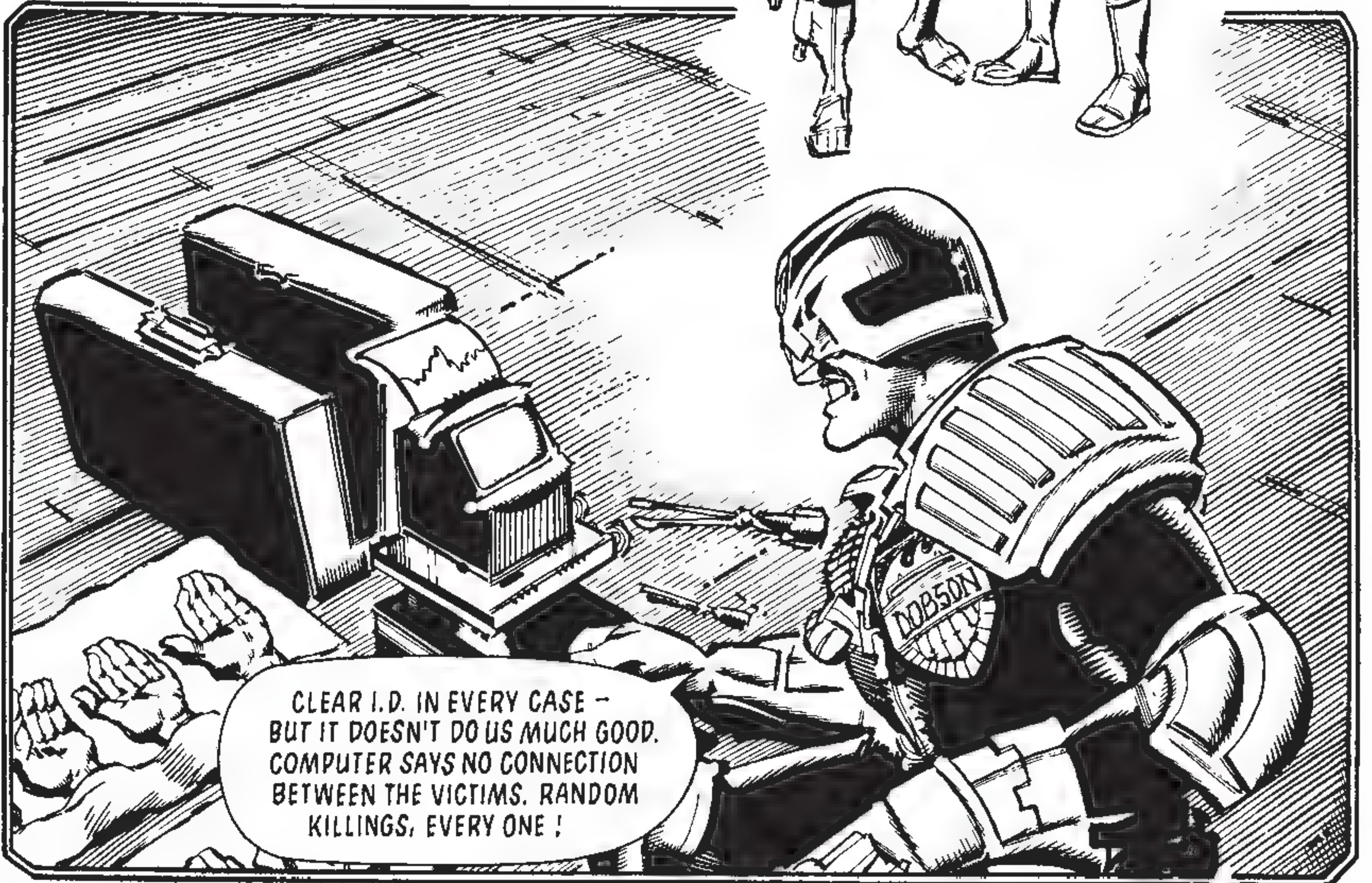
LOOKS THAT WAY.
CLEAN KILLING EVERY
TIME. NO CLUES TO
THE PERP.



GOT ANY MAKE ON
THE VICTIMS?

DOBSON'S RUNNING
THIS BATCH THROUGH
THE FINGERPRINT
MACHINE NOW.

CLEAR I.D. IN EVERY CASE —
BUT IT DOESN'T DO US MUCH GOOD.
COMPUTER SAYS NO CONNECTION
BETWEEN THE VICTIMS. RANDOM
KILLINGS, EVERY ONE!



ONE WAY
OR ANOTHER,
WE GOT A
GENUINE CRAZY
ON OUR
HANDS!

SO WHY NOT DISINTEGRATE
THE WHOLE BODY? THEN
WE WOULDN'T KNOW THERE'D
BEEN ANY KILLINGS.

LOOKS LIKE 'LEFTY' IS
LEAVING US HIS CALLING
CARD — LIKE HE WANTS US
TO KNOW HE'S OUT THERE.



NEXT PROG:

**BAGGING
LEFTY ?**



0319 HOURS. IN GENE KRUPA UNDERPASS, JUDGES HAVE FOUND A SECOND BAG OF HUMAN LEFT HANDS —

THE LEFT HANDS GIVE US A MAKE ON ALL THE VICTIMS. APART FROM THAT, THE KILLER'S LEFT NO CLUES.

HE'S GOT TO BE USING A HEAVY DUTY DISINTEGRATOR. HAVE YOU RUN A CHECK ON ALL LICENSED H.D.D. OPERATORS ?

YES. THERE'S 16,000 ON THE LIST. GONNA TAKE A FEW HOURS TO SIFT THROUGH THEM.

WE HAVEN'T GOT A FEW HOURS. THIS CREEP'S ON THE STREETS NOW.

GET THIS BAG OVER TO PSI-DIVISION. MAYBE THEY CAN COME UP WITH SOMETHING.

KRIEK TO DREDD!

I'M IN MAXWELL'S NITERIE OVER ON SHANKS. GOT ANOTHER FIVE HANDS HERE.

LOOKS LIKE LEFTY'S GETTING SLOPPY.

OR MAYBE HE'S JUST RUN OUT OF BAGS.

ON MY WAY!

0331 HOURS, PSI-DIVISION —

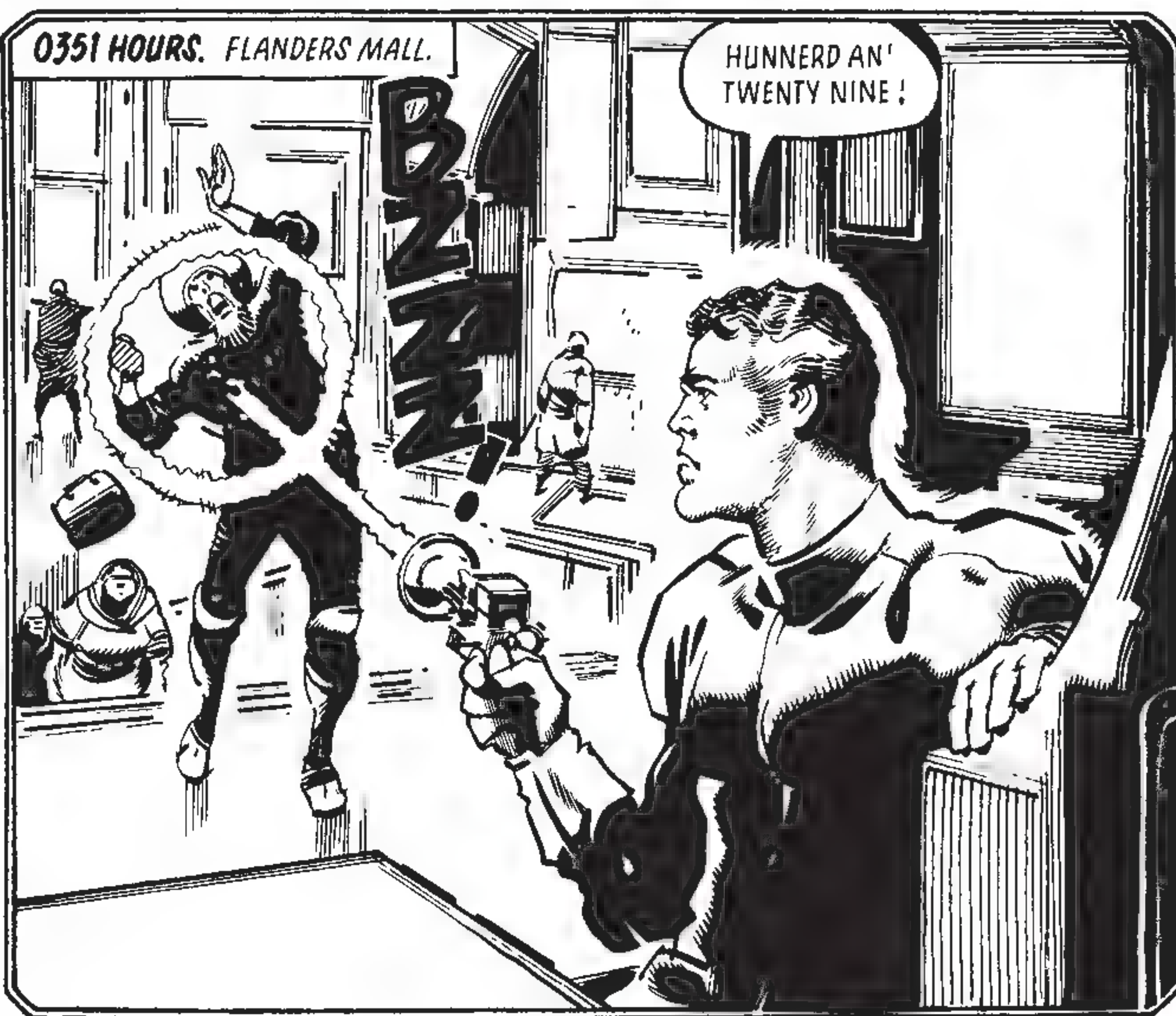
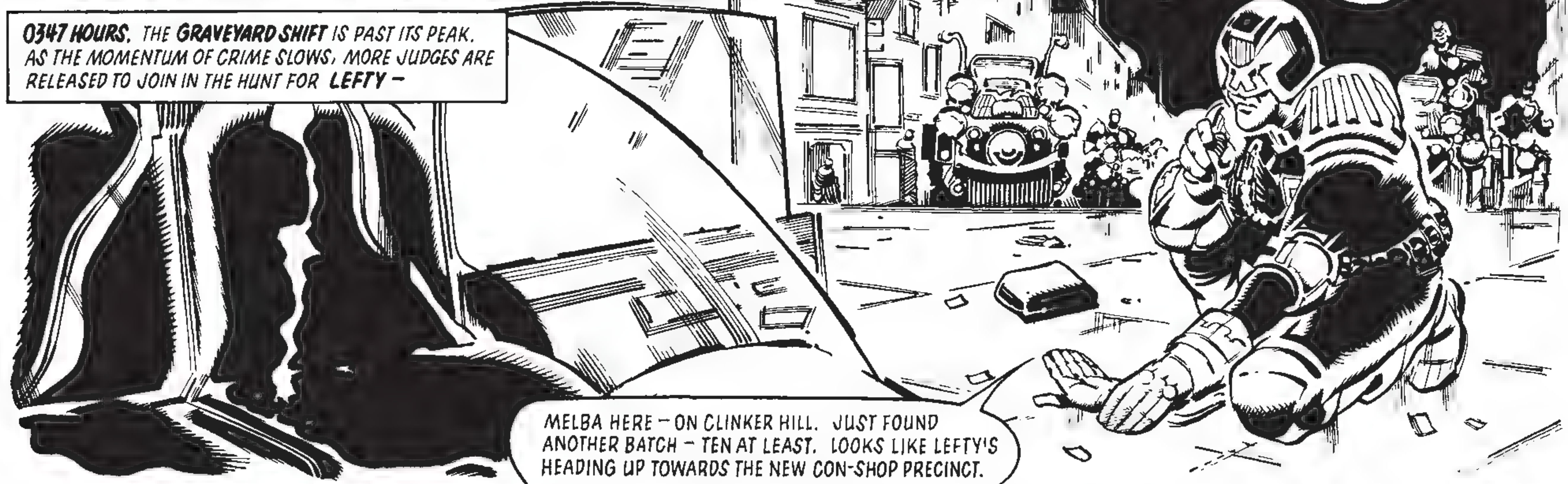
I'VE HEARD OF HANDBAGS, BUT THIS IS TOO MUCH!

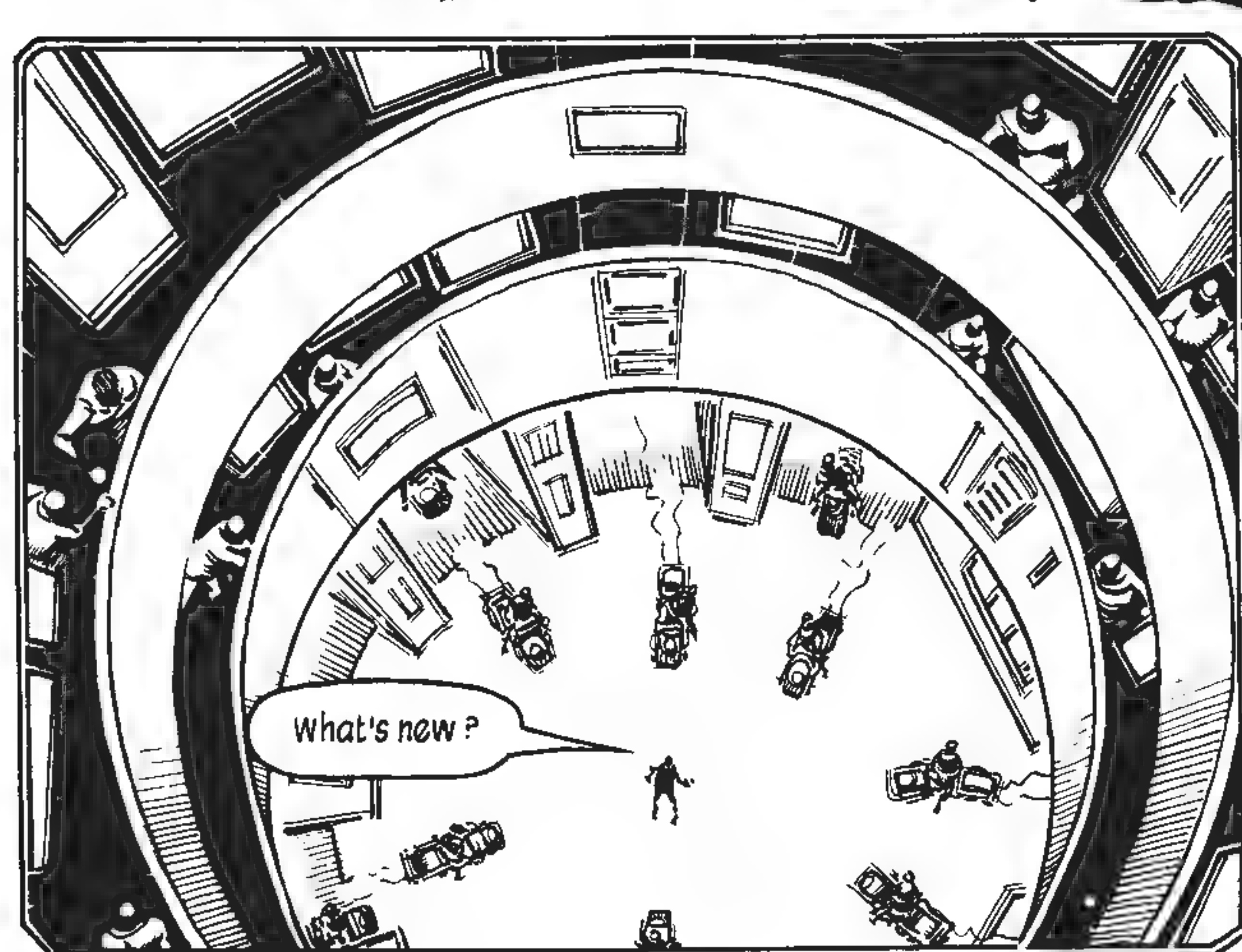
DON'T GIMME THE JOKES, ANDERSON — JUST GET ON WITH IT!

HOOJIE PALOOJIE, WHAMMA DE DO! I'M HERE, LEFTY — WHERE ARE YOU?

DOES SHE NEVER TAKE ANYTHING SERIOUSLY?

NO, BUT SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE'S DOING.







0400 HOURS -

CONTROL -
YOU CAN CALL
OFF THE HUNT.
SUSPECT
CHECKS OUT.

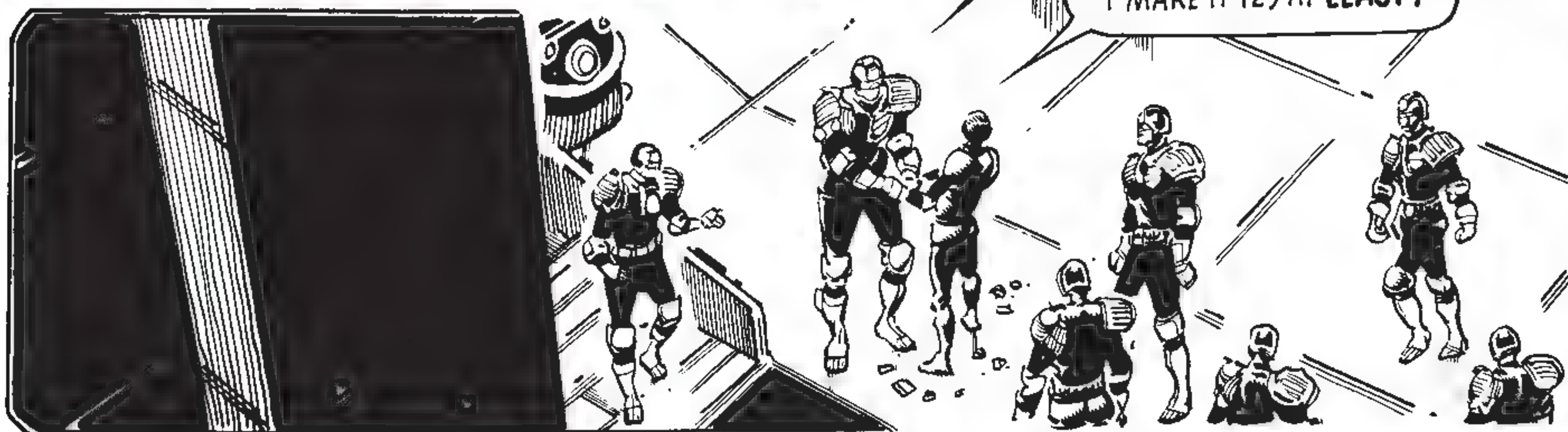
NAME: JEAN PAUL BLATTY, APARTMENT 24C, INIGO BING BLOCK.
FATHER'S AN UNEMPLOYED TUNNEL WORKER. THAT'S WHERE
THE CREEP GOT THE H.D.D.

JEAN PAUL BLATTY, I'M
ARRESTING YOU ON 60
COUNTS OF MURDER.

60? YOU'RE CRAZY, MAN!
I MAKE IT 129 AT LEAST!

DID YOU GET THE BAG OVER AT THE TRANSIT
STATION? AN' HOW ABOUT THE 22 I DUMPED
IN A TRASH CAN OVER ON IMRAN STREET?

CHECK 'EM OUT.



WHY, BLATTY?

I WAS GOIN' FOR THE
RECORD. NEARLY MADE
IT, TOO!

THE RECORD?

YEAH, IT'S ALL HERE IN "CASTLE'S MEGAREC"...
HIGHEST NUMBER OF ONE-ON-ONE MURDERS
COMMITTED DURING ONE NIGHT: 134 BY
MAD TONY NEWTON IN 2102.

THAT'S WHY I LEFT ALL THE LEFT HANDS -
MY TRADEMARK. SO YOU'D KNOW IT
WAS ME THAT DID 'EM. CLEVER, HUH?



IT TAKES ALL TYPES.

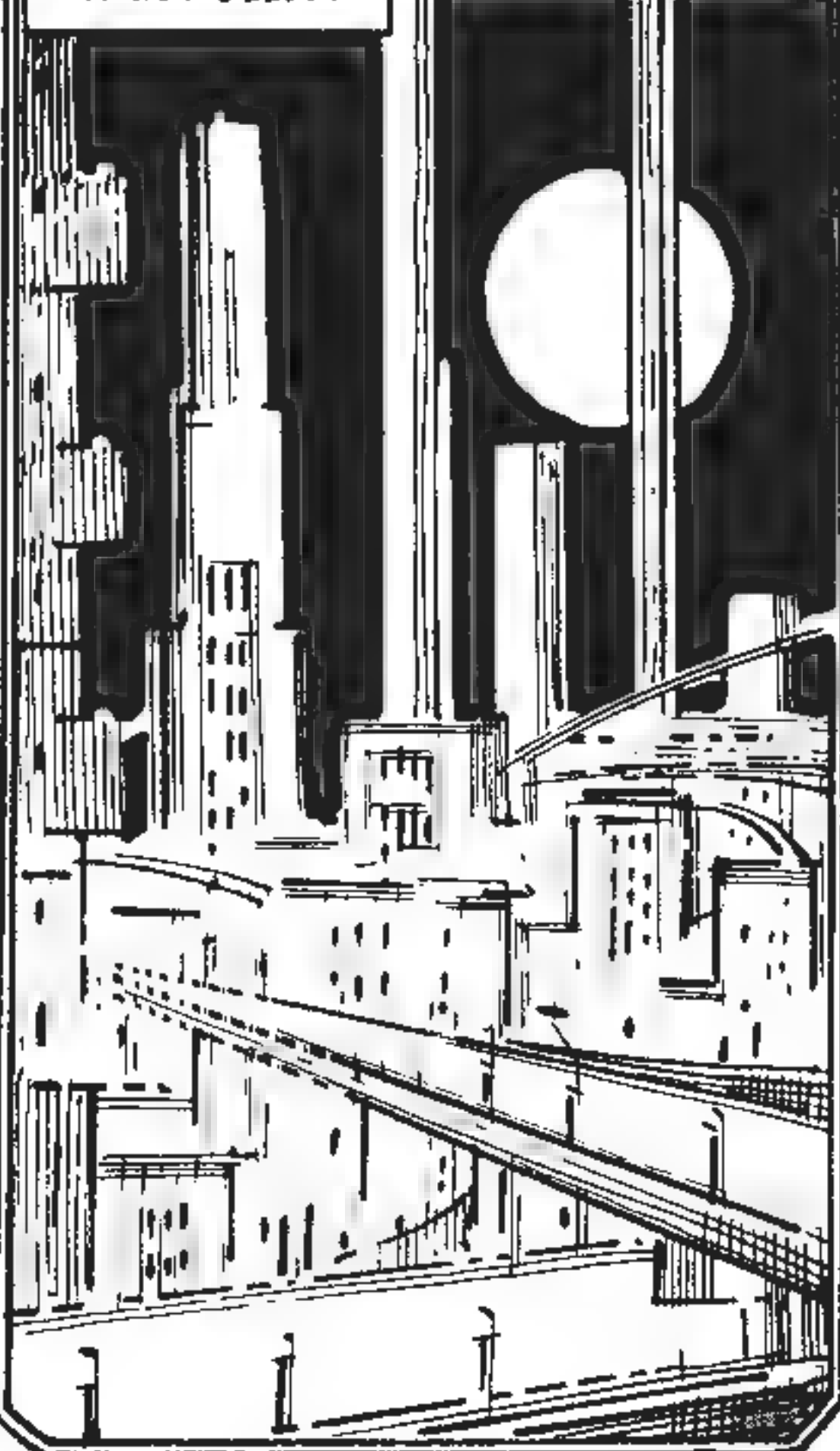
TAKE HIM AWAY.
INDEFINITE PSYCHO CUBE
OBSERVATION.



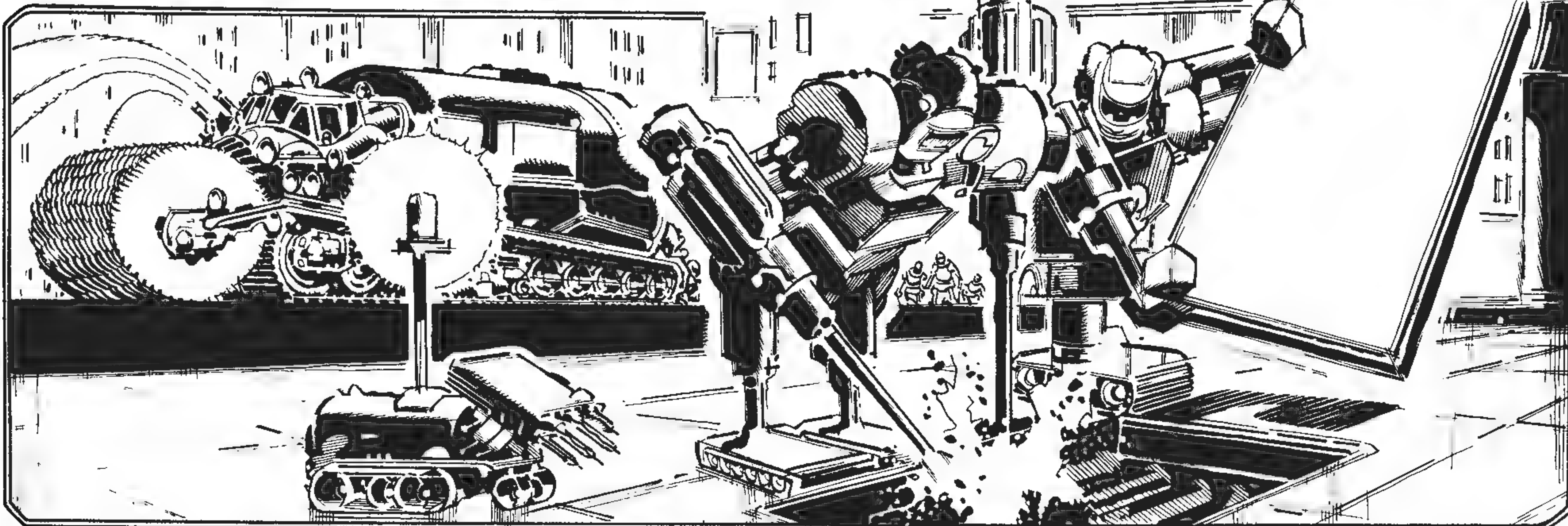
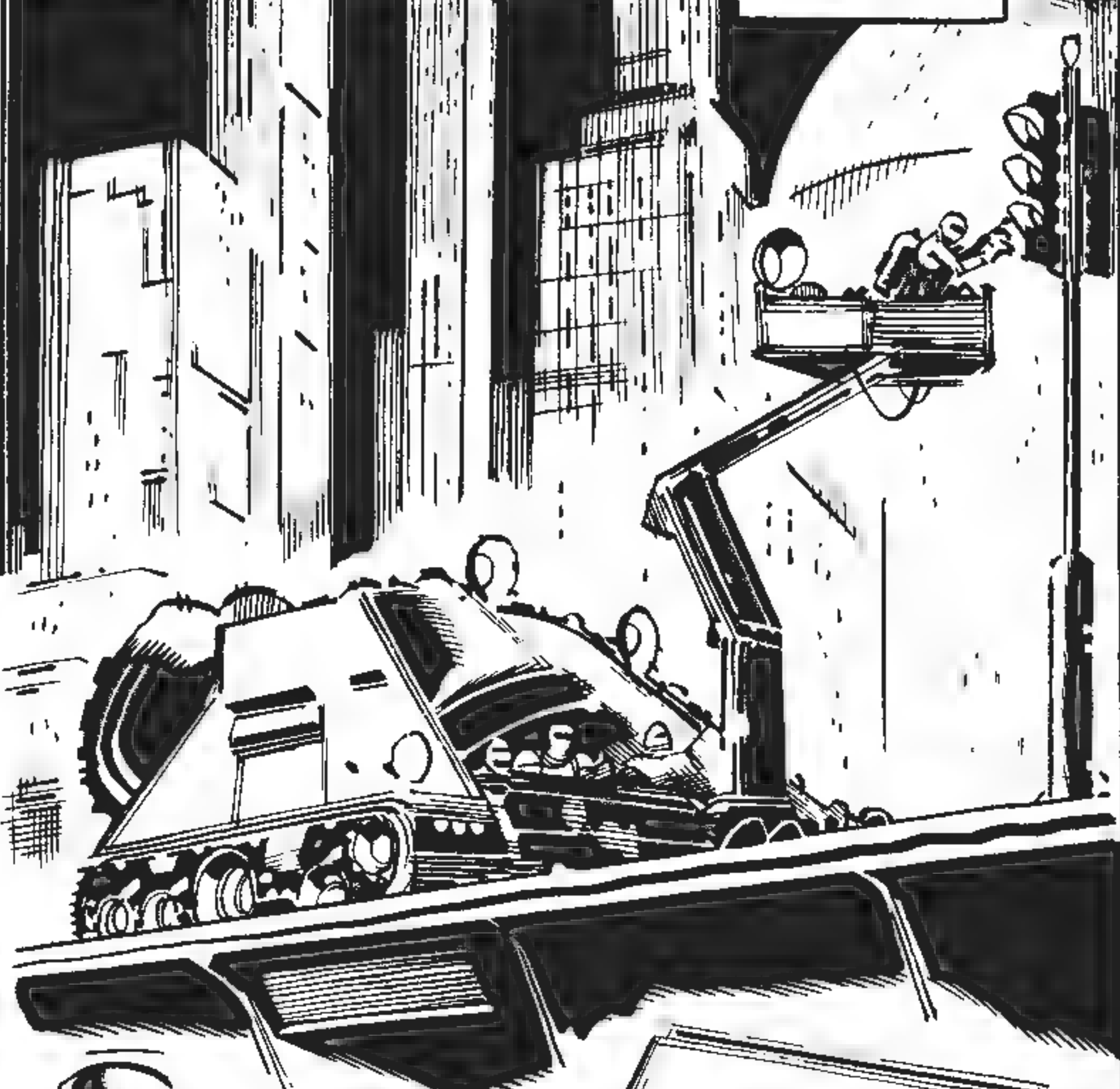
YOU BE SURE AN' REPORT THIS TO MEGAREC, OKAY? THINK I MIGHT MAKE IT UNDER THE "MOST DISMEMBERMENTS" SECTION!



0430 HOURS. THE GRAVEYARD SHIFT IS WINDING DOWN. THE CRIME RATE HAS FALLEN DRASTICALLY. EVEN CRIMINALS MUST SLEEP.



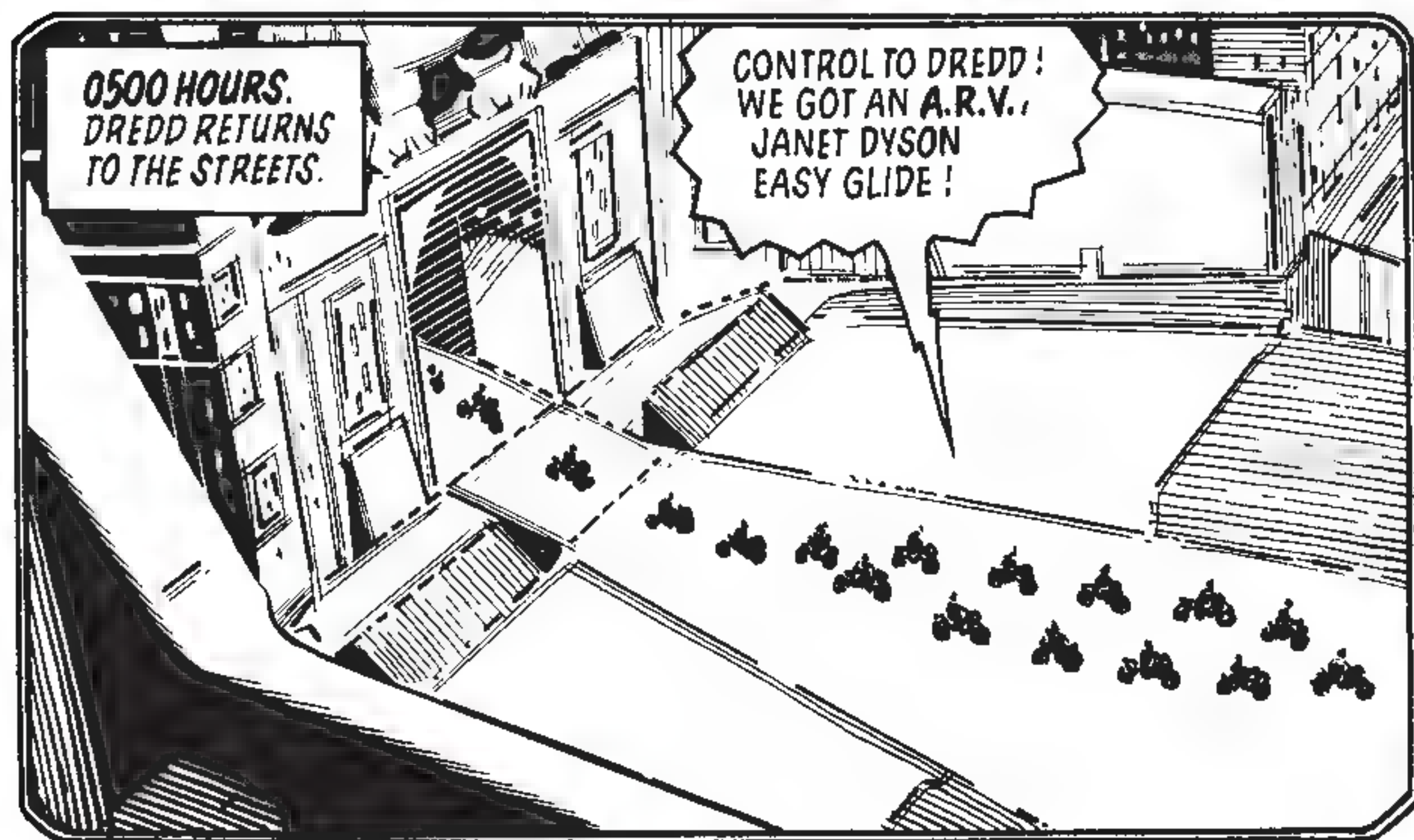
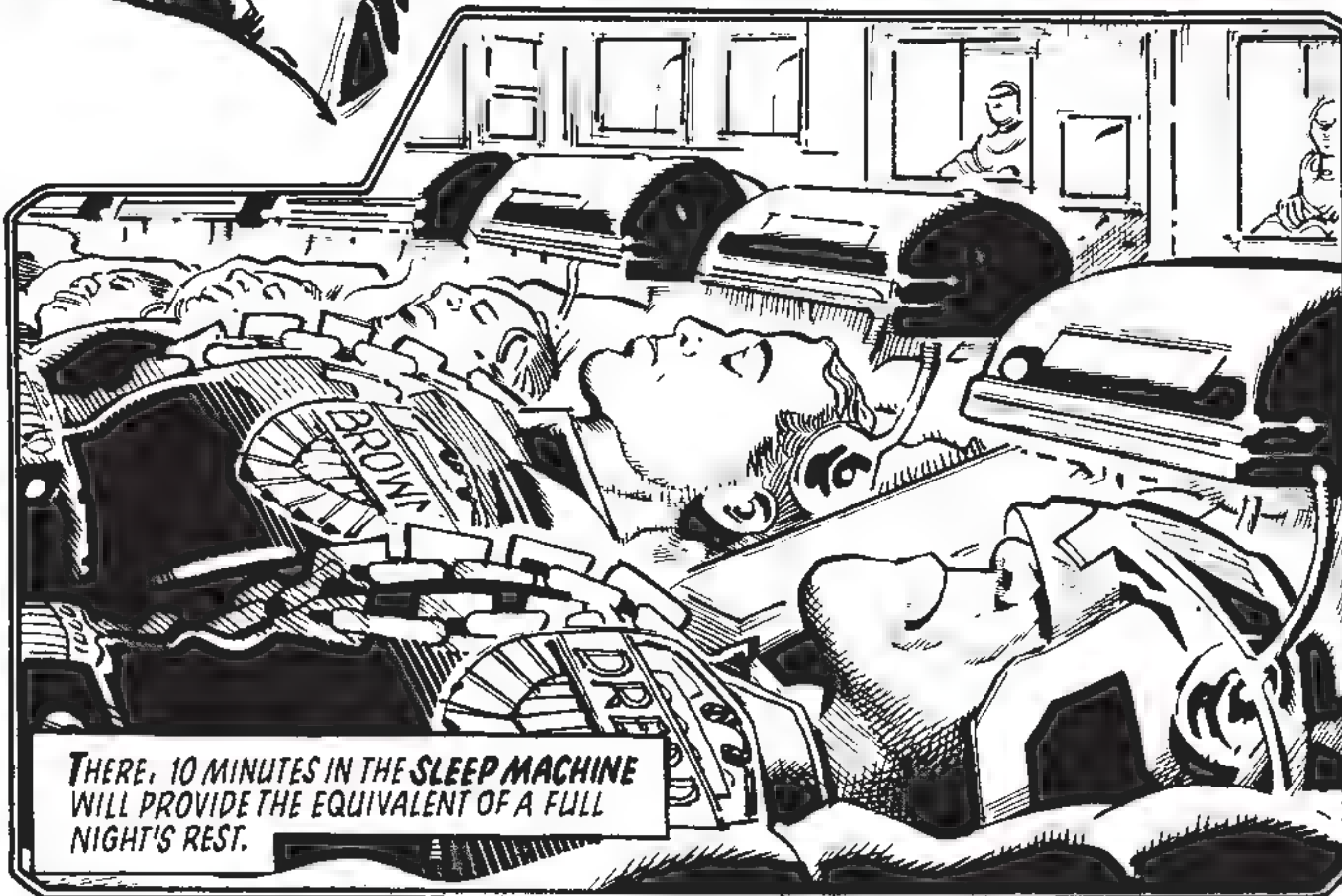
ON THE ROADWAYS, TRAFFIC HAS DWINDLED ENOUGH TO ALLOW DAMAGED SECTIONS TO BE CLOSED OFF. FOR A BRIEF HOUR, MAINTENANCE CREWS WILL BE ABLE TO CARRY OUT HURRIED REPAIRS.



ON THE WEST WALL, THE NIGHT'S CATCH OF MUTANT INSURGENTS IS ONCE MORE EXPELLED INTO THE CURSED EARTH.



LOUSY NORMOS! CAN'T THEY SEE THAT HAVING FOUR ARMS IS A POSITIVE STEP FORWARD FOR THE HUMAN RACE!



JUDGE DREDD

"SUSPECT"

THE HALL OF JUSTICE INTERROGATION CUBES.

HERE, EVERY DAY, THOUSANDS OF DRAMAS ARE PLAYED OUT. . . THOUSANDS OF NIGHTMARES GIVEN FLESH. . .

DUTY FEMALE TO CUBE 7 - STRIP SEARCH.

ISO-SHUTTLE NOW LOADING, MAIN BAY. GET YOUR PERPS DOWN THERE.



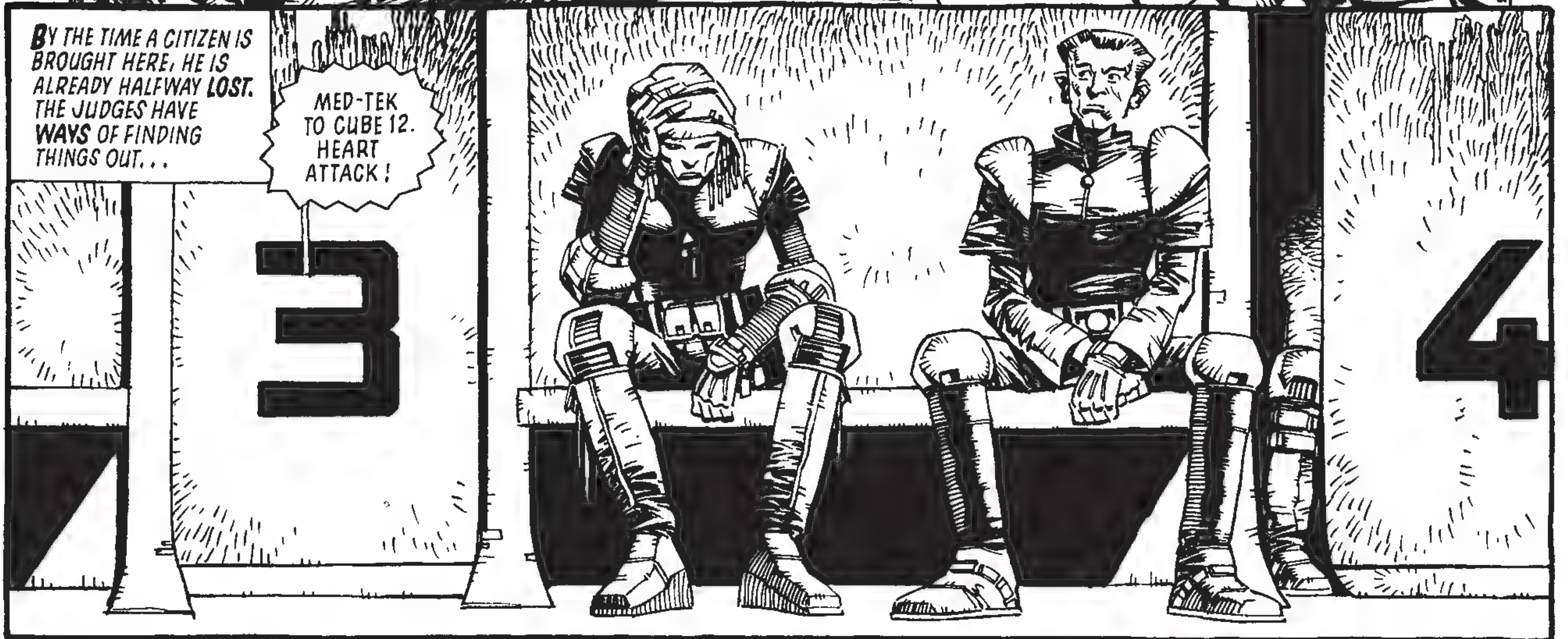
OH NO!
OH NO!

TOO LATE FOR
TEARS, CITIZEN.
INSIDE.

HERE, THE STENCH OF FEAR
HANGS HEAVY IN THE AIR...

SUSPECT HENDERS...
NEXT IN CUBE 4.

P-PLEASE... I HAVEN'T
DONE ANYTHING.



NO! DON'T THINK THAT WAY!
STAY COOL - GOTTA STAY
COOL. HE DOESN'T KNOW
WHAT I'VE DONE.
HE CAN'T KNOW!

INSIDE, THERE IS ONLY THE HARSH GLARE OF
THE LIGHTS, THE SOFT HUM OF THE LIE
DETECTOR, AND THE PROBING VOICE OF
THE INTERROGATOR...

YOU ARE JOHN KILROY HENDERS,
1413 KEN KERCHEVAL BLOCK?

Y-YES, SIR.

ANY MEDICAL CONDITION
I OUGHT TO KNOW ABOUT
BEFORE WE START?

N-NO, SIR.

YOU REALISE
WHY YOU'RE HERE,
HENDERS?

N-NO, SIR.

LYING'S ONLY
GOING TO MAKE
IT WORSE. YOU
MIGHT AS WELL
COME CLEAN.

B-BUT I HAVEN'T
DONE ANYTHING!

OUR COMPUTERS
SAY DIFFERENT,
HENDERS.

YOU'RE LIVING TOO WELL.
YOU'RE PULLING IN 12 THOU
A YEAR AS A SHOP WINDOW
DUMMY - YOU'RE
SPENDING
30 THOU!

SO DON'T PLAY
DUMB WITH ME!

WHERE DID YOU GET
THE EXTRA CASH,
HENDERS?

PULL A FEW
ROBBERIES,
DID YOU?

R-R-ROBBERIES? **NO!**



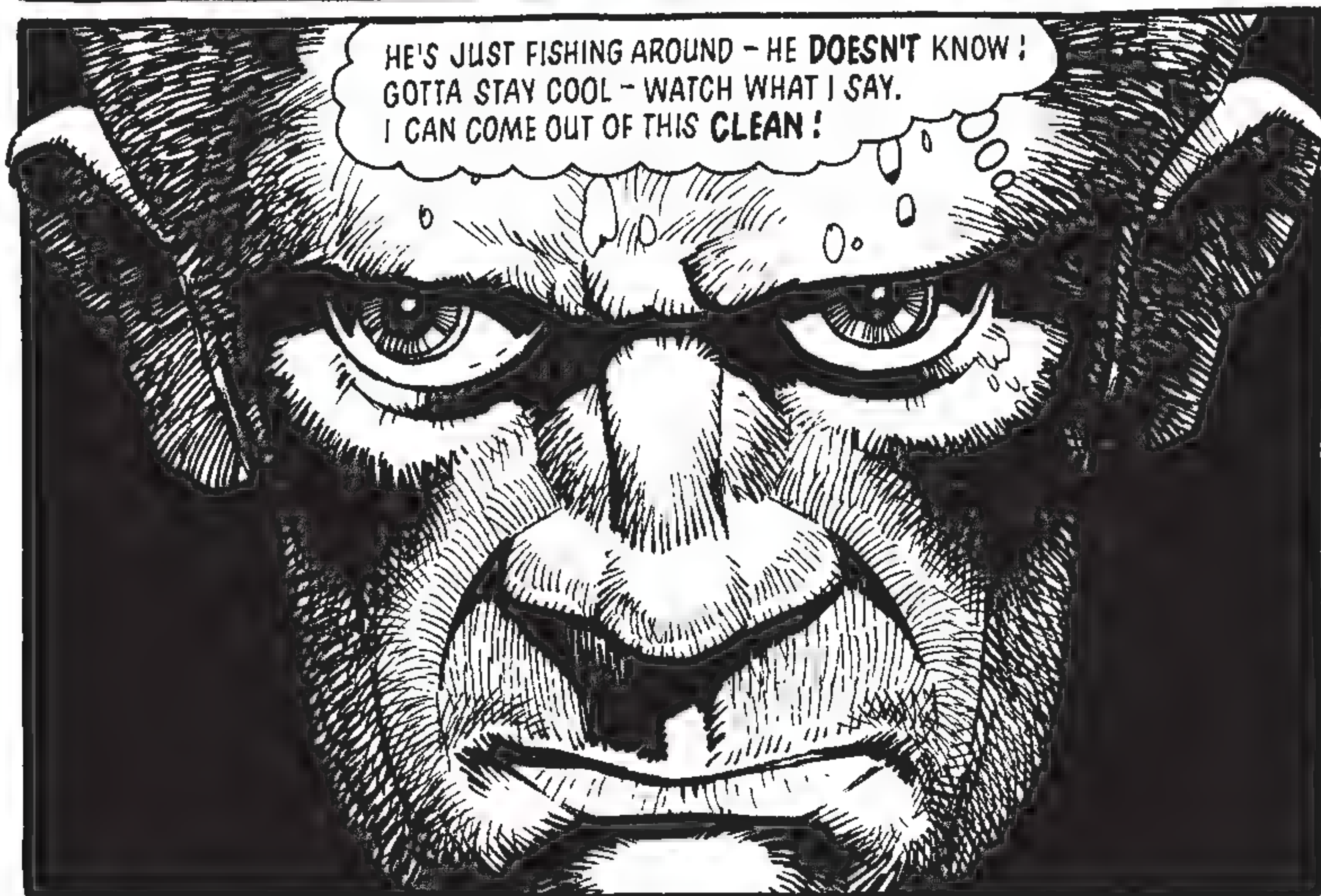
LIE DETECTOR CHECKS OUT. HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH, DREDD.



SO YOU DIDN'T STEAL IT. THEN WHERE DID YOU GET IT? GAMBLING? FORGERY?

LITTLE **BLACKMAIL**, MAYBE?

NO, SIR! YOU'VE GOT ME ALL WRONG!



HE'S JUST FISHING AROUND - HE **DOESN'T** KNOW! GOTTA STAY COOL - WATCH WHAT I SAY. I CAN COME OUT OF THIS **CLEAN**!

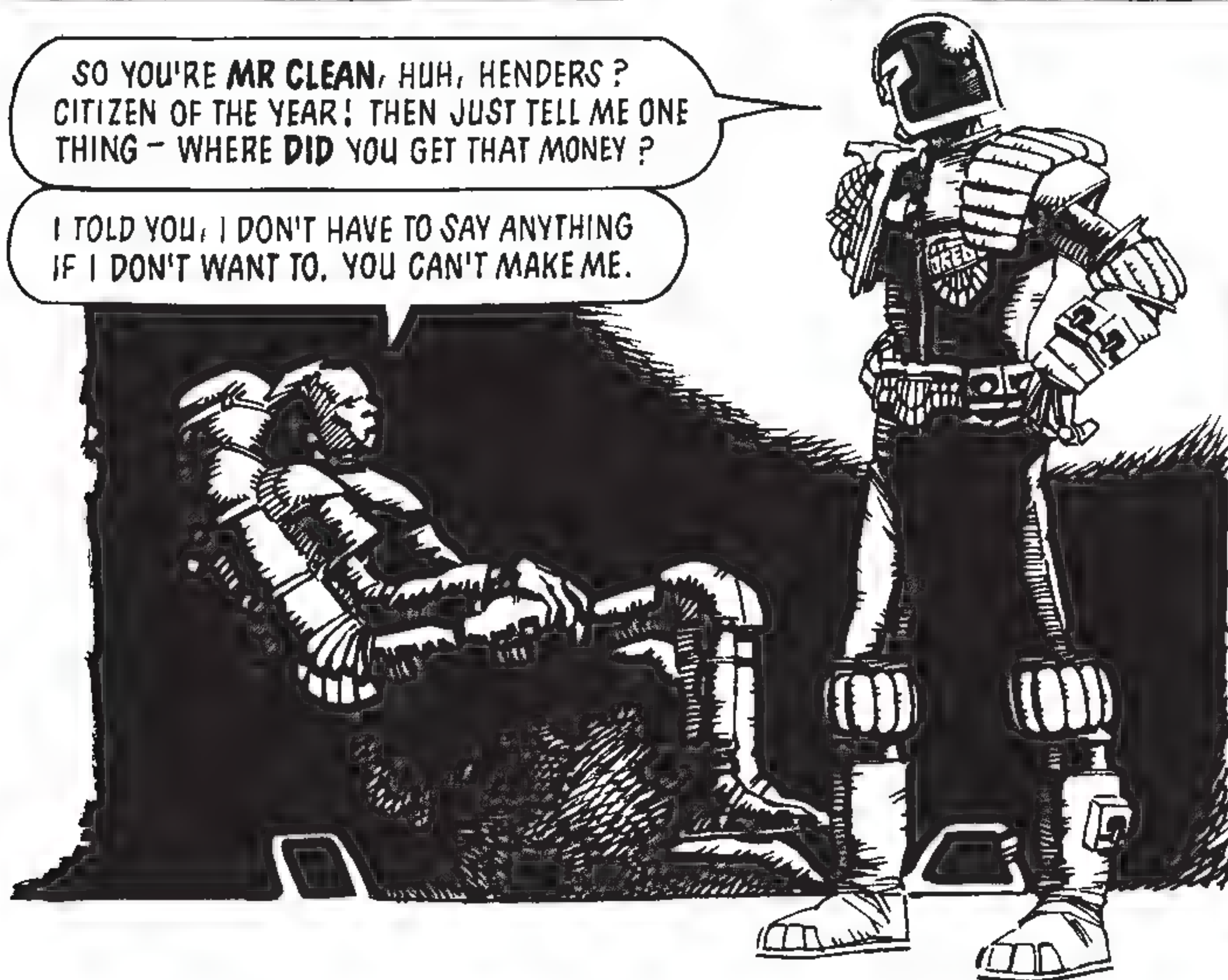


THE INTERROGATION LASTS NEARLY AN HOUR -

YOU'VE COVERED JUST ABOUT EVERY CRIME IN THE BOOK. HE CHECKS OUT ON EVERY ONE.

SO YOU'RE **MR CLEAN**, HUH, HENDERS? CITIZEN OF THE YEAR! THEN JUST TELL ME ONE THING - WHERE **DID** YOU GET THAT MONEY?

I TOLD YOU, I DON'T HAVE TO SAY ANYTHING IF I DON'T WANT TO. YOU CAN'T MAKE ME.



THIS HAS GONE ON LONG ENOUGH. I DEMAND MY RIGHTS - EITHER **ARREST** ME, OR **RELEASE** ME!



ALL RIGHT, CITIZEN - YOU'RE FREE TO GO.
F-FREE? YOU MEAN IT?

MY APOLOGIES FOR THE INCONVENIENCE, CITIZEN. BUT YOU UNDERSTAND, WE'VE GOT TO BE SURE.

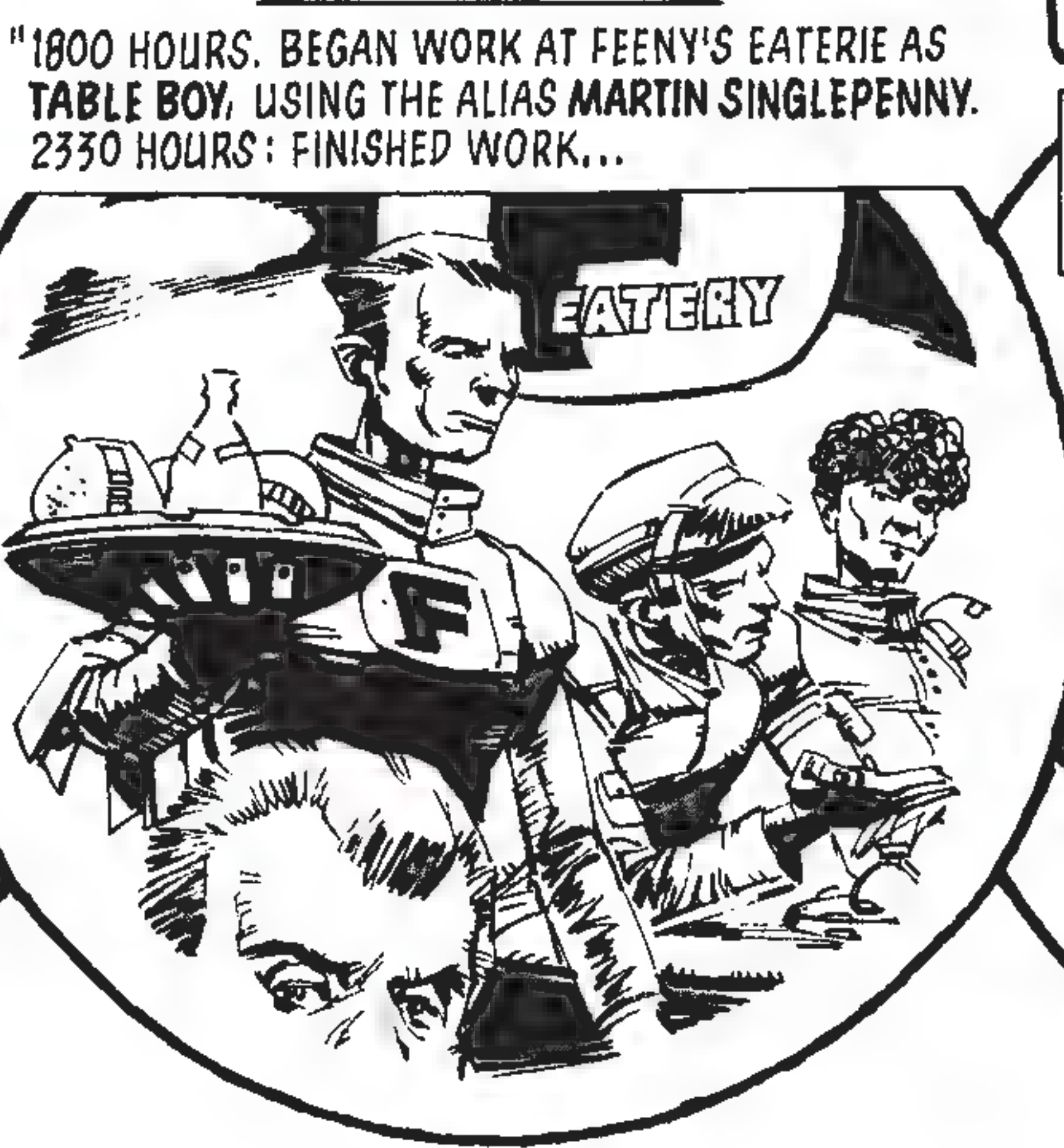
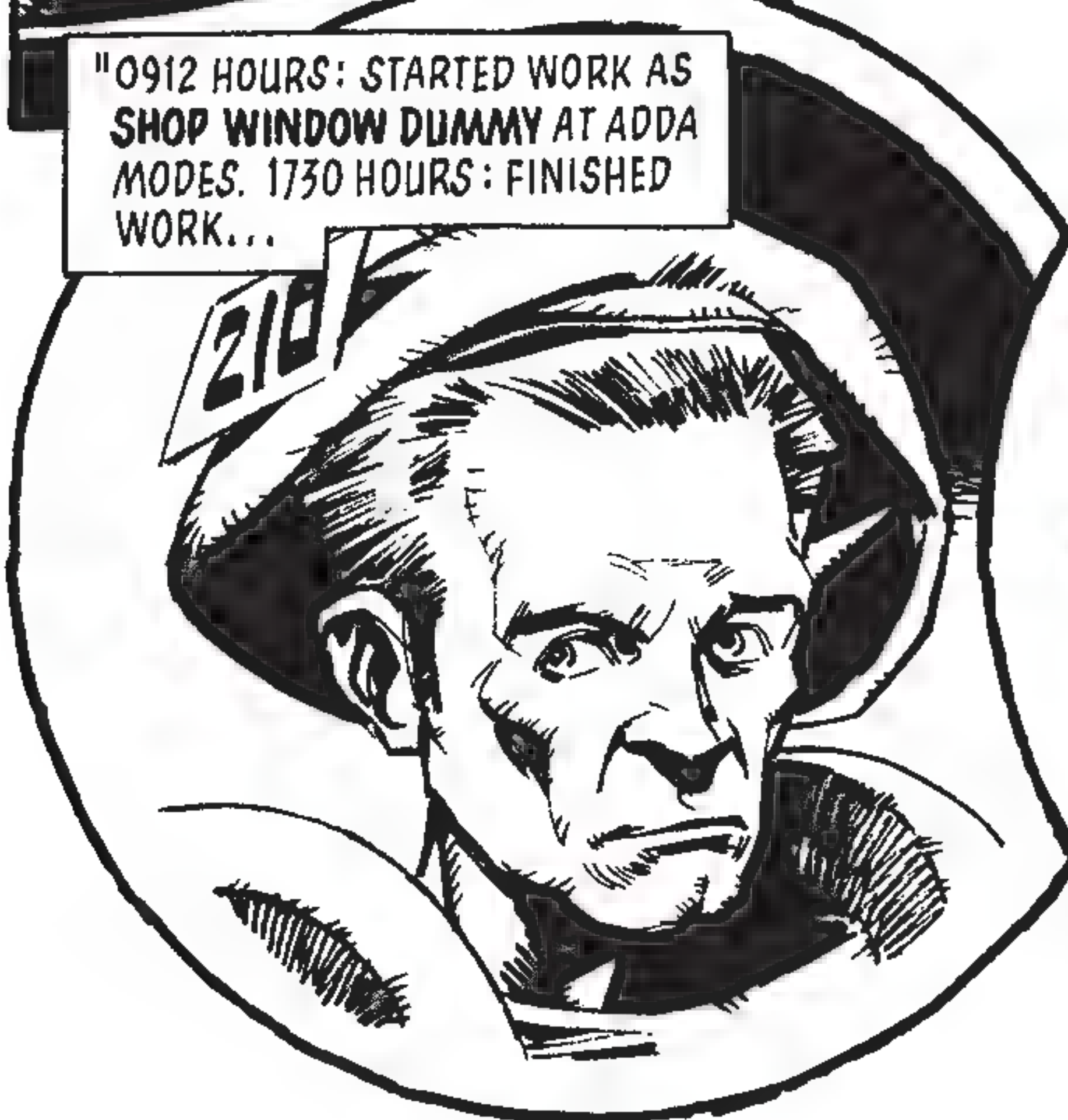
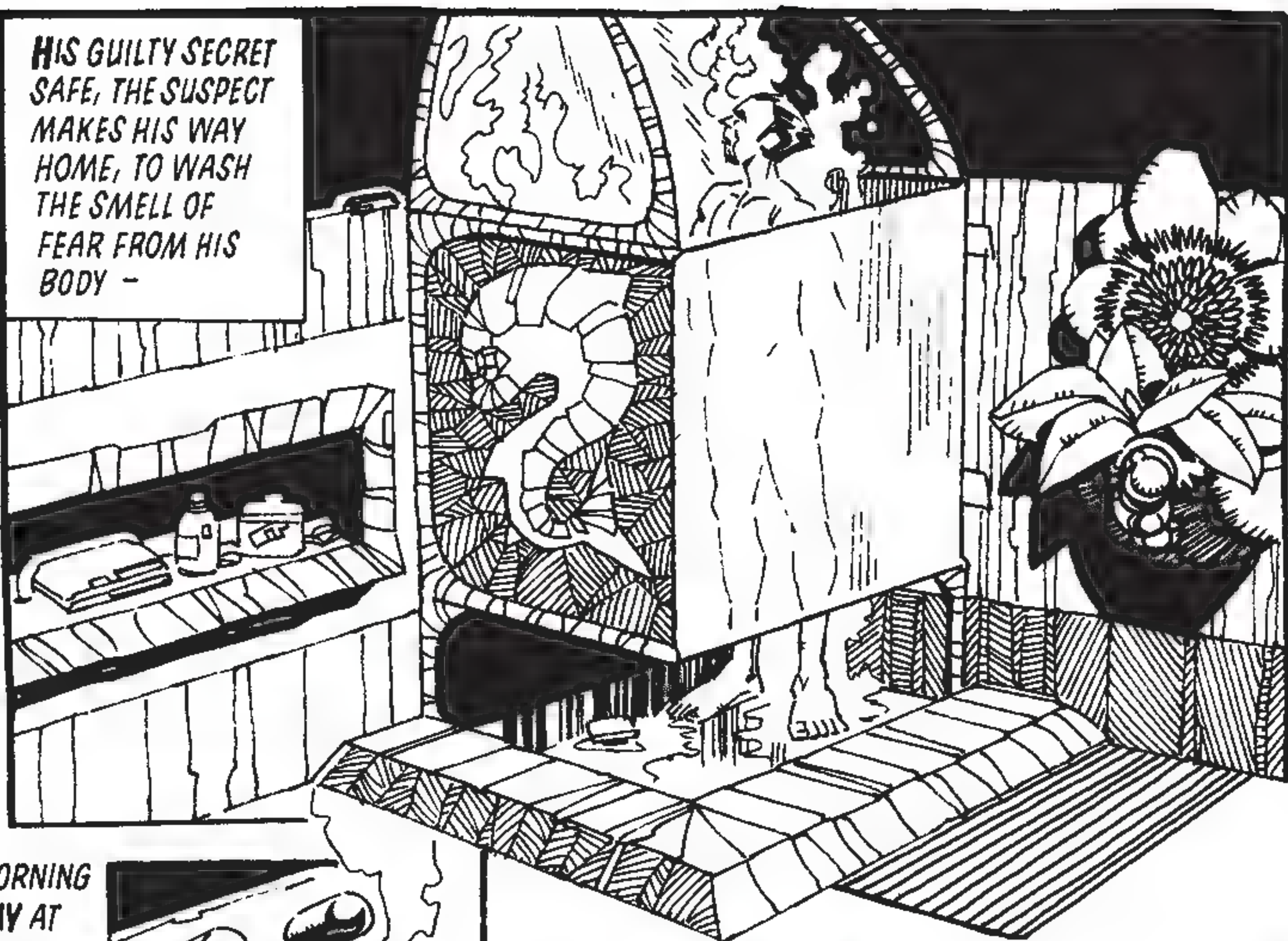
NOT OFTEN YOU LOSE ONE, DREDD.
HAVEN'T LOST HIM. THE CREEP'S GUILTY OF SOMETHING, BUT I DON'T INTEND WASTING A WHOLE DAY CRACKING HIM.

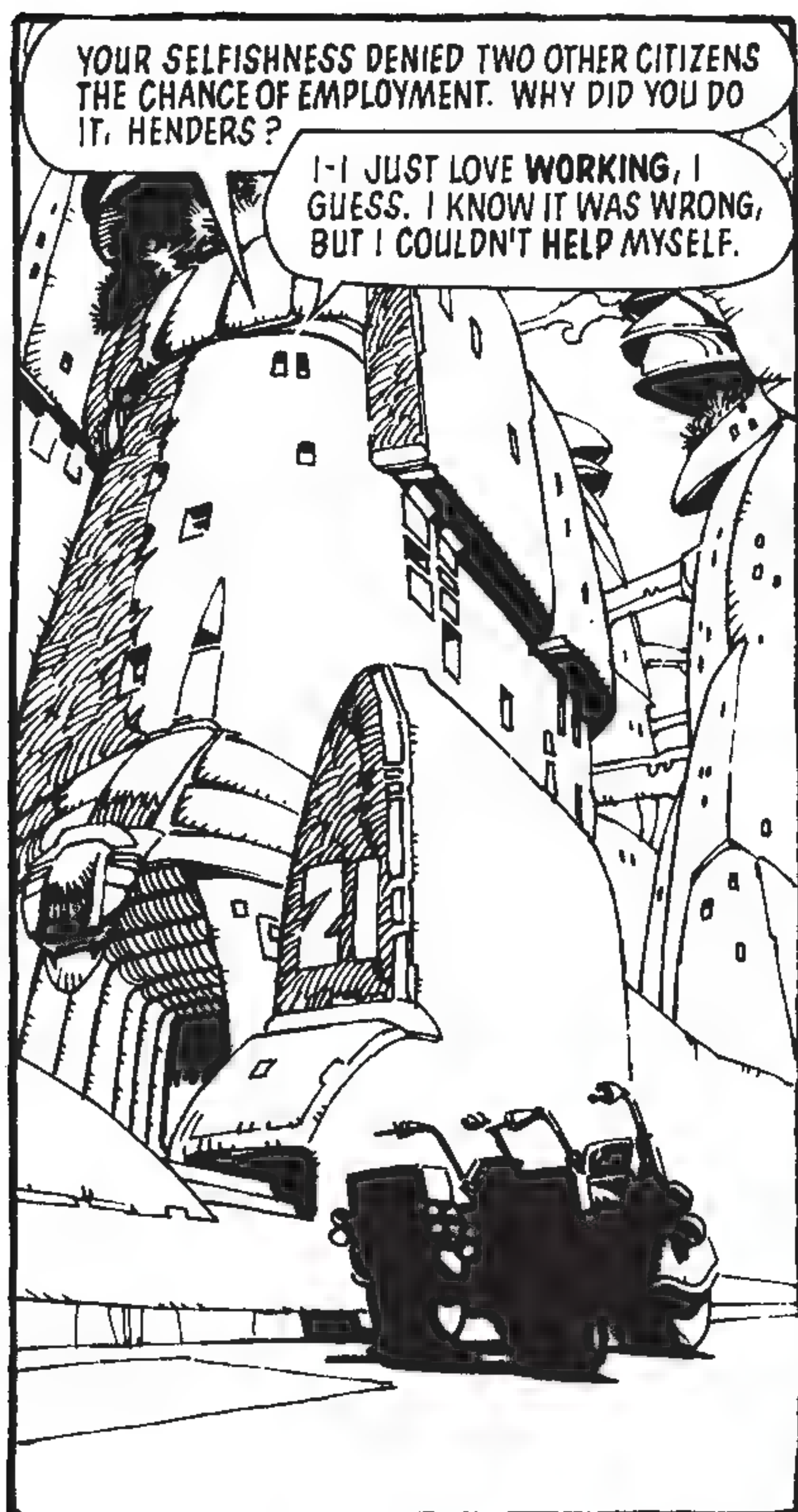


THERE'S A SIMPLER WAY...

OUTSIDE -
I BEAT 'EM!
I BEAT 'EM!





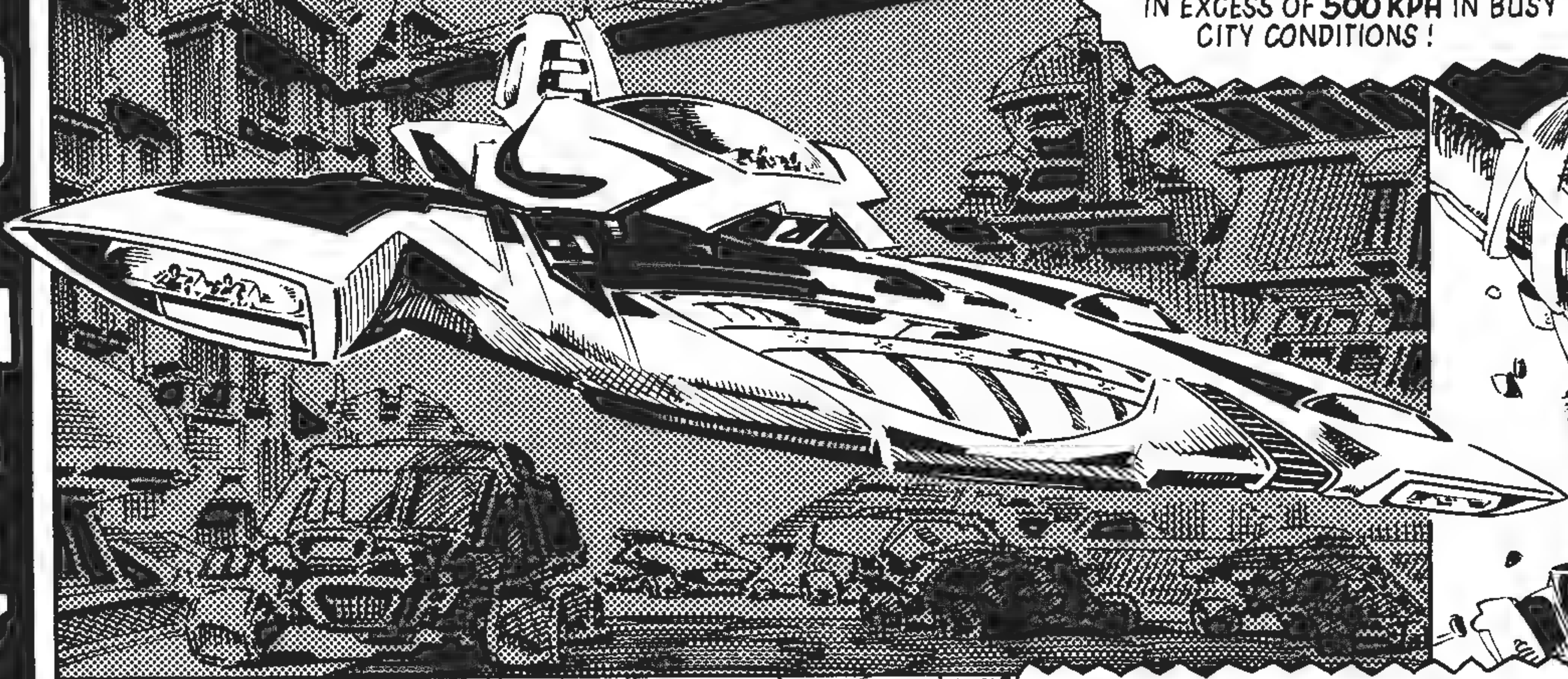




RUMBLE IN THE JUNGLE-1

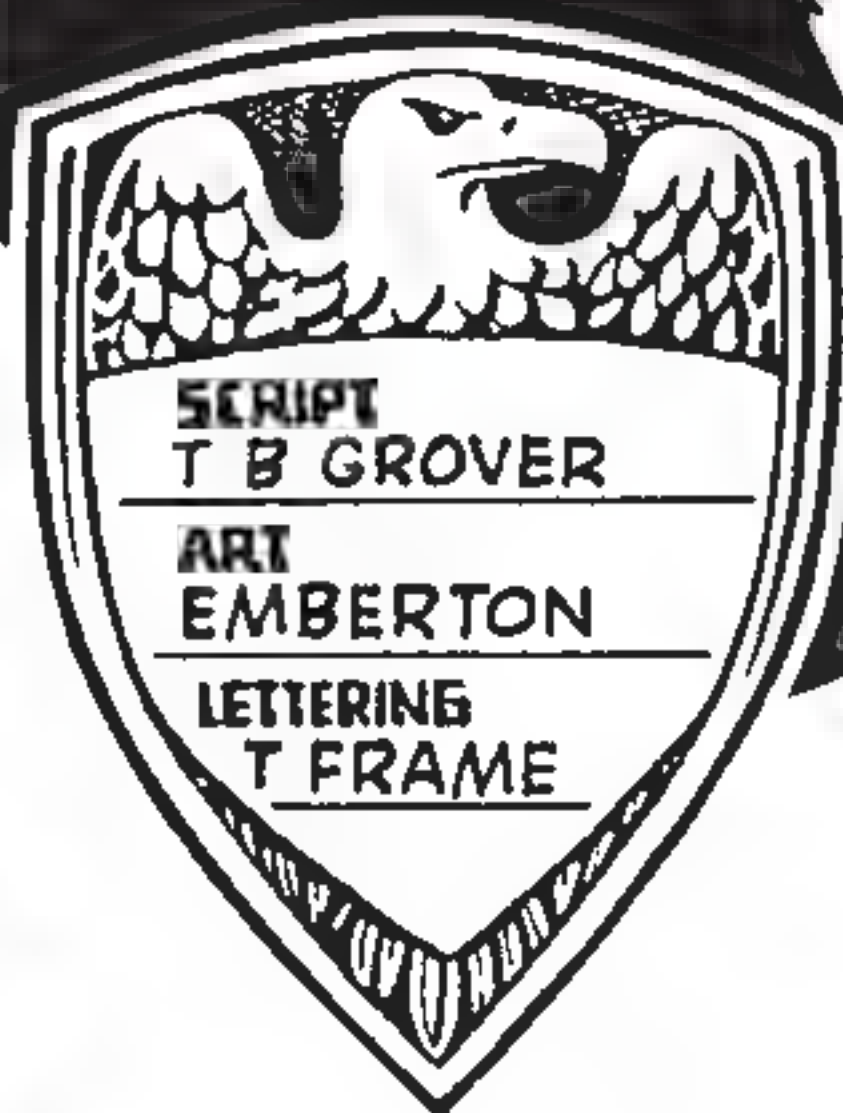
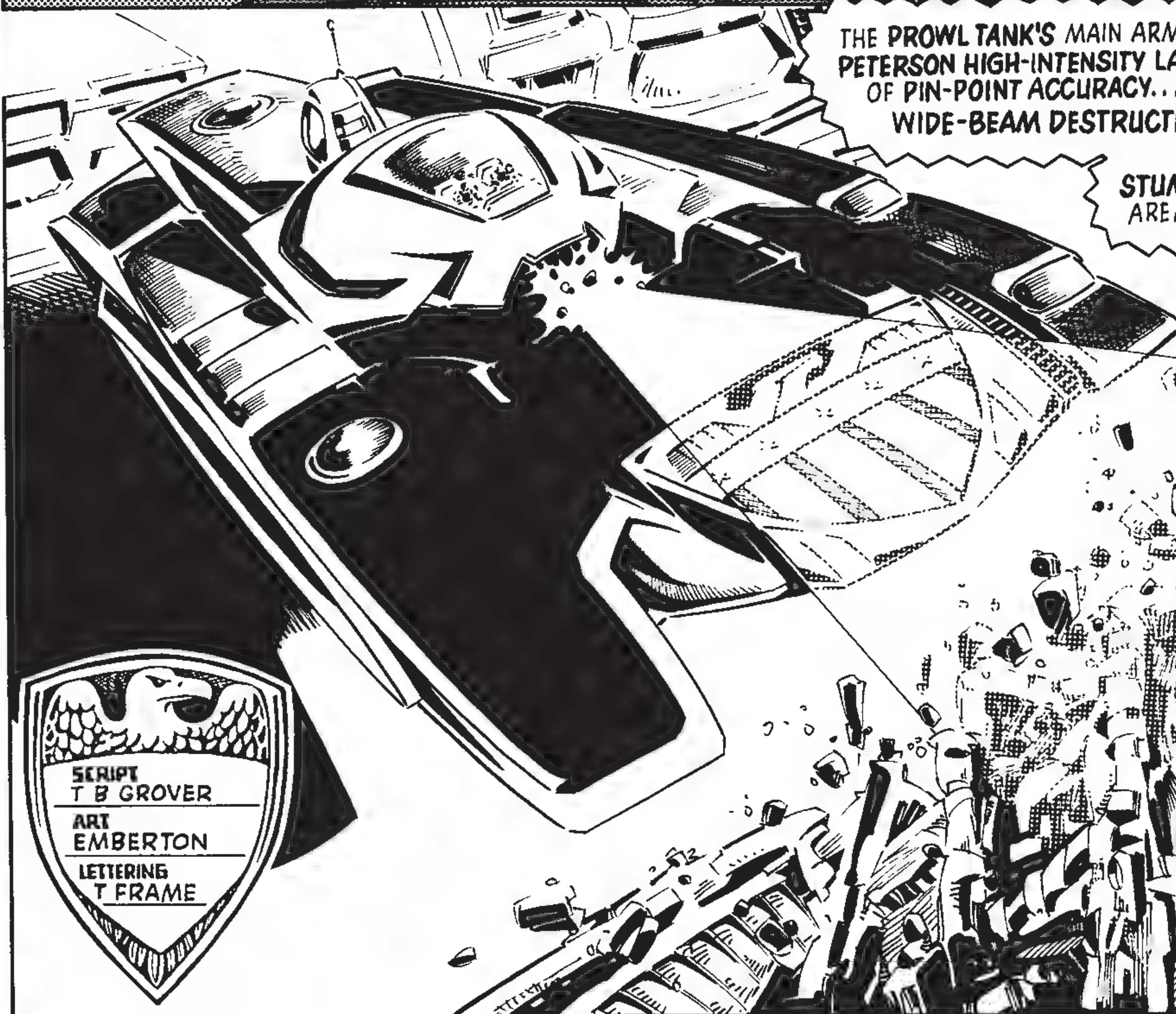
BAD NEWS FOR LAWBREAKERS!
JUSTICE DEPT'S NEW "**MANTA**
PROWL TANK" TODAY COMES
INTO SERVICE ON THE STREETS OF
MEGA-CITY ONE!

THE **MANTA**, REPLACEMENT FOR THE
OUTDATED MARK 4 PAT-WAGON, IS A
STREET-LEVEL ANTI-GRAV CRAFT. ITS
ADVANCED COMPUTER GUIDANCE
SYSTEM ENABLES IT TO ATTAIN SPEEDS
IN EXCESS OF 500 KPH IN BUSY
CITY CONDITIONS!

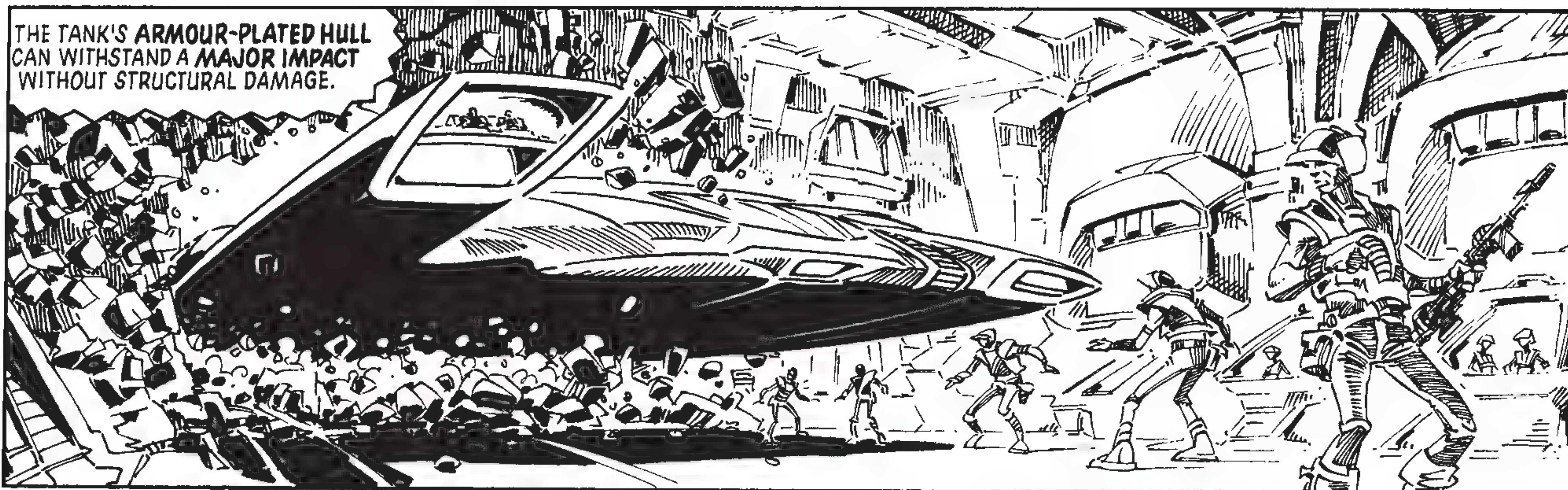


THE **PROWL TANK**'S MAIN ARMAMENT COMPRISES
PETERSON HIGH-INTENSITY LASER CANNON, CAPABLE
OF PIN-POINT ACCURACY... OR **MASSIVE**
WIDE-BEAM DESTRUCTION!

STUMM GAS AND RIOT FOAM
ARE, OF COURSE, CARRIED AS
STANDARD.

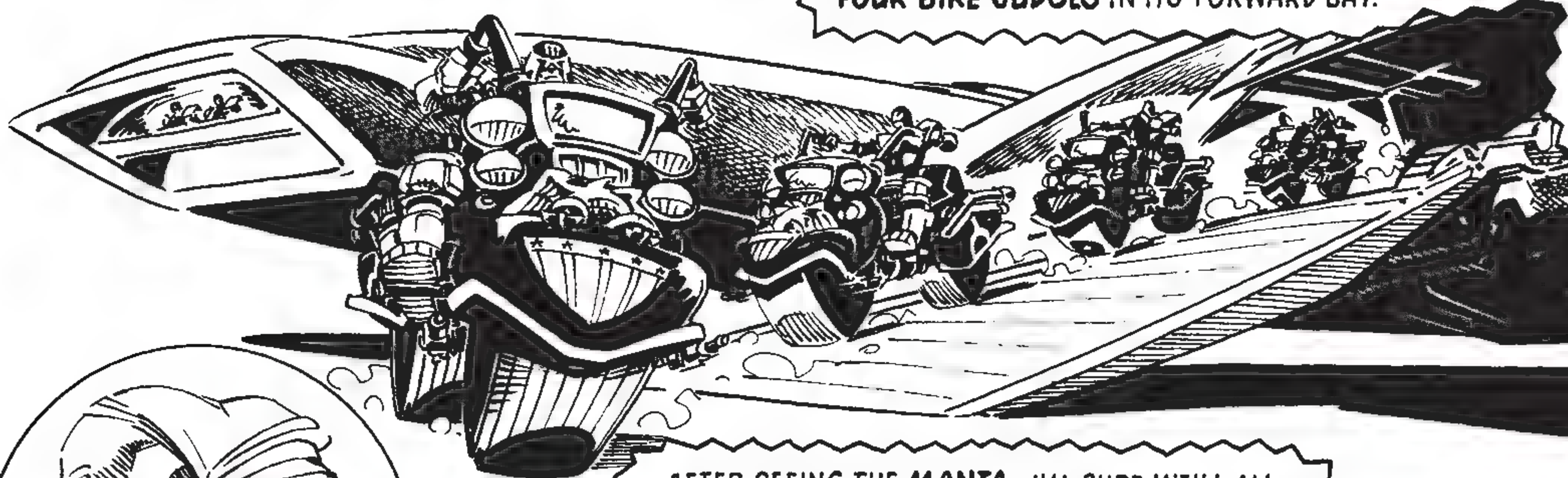


THE TANK'S ARMOUR-PLATED HULL CAN WITHSTAND A MAJOR IMPACT WITHOUT STRUCTURAL DAMAGE.



IN ADDITION, THE MANTA CARRIES A COMPLEMENT OF FOUR BIKE JUDGES IN ITS FORWARD BAY.

ALTOGETHER, AN IMPORTANT NEW WEAPON IN JUSTICE DEPT'S NEVER-ENDING FIGHT AGAINST CRIME!

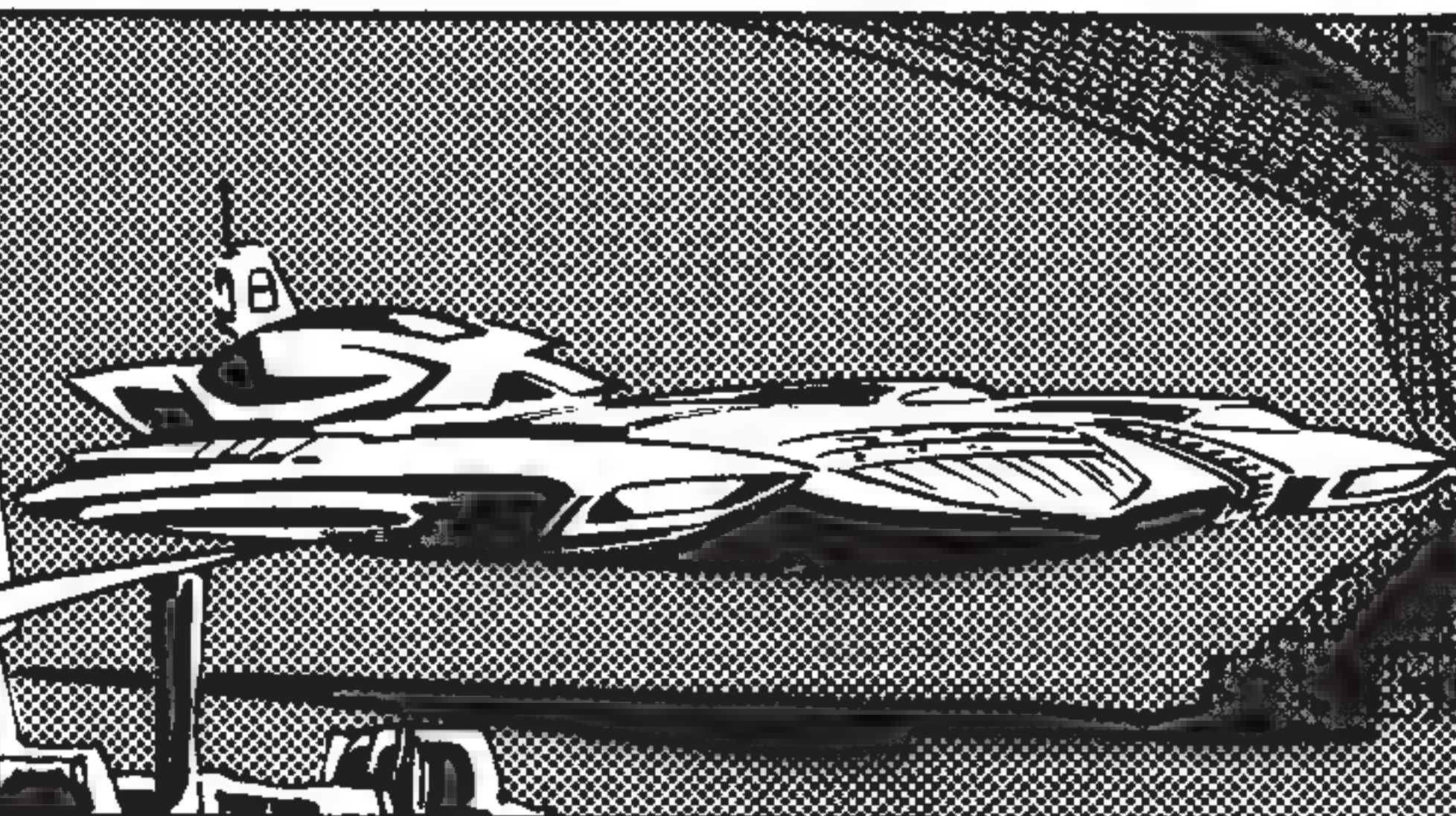


AFTER SEEING THE MANTA, I'M SURE WE'LL ALL FEEL A LOT SAFER ON THE CITY'S STREETS... THAT'S UNLESS WE'RE CRIMINALS, OF COURSE! HA HA!



BY EVENING, MANTAS ARE ON THE PROWL IN ALL SECTORS -

MANTA 114 ON KATZANJAMMER STREET. INVESTIGATING THAT DISTURBANCE REPORT...



IN THE FORWARD BAY, THE FOUR BIKE JUDGES MONITOR STREET SCANNERS -

CON-DOME! GOT A SUSPICIOUS GROUP OF JUVES ON SCANNER 3.

PULL BACK INTO THAT LAST ALLEY.





YOU JUVES!
HALT!



WALT RALEIGH BLOCK - BIT
OUT OF YOUR TERRITORY,
AREN'T YOU, BOYS?

J-JUST OUT FOR A STRUT, JUDGE.
YOU KNOW, SPUGGIN' ABOUT.
AIN'T DOIN' NO HARM.

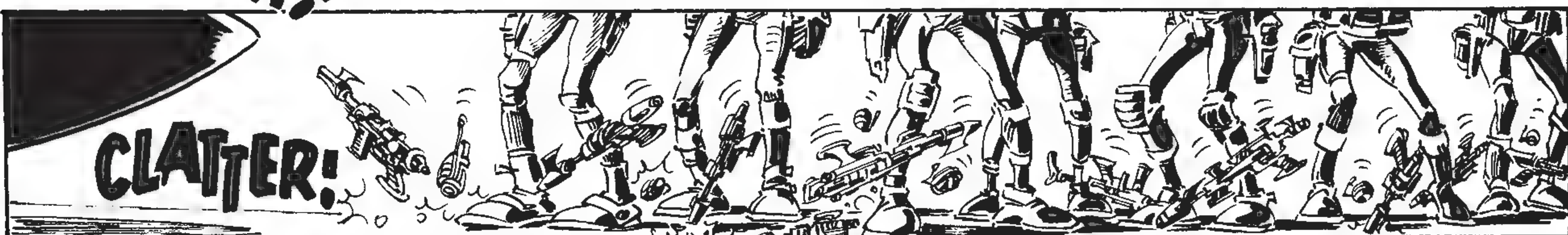


EMPTY YOUR
POCKETS AND
CARRILOTS.



I MEAN
NOW!

OKAY!
OKAY!



CLATTER!



KINDA HEAVY-LOADED FOR A SIMPLE SPUGABOUT, AREN'T
YOU, BOYS?

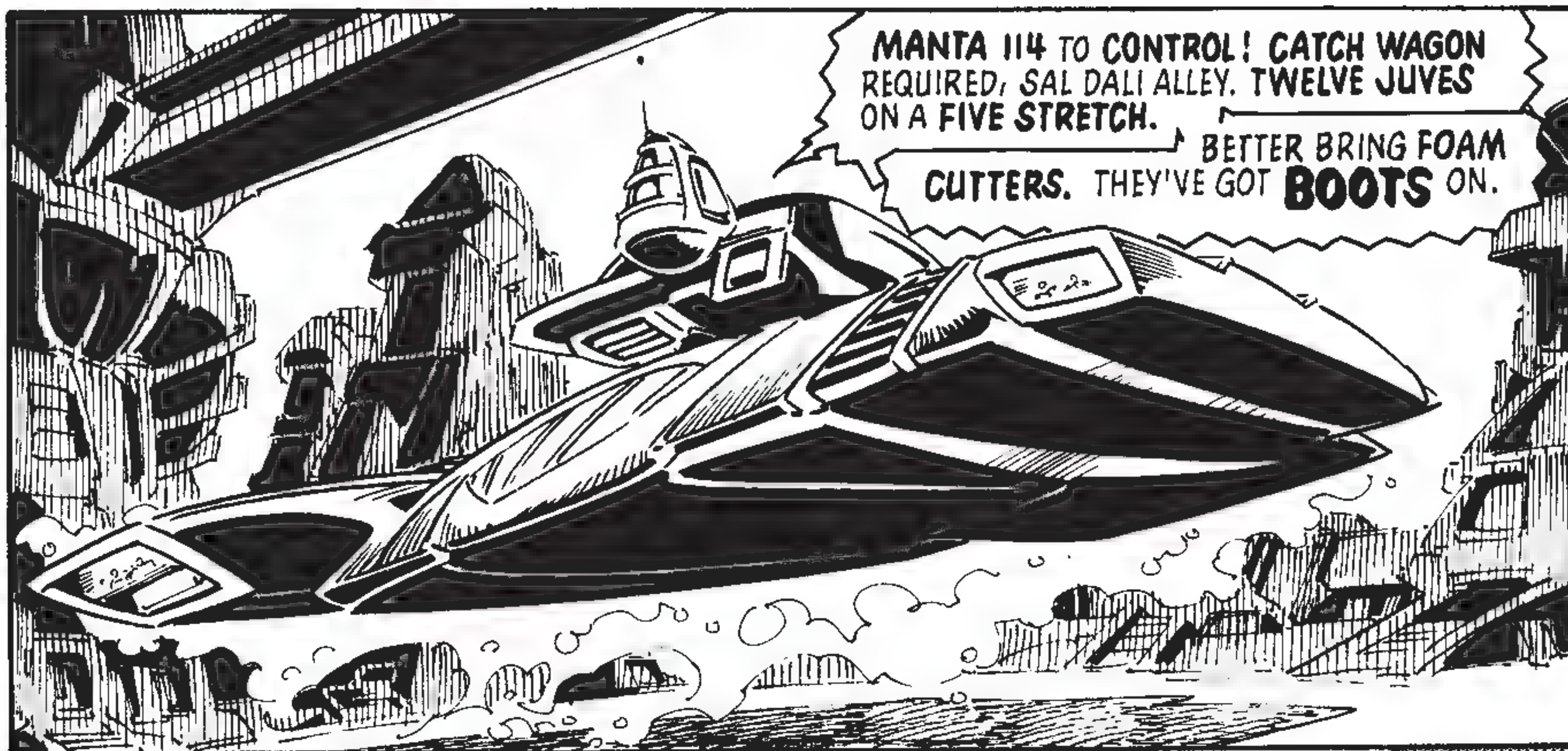
THESE WEAPONS IS JUST FOR **PERSONAL
PROTECTION!** WE HEARD THIS IS A **ROUGH
AREA!**



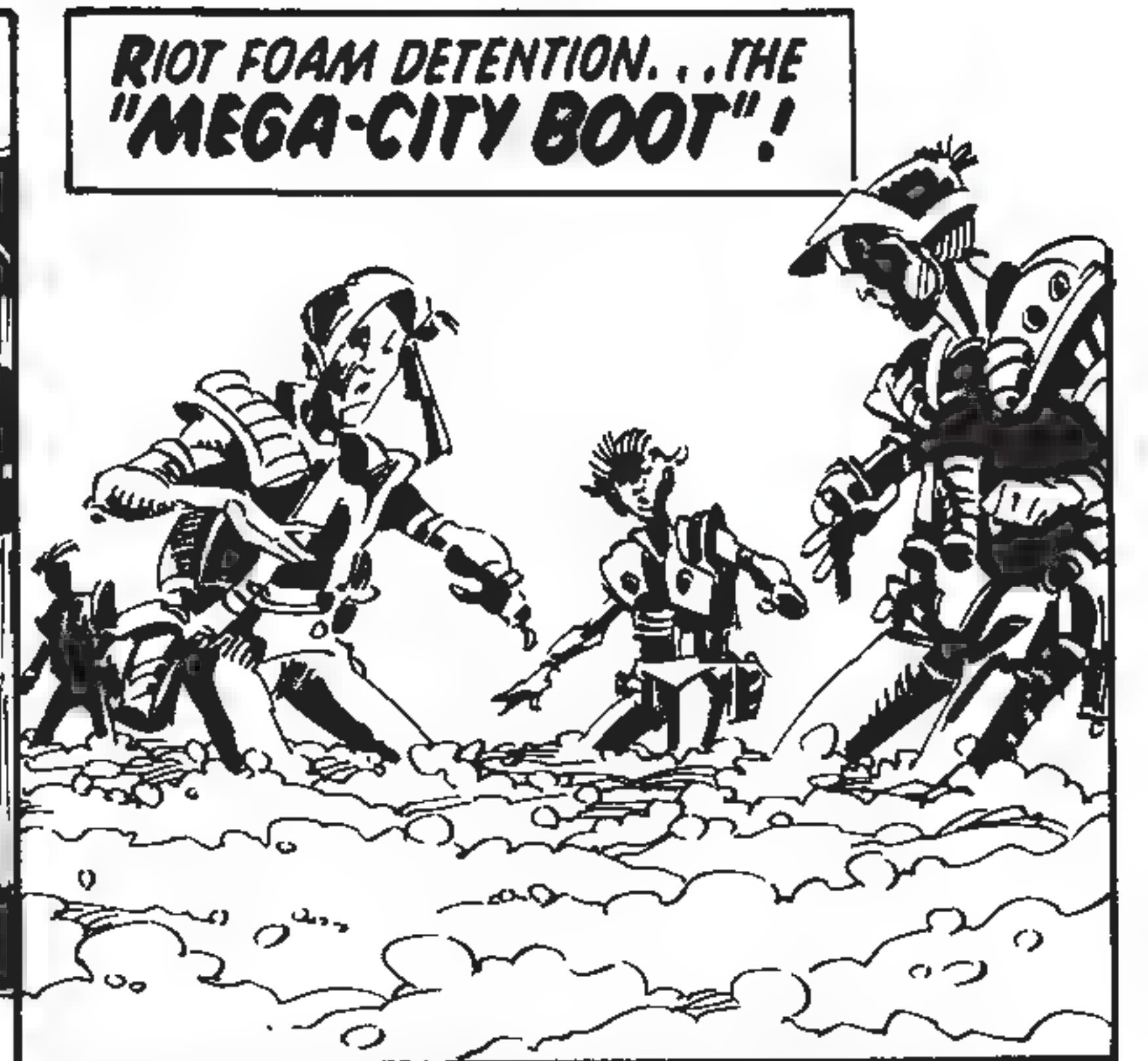
**TOO ROUGH FOR
YOU CREEPS!**



**RIOT
FOAM!**



MANTA 114 TO CONTROL! CATCH WAGON REQUIRED, SAL DALI ALLEY. TWELVE JUVES ON A FIVE STRETCH. BETTER BRING FOAM CUTTERS. THEY'VE GOT **BOOTS** ON.



RIOT FOAM DETENTION...THE **"MEGA-CITY BOOT"**!



WELL, DREDD, HOW DO YOU RATE THE MANTA?

A GOOD ENOUGH MACHINE. I SUPPOSE WE'VE ALL GOT TO PULL OUR SPELL OF DUTY IN IT, BUT PERSONALLY I PREFER TO MEET MY PERPS EYE TO EYE.



CON-DOME - THAT'S THE THIRD BUNCH OF ARMED JUVES WE'VE PICKED UP IN THE PAST HOUR. BETTER WARN CONTROL - COULD BE A **RUMBLE** BREWING.



FROM ALL OVER THE CITY, ARMED GROUPS OF JUVENILE DESPERADOS ARE ON THE MOVE.

FROM SECTOR 34, THE NOTORIOUS **BERNIE BEESLEY** BLOCK **BAD BOYS** -



FROM SECTOR 412, THE **JAMES DEAN** BLOCK **JUVES-WITHOUT-A-CAUSE** -



FROM SECTOR 69, THE **MORGAN FAIRCHILD** **FLAMINGOES** -



THE T. DAN SMITH/ROY ORBISON JUVE ALLIANCE!
THE BRUCE KENT BOMBERS! THE LOBSANG
RAMPANT BEAST PACK! THE TOP FIGHTING
JUVES IN THE CITY...

...ALL CONVERGING ON AN AREA IN SECTOR 230 KNOWN AS
THE JUNGLE!



MEANWHILE, AT A CITY RECLAMATION ZONE IN NEIGHBOURING SECTOR 231,
THE BOB MARKS BLOCK Y-BOBS ARE ALSO ON THE MOVE -

THEM OVER-BLOWN
RAD-TRACTORS ARE
JUST WHAT WE NEED!



TAKE 'EM, Y-BOBS!

THE GIANT EARTH-CLEARING
MACHINES' ROBOT CREWS
ARE NOT PROGRAMMED TO
REPEL JUVE ASSAULTS -

Y-BOB! Y-BOB!

STOP! YOU HAVE
NO AUTHORISATION
FOR THIS ACTION!

SO SUE
US!

THE RAD-TRACKS
ARE OURS!

OKAY, BOBS - FINISH THAT
SCRAWLIN' AN' LET'S GET
THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD!

WE'RE LATE
FOR THE
RUMBLE!

THERE IS INDEED GOING TO BE A RUMBLE TONIGHT—

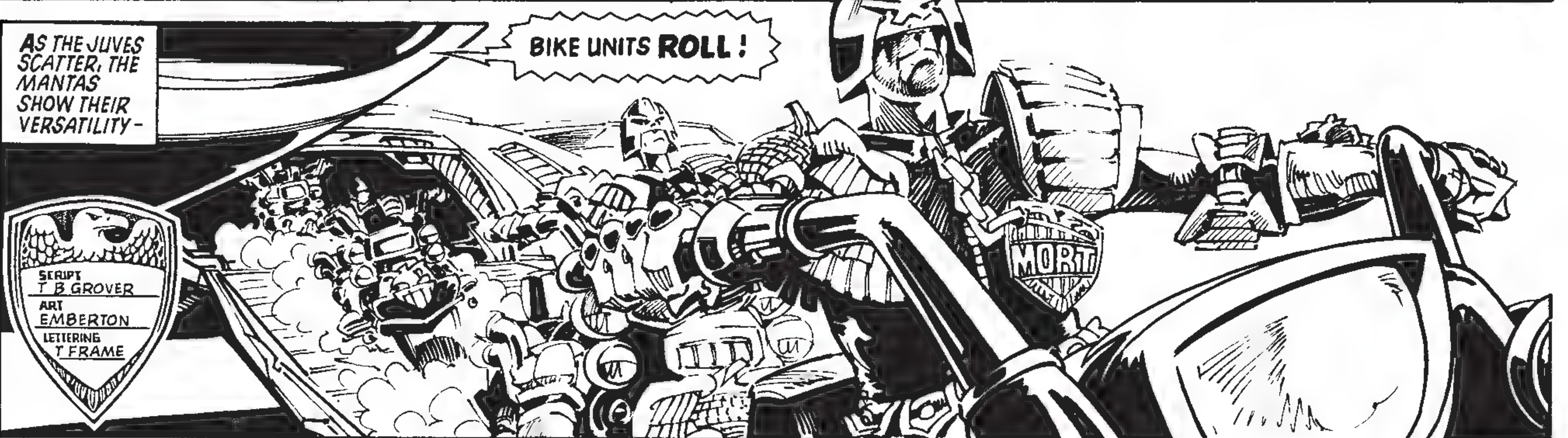
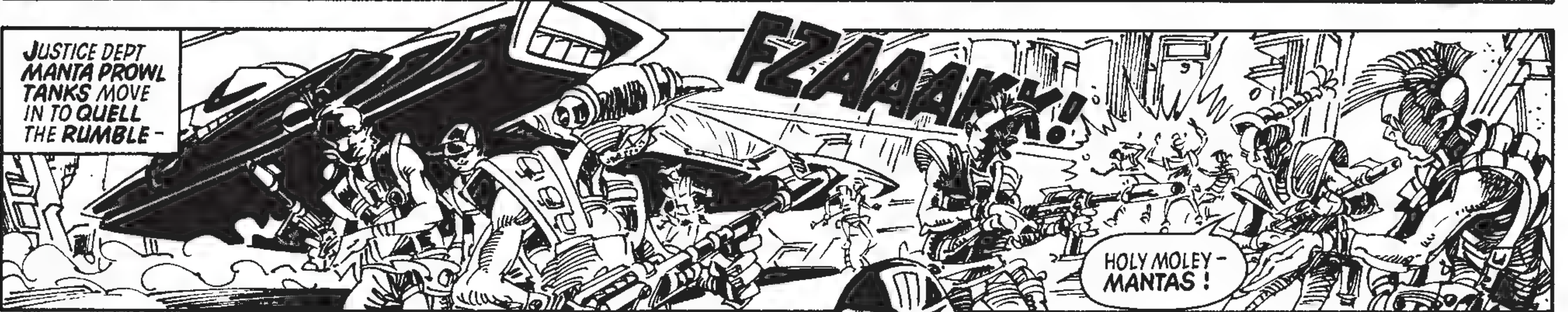
**THE DADDY
OF THEM ALL!**

LET'S
ROLL!

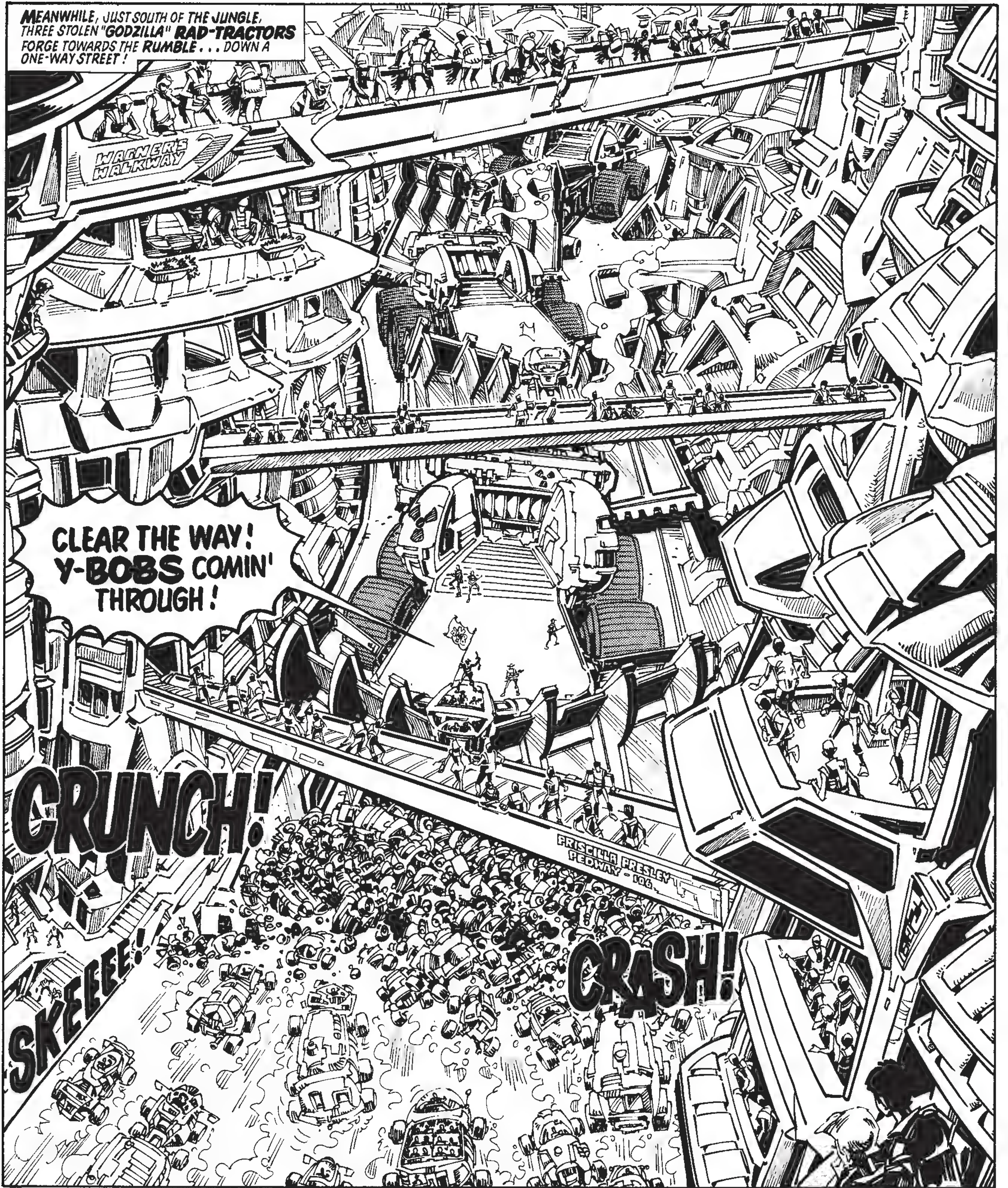


NEXT PROG: **THE CRUSH HOUR!**

IN AN AREA OF SECTOR 230
KNOWN AS THE JUNGLE,
MEGA-CITY ONE'S TOP
FIGHTING JUVES HAVE
GATHERED TO SLUG IT OUT—



MEANWHILE, JUST SOUTH OF THE JUNGLE,
THREE STOLEN "GODZILLA" RAD-TRACTORS
FORGE TOWARDS THE RUMBLE... DOWN A
ONE-WAY STREET!



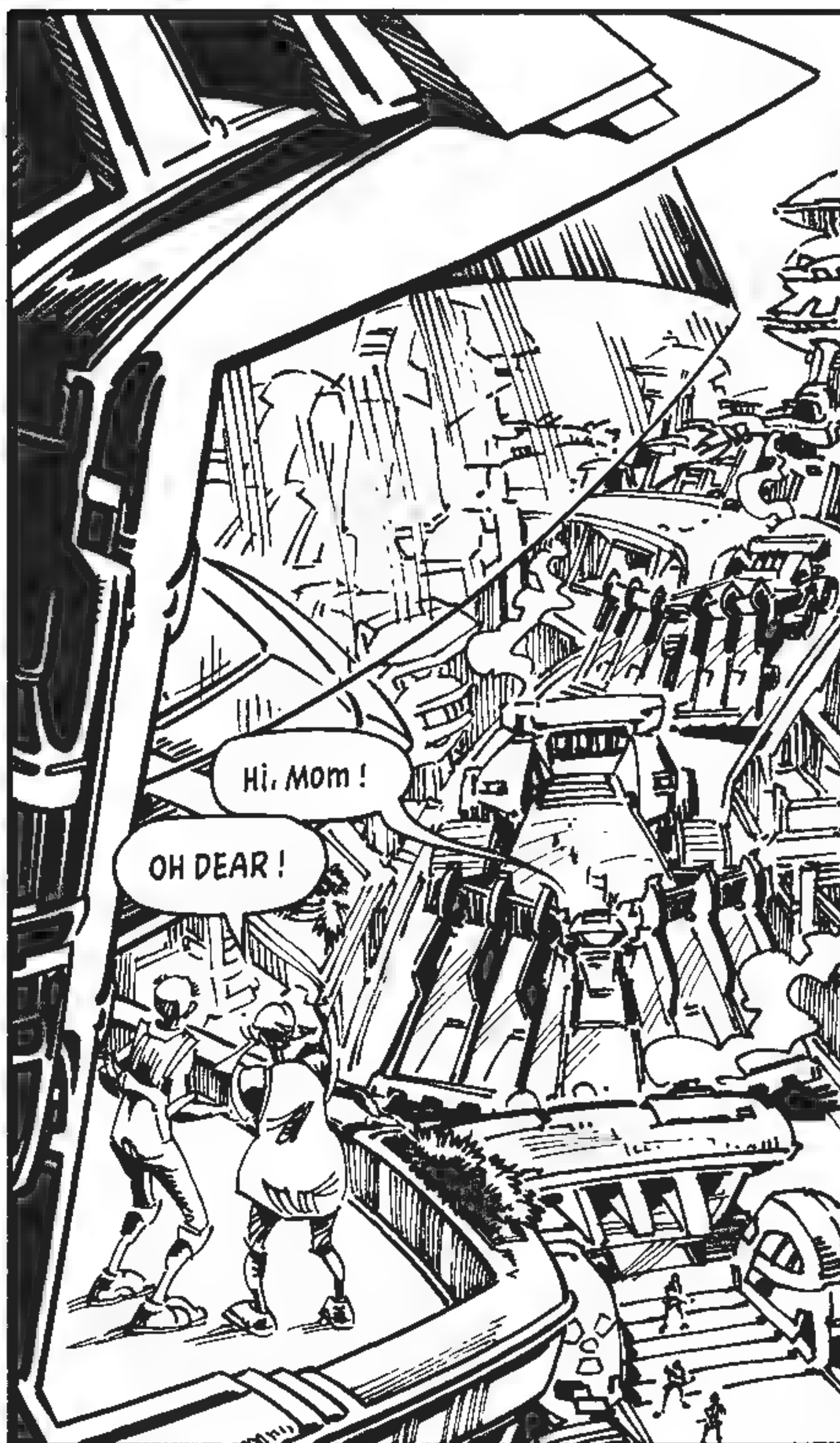
CLEAR THE WAY!
Y-BOBS COMIN'
THROUGH!

CRUNCH!

CRASH!

SKEEEE!





EVERY H-WAGON AND PROWL TANK
IN THE SECTOR IS DIVERTED TO THE
SPEEDWAY EMERGENCY -

AIM YOUR LASERS
AT THE RAD-TRAKS'
CONTROL CABINS!



AAH!

THEY GOT
BOB!

WE'RE OUT OF
CONTROL!

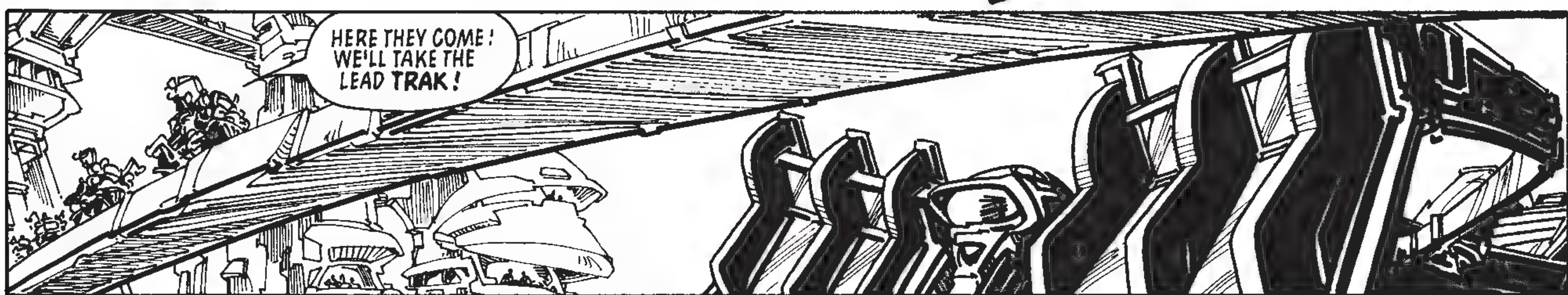
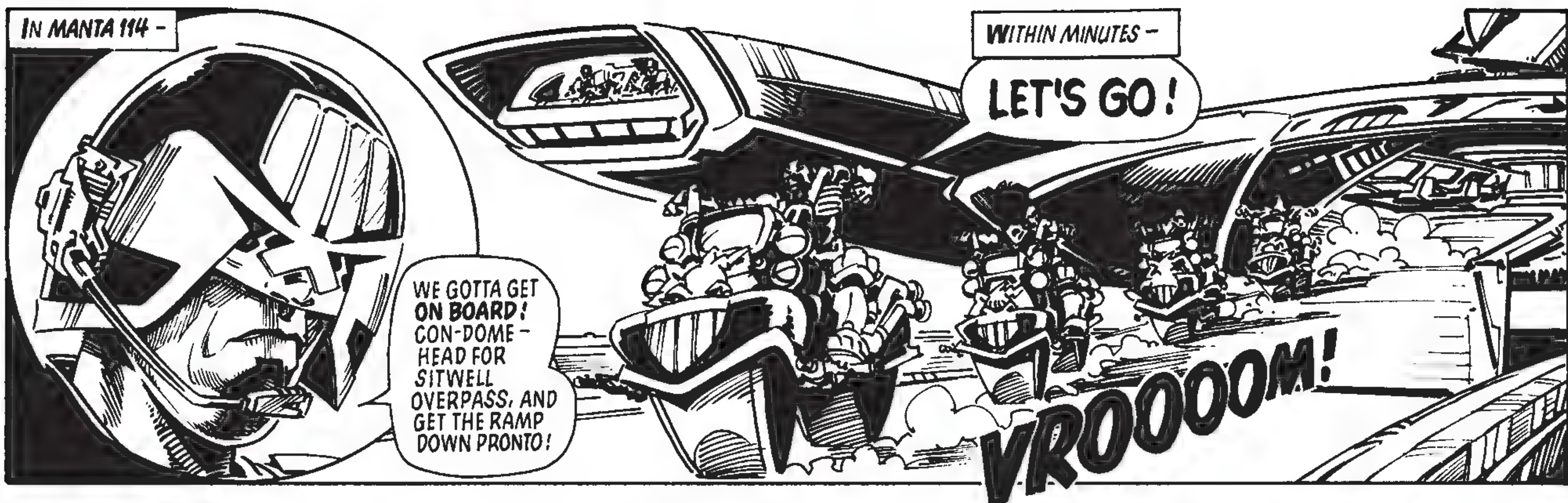
KRUMP!

IN NORMAL USE, THE GODZILLA COLLECTED
AND STORED VAST AMOUNTS OF RADIO-
ACTIVE DUST. NOW THAT DUST WAS
RELEASED!

WE GOT INSTANT FALLOUT
HERE! STOP AIMING AT THE CONTROL
CABINS - IMMEDIATELY!

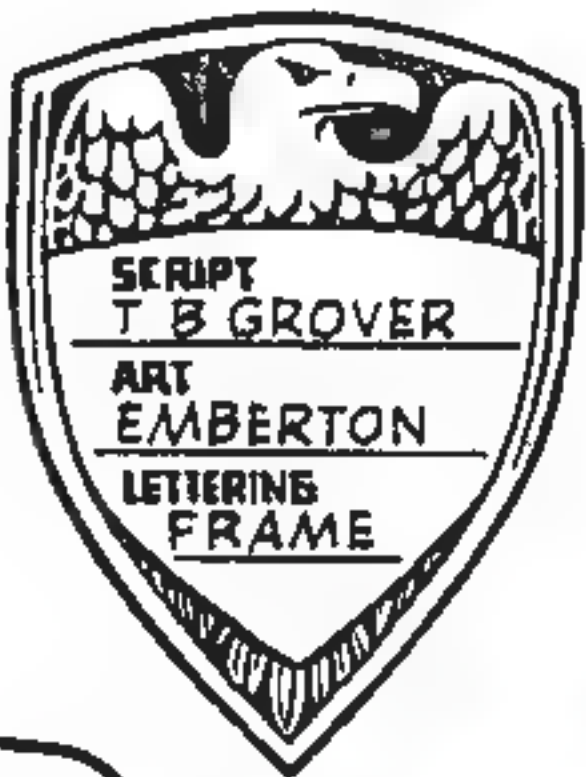
FADDAW!

BUT THERE'S
NO OTHER
WAY TO HALT
THEM!



RUMBLE IN THE JUNGLE-3

FROM AN OVERHEAD SKEDWAY, JUDGE DREDD LEADS A BIKE SQUAD IN A DESPERATE BID TO REGAIN CONTROL OF TWO MAMMOTH RAD-TRACTORS THAT HAVE BEEN STOLEN BY A GANG OF MEGA-CITY JUVES -



MISS THE RAD-TRAK'S ROOF - AND IT'S NEXT STOP CITY-BOTTOM!

KRUNN!



CAN'T STOP IN TIME, DREDD!

JUDGES!

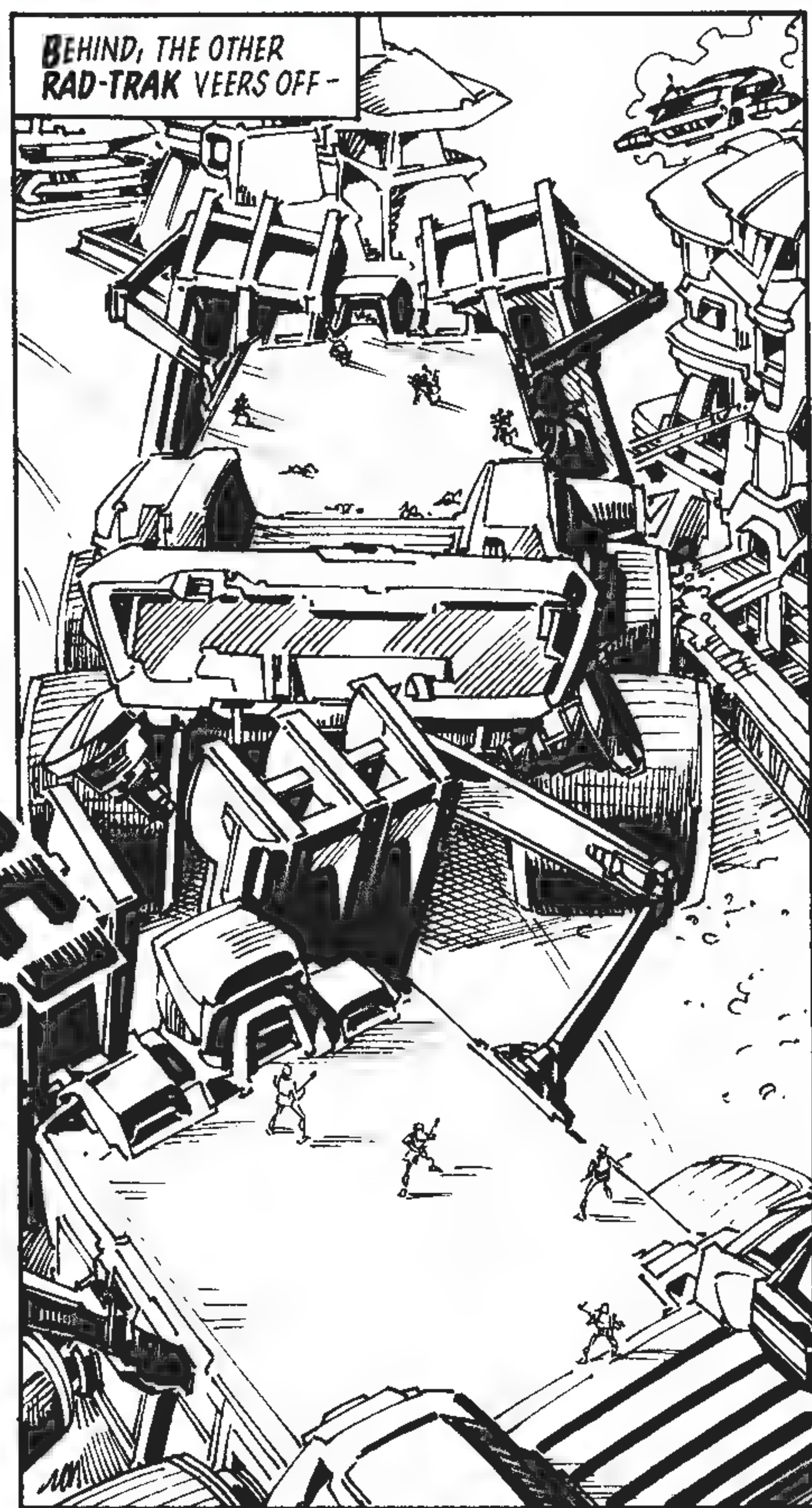
AAGH!

THE LAW'S ON THE ROOF! GET YOUR BLASTERS!

JUDGE DREDD

PTOO!
PTOO!









NEARBY, IN "THE JUNGLE" HUNDREDS OF THE CITY'S TOP JUVE GANGS CLASH -

AIEEEE!

GET THEM
STADLER
SLOBS!

LOOKOUT!

DIE,
DIE!

WE CAN'T
CONTROL 'EM!
WE NEED
BACK-UPS!

ASSISTANCE
ON ITS WAY!

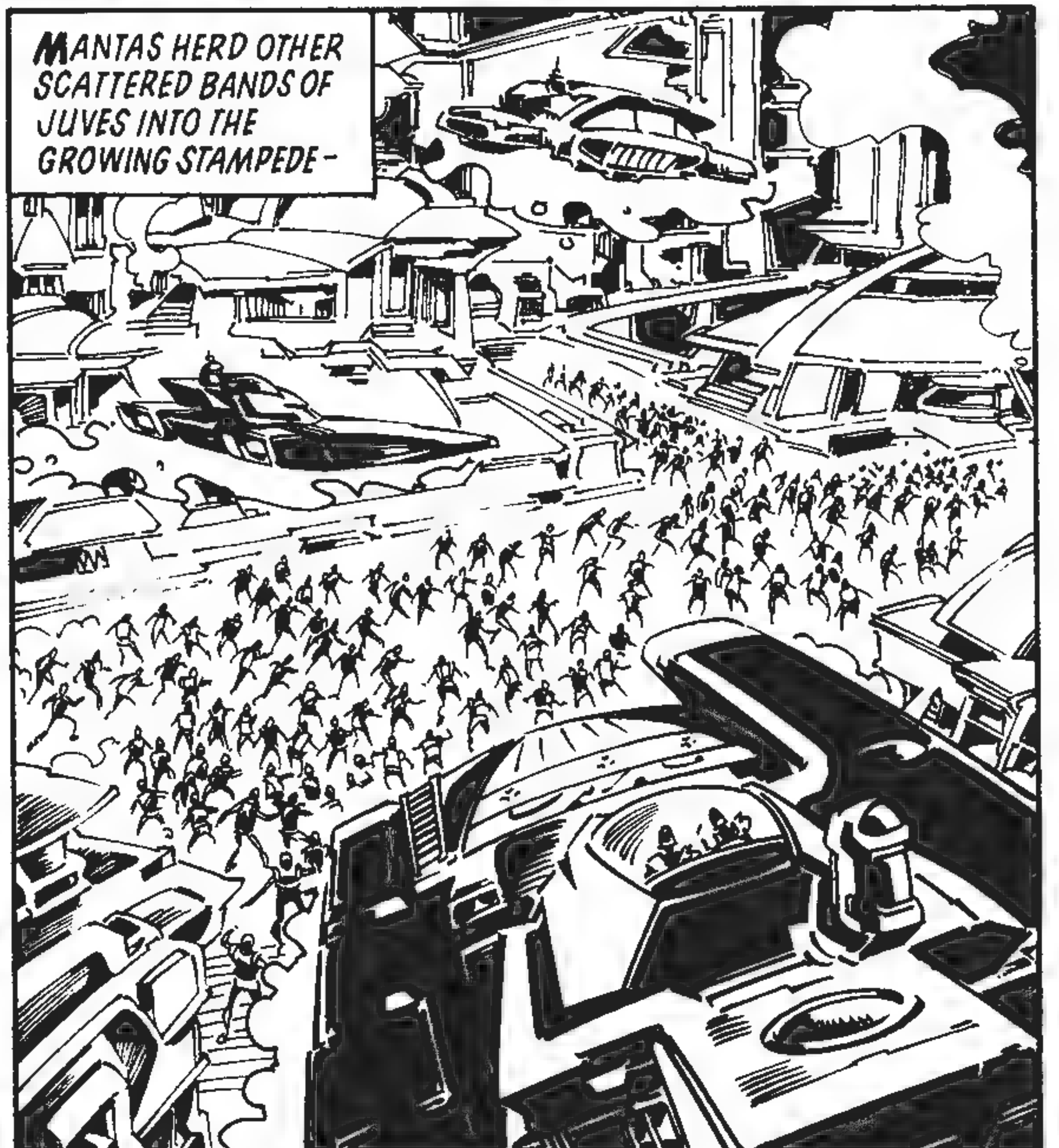
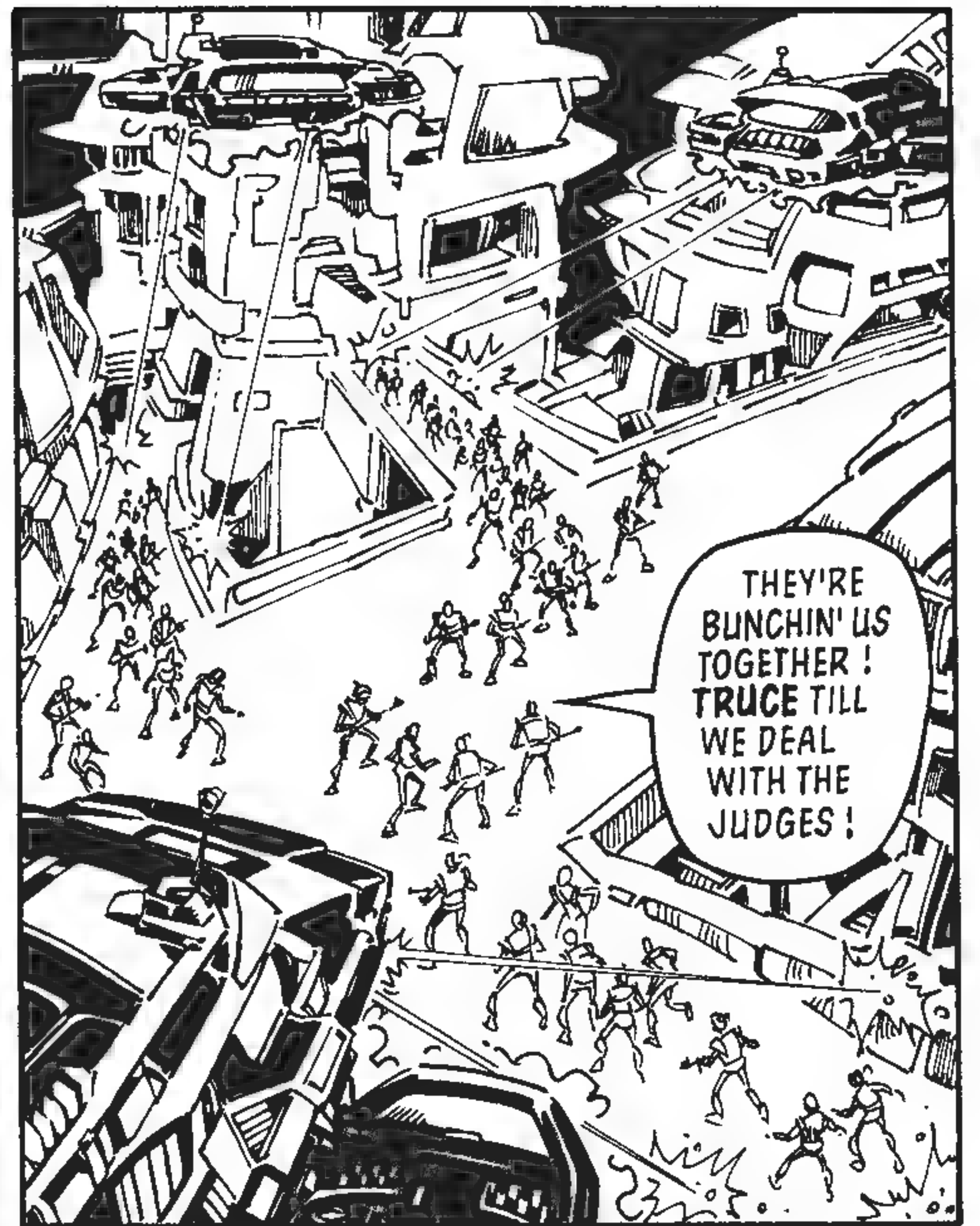
GET THESE VEHICLES
OFF THE STREETS!

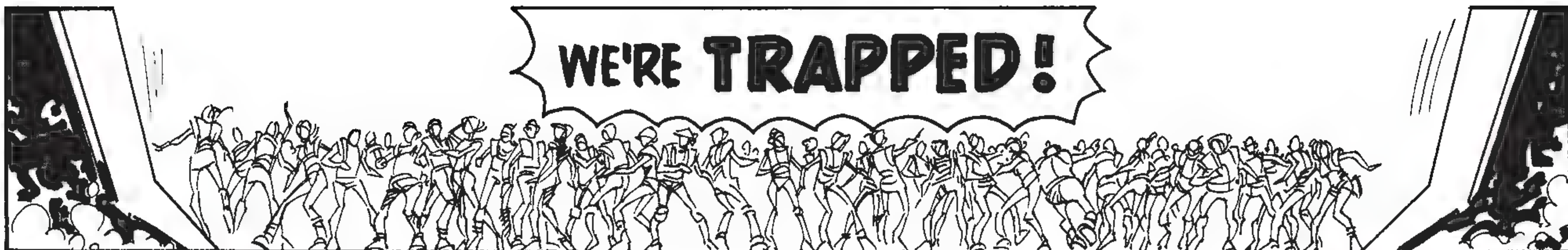
THAT MEANS YOU
CITIZEN!

WHY SHOULD
WE MOVE?

RUMBLE!

FLAMIN' KNEEPADS!
SAY NO MORE!







IT WAS THE PARADE
OF THE CENTURY!
THE DAY IRRAWADDY
SKINNER LED HIS
MONSTERS IN FROM
**SAURON
VALLEY!**

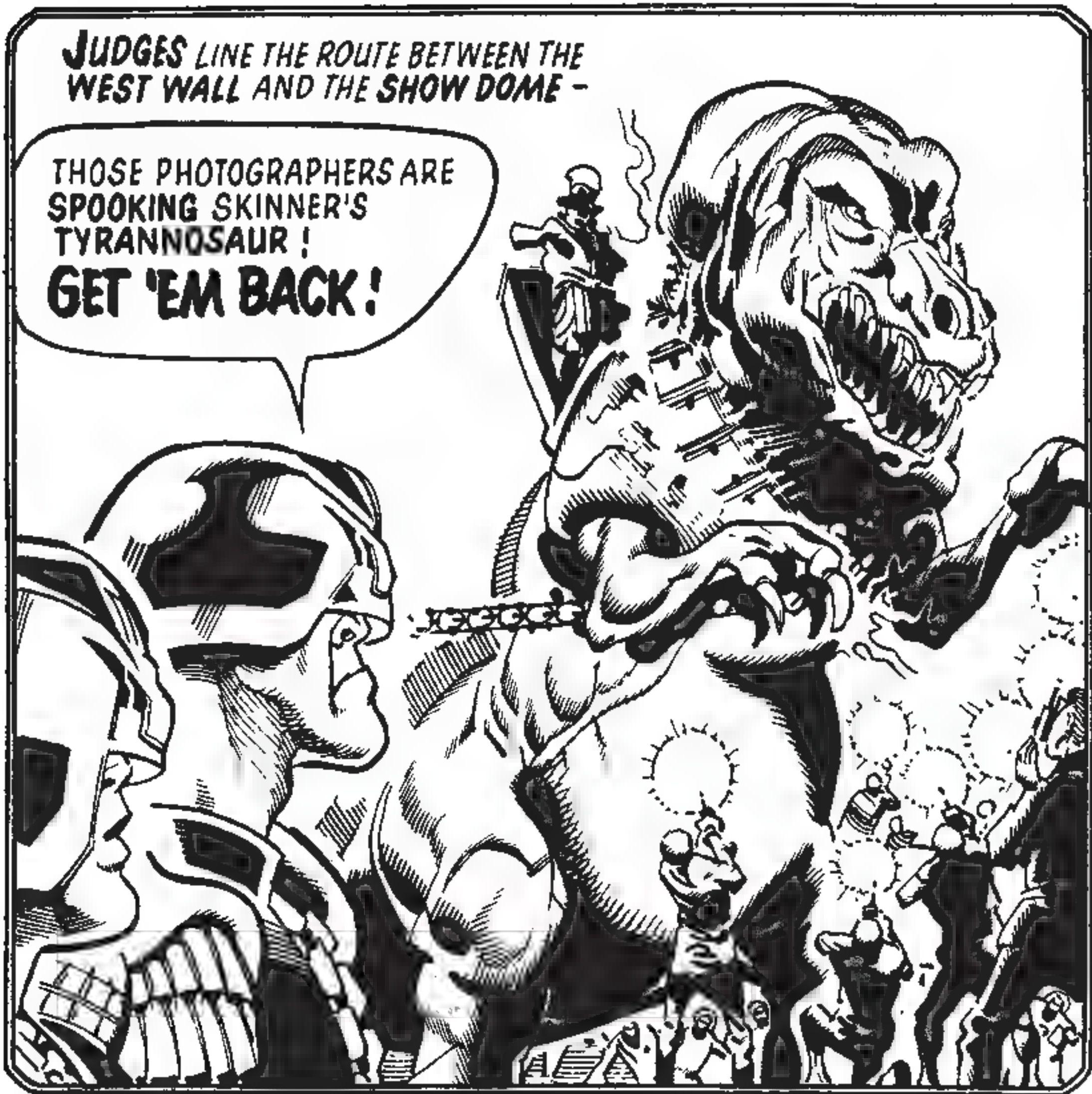
**THE DINOSAURS
ARE IN TOWN!**

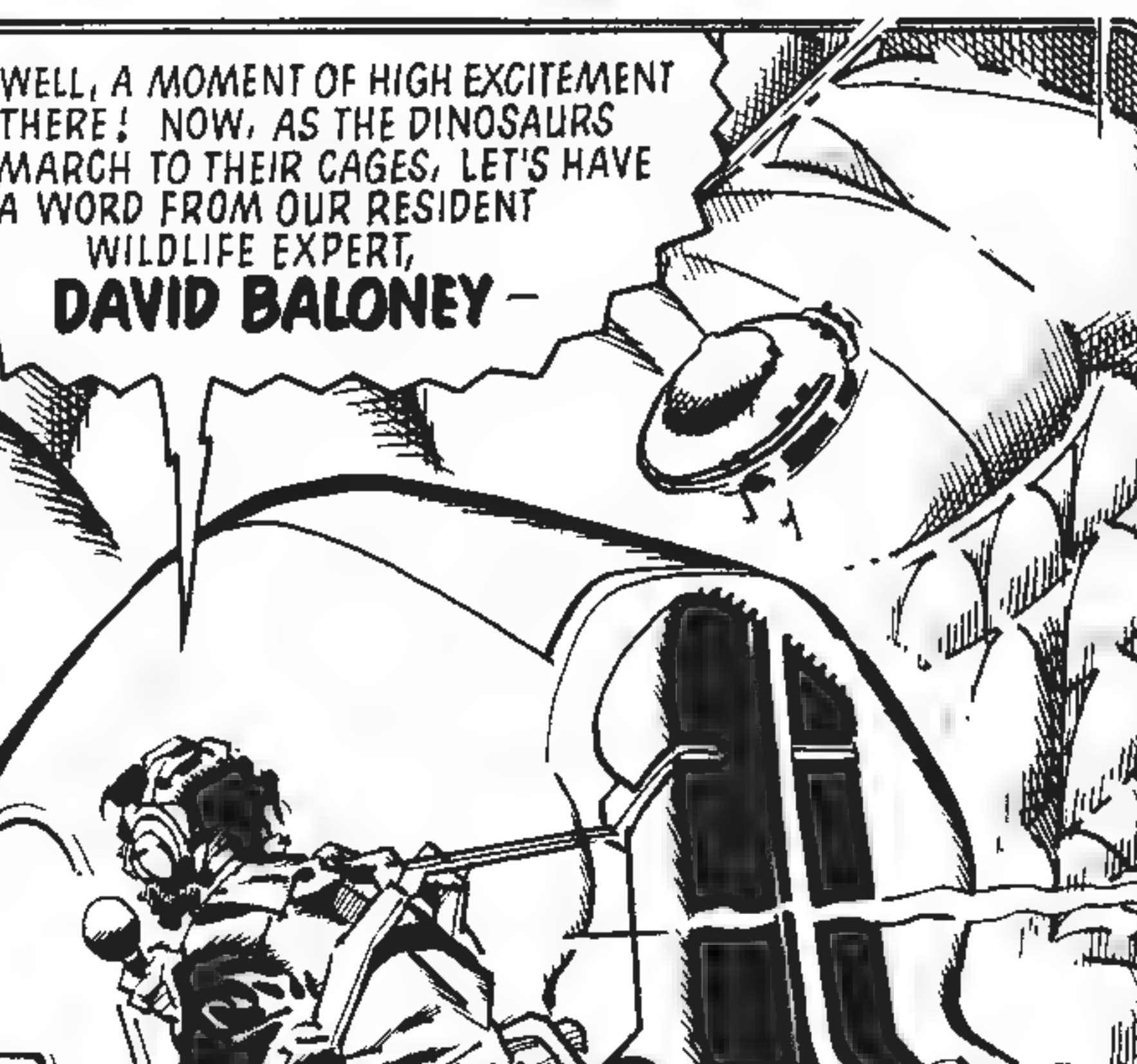
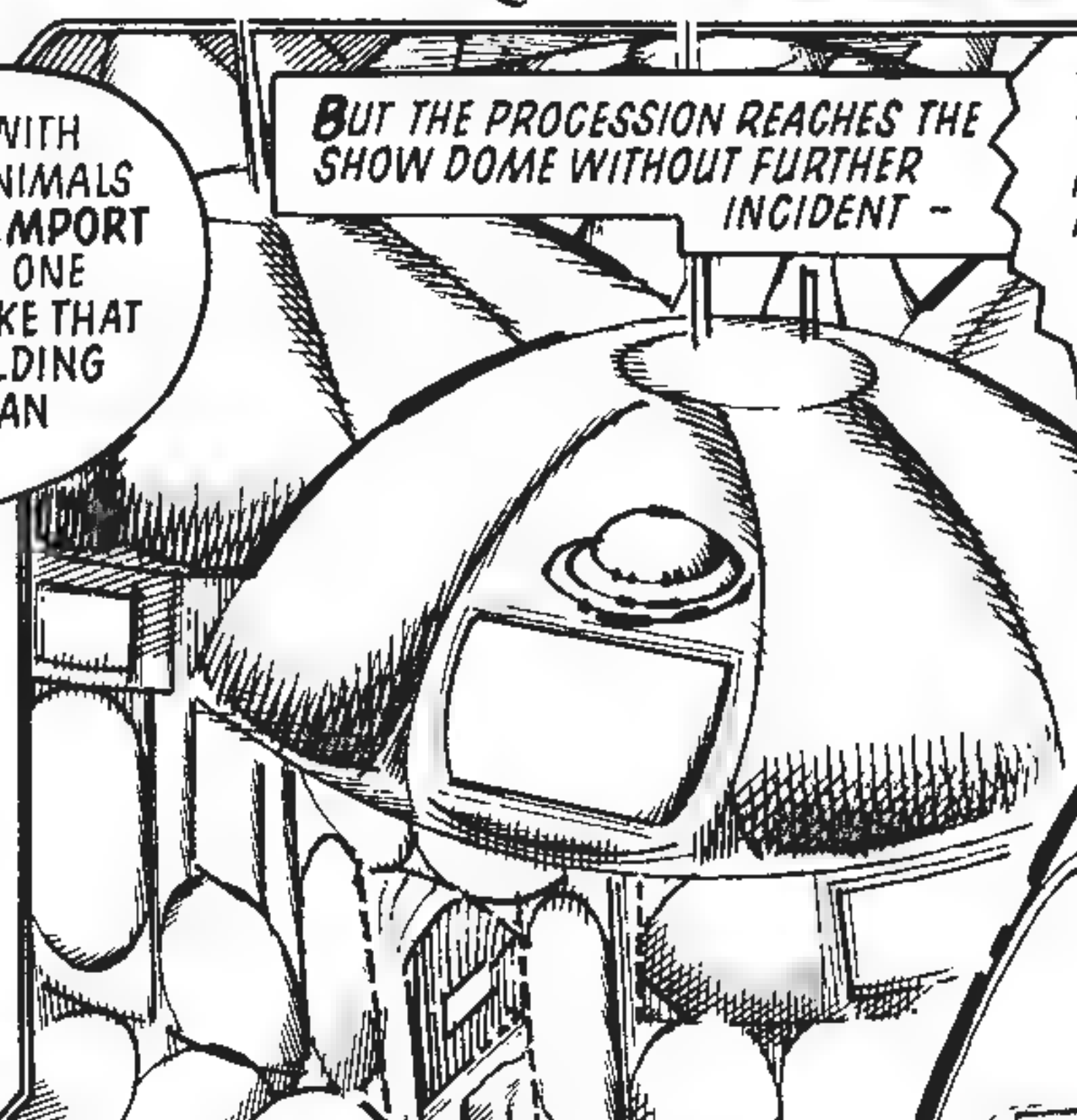
**ROLL UP! ROLL UP!
SEE THE CREATURES
WHO RULED THE EARTH
70 MILLION YEARS AGO!**

**THRILL TO THE TERRIBLE TYRANNOSAUR!
GOGGLE AT THE GARGANTUAN BRONTOSAURUS!
CUDDLE THE WOOLLY MAMMOTH!**

**SKINNER'S DINOSAUR
EXTRAVAGANZA
OPENS TODAY!**

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
T FRAME





GWEETINGS!

MANY OF YOU MAY BE WONDEWING HOW THESE INCWEDIBLE WELICS OF OUR PAST COME TO BE ALIVE IN THE 22ND CENTUWY. FWANKLY, SO AM I!



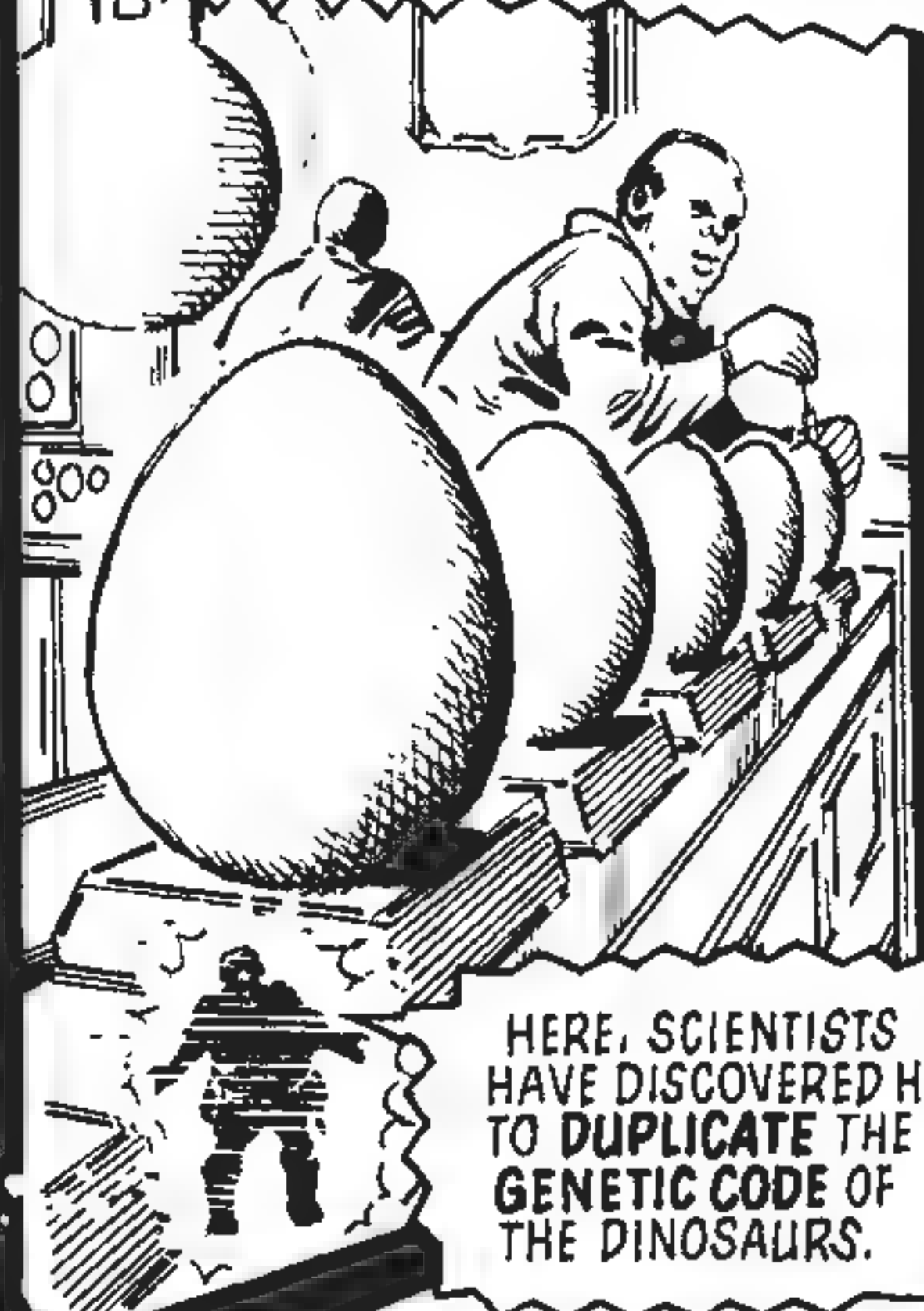
BUT WHY BOTHER WONDEWING WHEN WE HAVE THE MARVELS OF MODERN TECHNOLOGY TO PWOVIDE THE ANSWERS!



LET'S TAKE A TWIP BACK IN TIME TO FIND OUT!

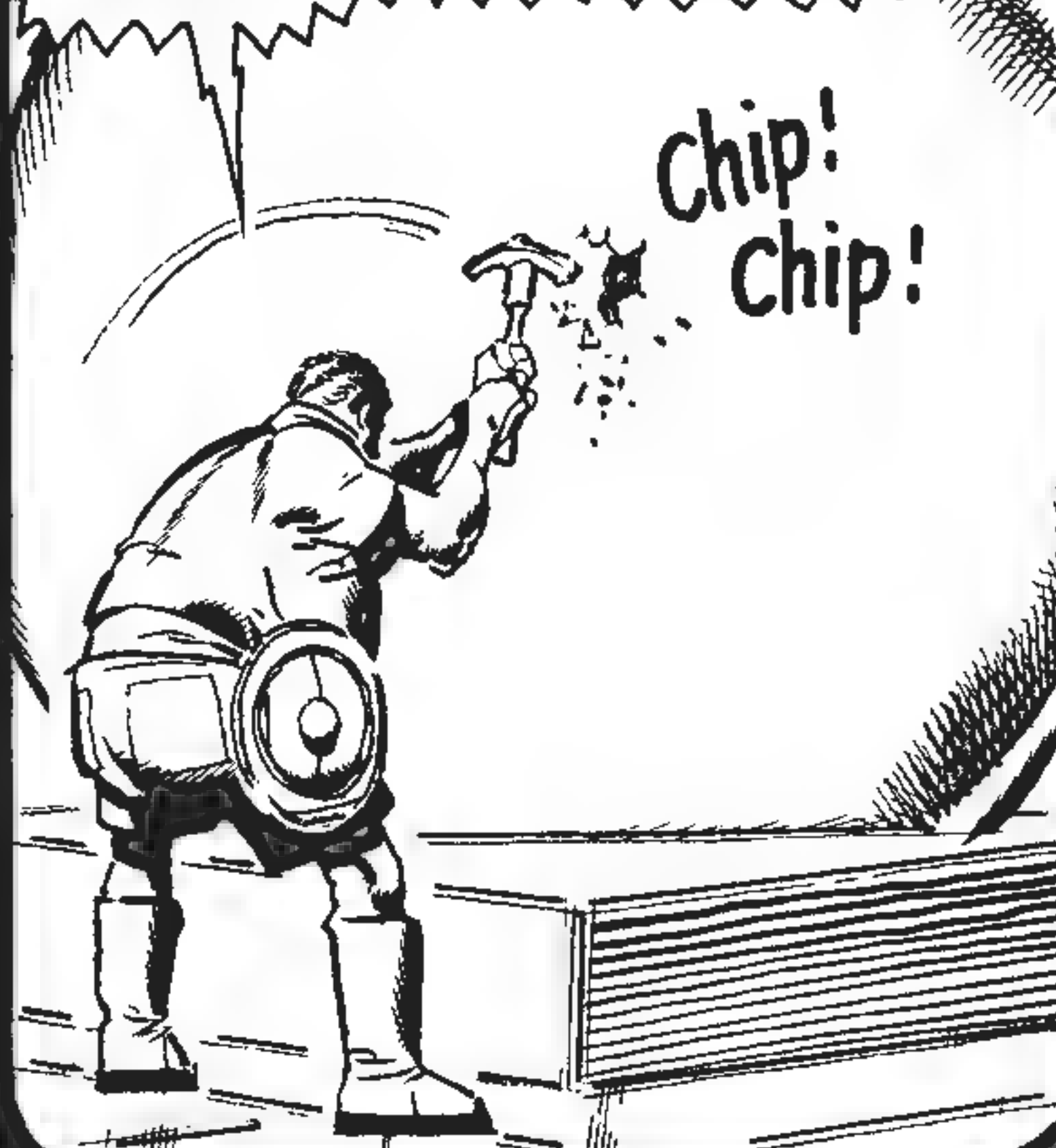


WELL, HERE WE ARE! NOT AT THE DAWN OF CWEATION, BUT IN A LABOWATOWY A MERE 80 YEARS AGO!



HERE, SCIENTISTS HAVE DISCOVERED HOW TO DUPLICATE THE GENETIC CODE OF THE DINOSAURS.

THESE GENETIC INSTWUCTIONS ARE THEN INJECTED INTO ARTIFICIAL EGGS TO GWOW. LET'S GO INSIDE ONE AND SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING.



chip!
chip!



CWIPES!
TIGHT
FIT!

HERE WE ARE! AND THIS IS THE EMBWYO. ALREADY WE CAN SEE THE DISTINCTIVE FEATURES OF OUR FWIEND TYWANNOSAWUS WEX BEGINNING TO FORM.



OUCH! A WEGULAR WUFFIAN
EVEN AT THIS AGE!



BUT THIS IS ONLY HALF THE
STOWY! HANG ONTO YOUR
HATS - WE'RE OFF AGAIN!



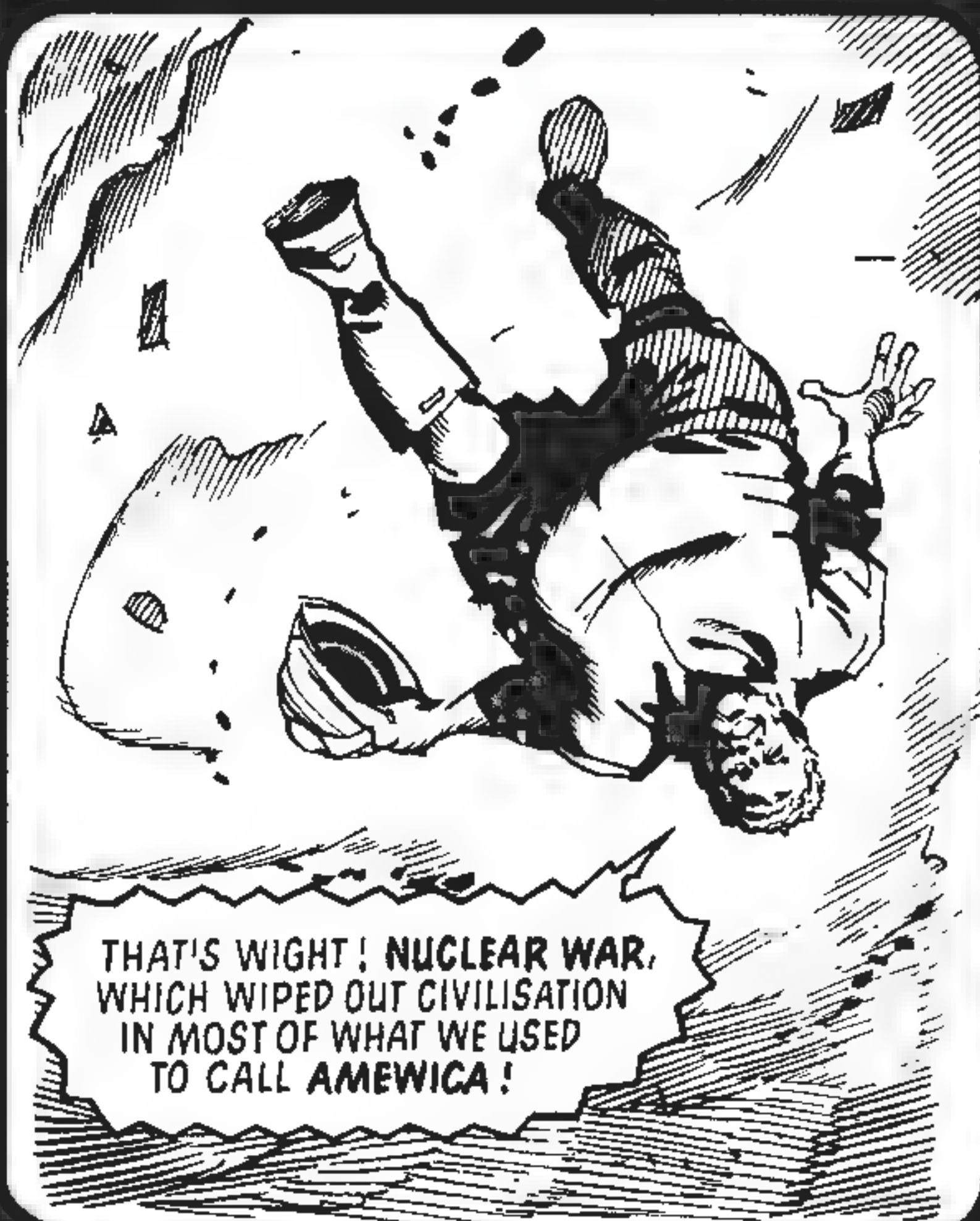
WELL! GWEAT DINOSAUVS FWOM LITTLE EGGS GWOW,
AND IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE VAST DINOSAUR PARKS
SPWANG UP, LIKE THIS ONE IN SAUVON VALLEY.



HERE, PEOPLE COULD VIEW EVEVY VAWIETY OF
PWEHISTOWIC LIFE IN NATUWAL SUWWOUNDINGS.
VEVY IDYLLIC, YOU MIGHT THINK - BUT THERE'S
A CLOUD ON THE HOWIZON -



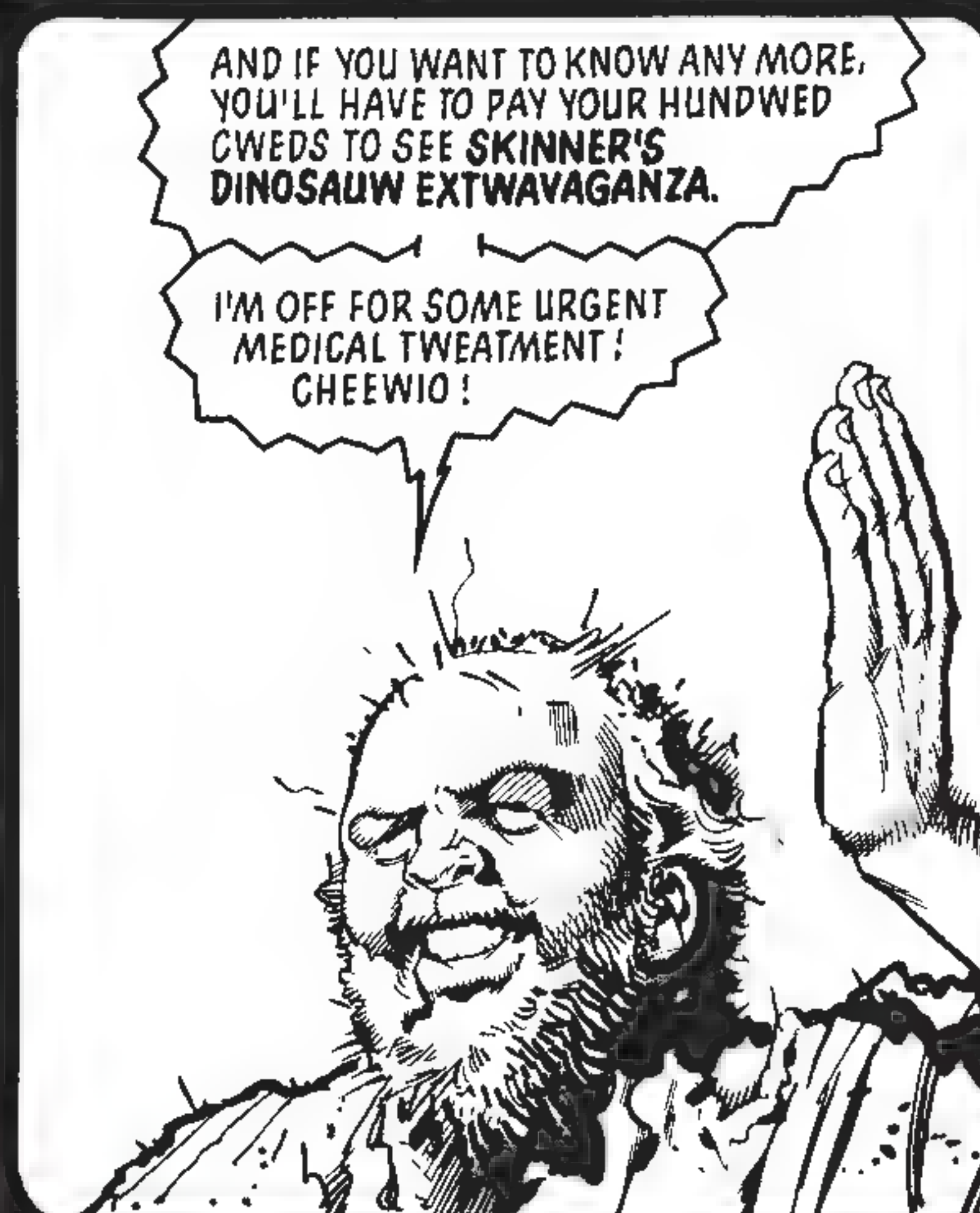
- A GWEAT BLOOMIN'
MUSHWOOM
CLOUD!



THAT'S WIGHT! NUCLEAR WAR,
WHICH WIPED OUT CIVILISATION
IN MOST OF WHAT WE USED
TO CALL AMEWICA!



BUT MANY OF THE DINOSAUVS **DID** SURVIVE -
AND NOW BWEED WILD IN A FEW PARTS OF THE
CURSED EARTH WADIATION DESERT!



AND IF YOU WANT TO KNOW ANY MORE,
YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY YOUR HUNDWED
CWEDS TO SEE **SKINNER'S**
DINOSAUV EXTWAVAGANZA.

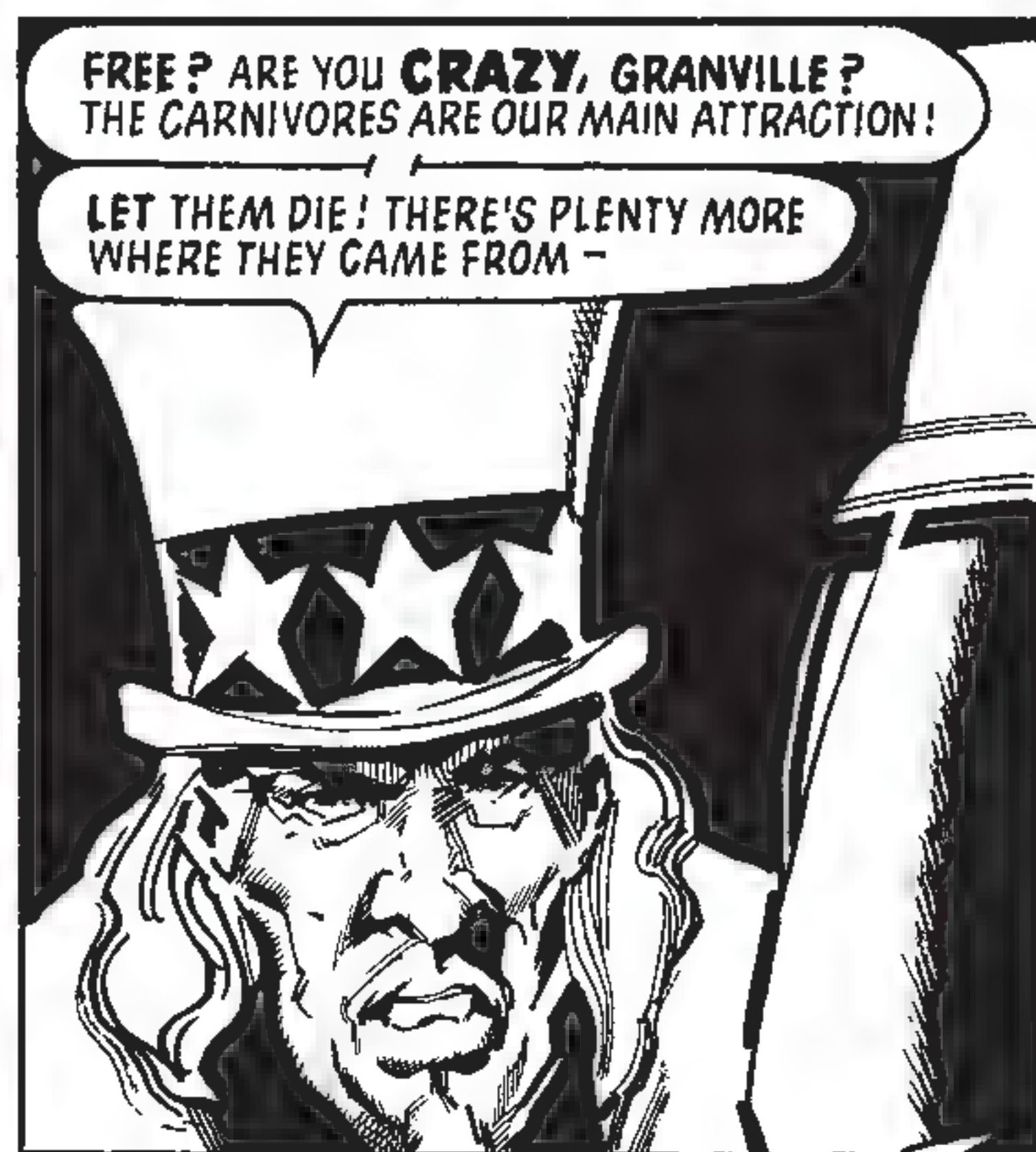
I'M OFF FOR SOME URGENT
MEDICAL TWEATMENT!
CHEEWIO!



HOLY CREMOLA!
LOOK AT THEM
FANGS!
JUST LIKE
YOUR MOTHER,
GLADYS!



THE PLANT-EATERS HAVE
SETTLED IN WELL, MR SKINNER,
BUT I'M WORRIED ABOUT
THE FOUR CARNIVORES.



IN THEIR WORLD THE CARNIVORES HAD BEEN KINGS, FREE TO ROAM WHEREVER THEY CHOSE. NOW THEY ARE TRAPPED.

THEY HURL THEMSELVES AT THEIR CAGES, SCREAMING THEIR ANGER AND FRUSTRATION -

- GNAWING AT THOSE HATED BARS UNTIL THEIR JAWS ARE RAW.

HUMANS! NO-ONE BUT THEM COULD BE SO INHUMAN!

RRAGH!

KRANG!

WHEN THE CROWDS LEAVE, THE LITTLE KEEPER ROBOT TENDS HIS CHARGES -

IT'S ALL RIGHT, TED. IT'S ONLY ME, GRANVILLE.

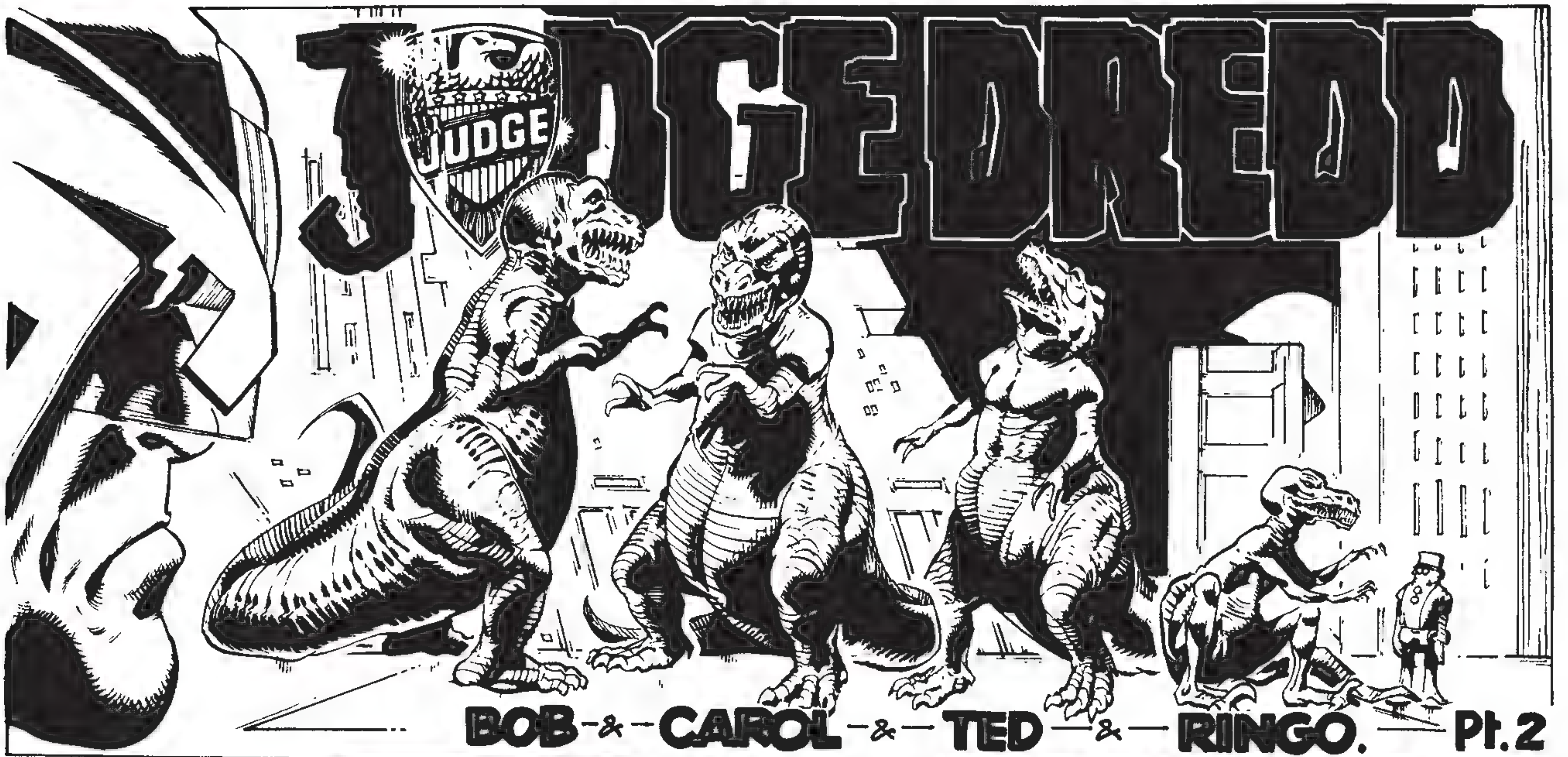
SOMEHOW THE DULL-WITTED BEHEMOTHS SENSE THIS LITTLE METAL MAN IS THEIR FRIEND -

ANOTHER GASH ON YOUR TAIL! THE IODINE WILL HELP. YOU'VE GOT TO STOP DOING THIS, TED!

BUT YOU WON'T, WILL YOU? NONE OF YOU! YOU'LL KEEP ON AND ON UNTIL YOU DESTROY YOURSELVES!

I CAN'T BEAR TO WATCH IT HAPPEN. SOMEHOW I'VE GOT TO GET THEM OUT OF HERE... BACK TO SAURON VALLEY WHERE THEY BELONG!

NEXT PROG: **BOB & CAROL & TED & RINGO & GRANVILLE!**



SINCE THE GREAT ATOM WARS
DINOSAURS HAVE BEEN BREEDING
WILD IN THE CURSED EARTH. NOW
SHOWBIZ KING IRRAWADDY SKINNER
HAS OPENED HIS GREAT DINOSAUR
EXTRAVAGANZA IN MEGA-CITY ONE -

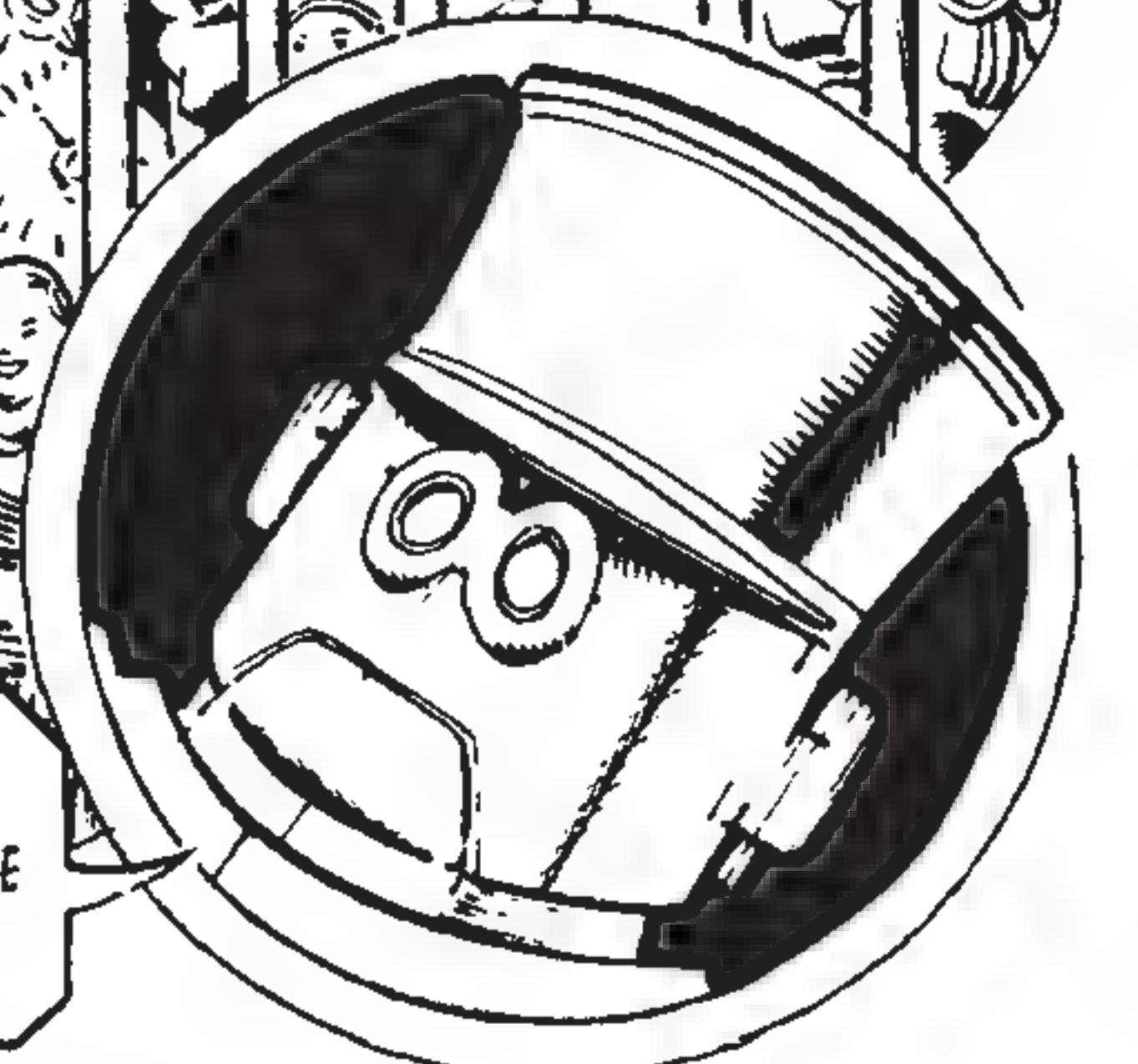


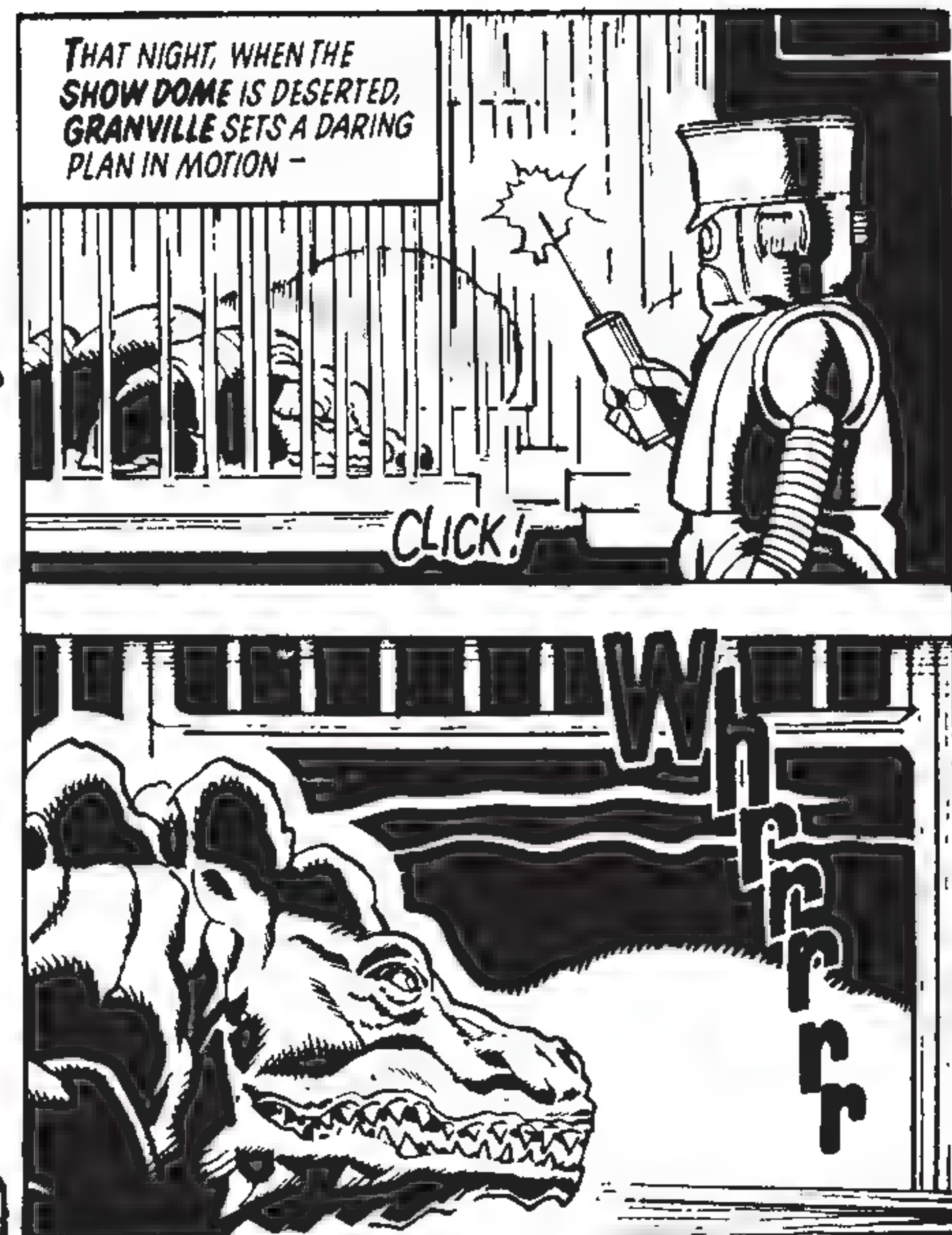
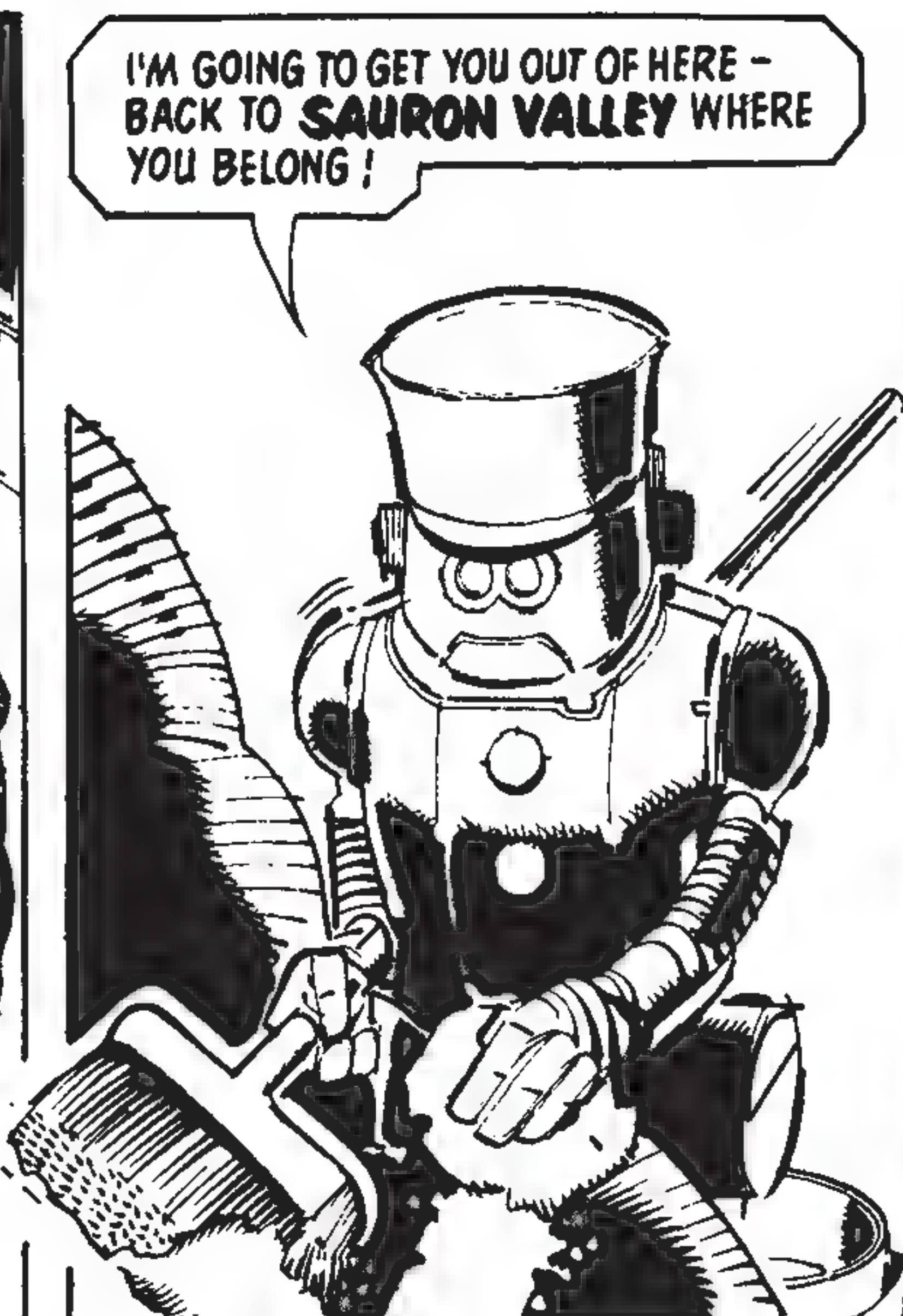
BUT THE FOUR CARNIVORES,
BOB, CAROL, TED AND RINGO,
ADAPT BADLY TO CAPTIVITY -

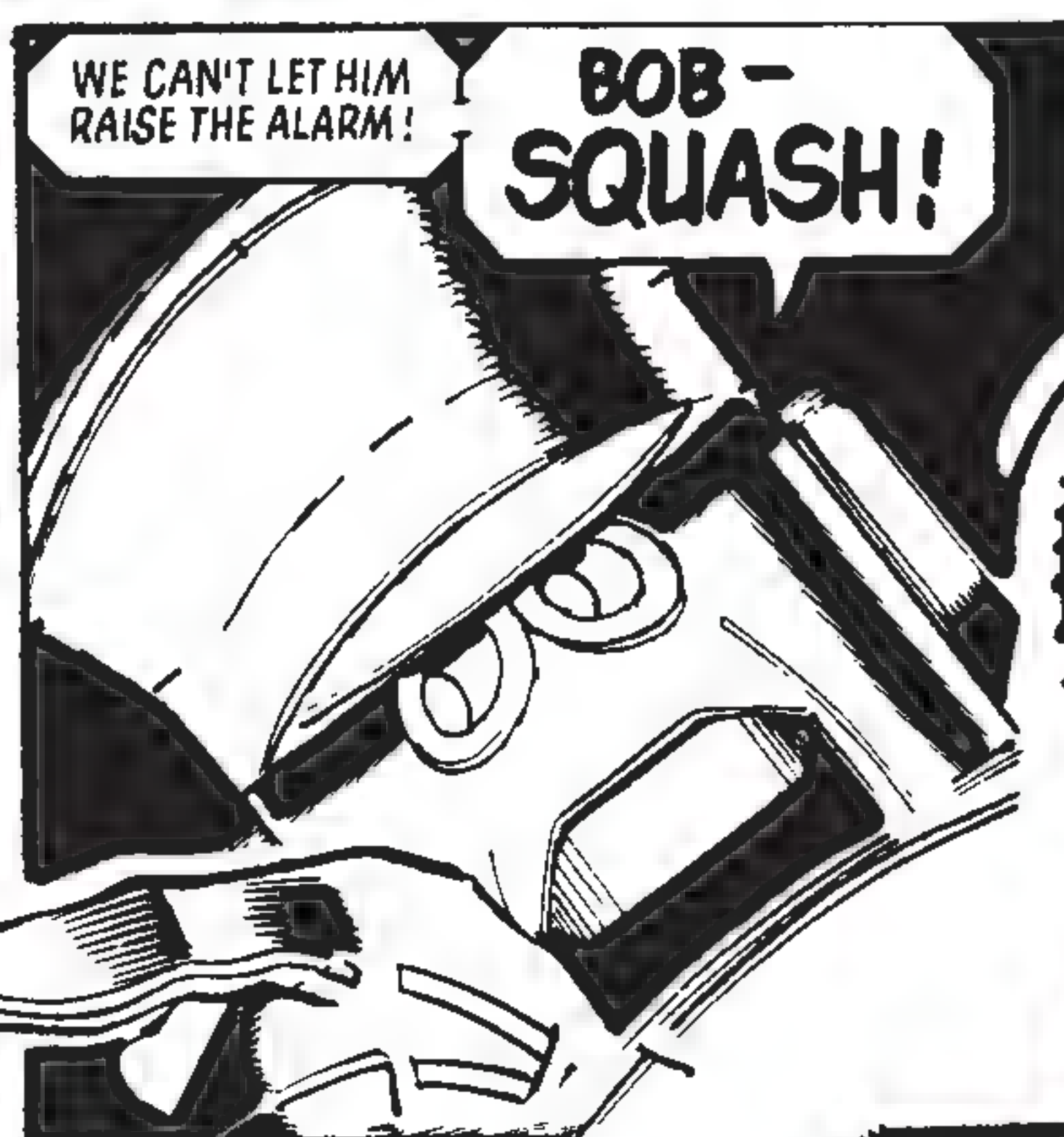
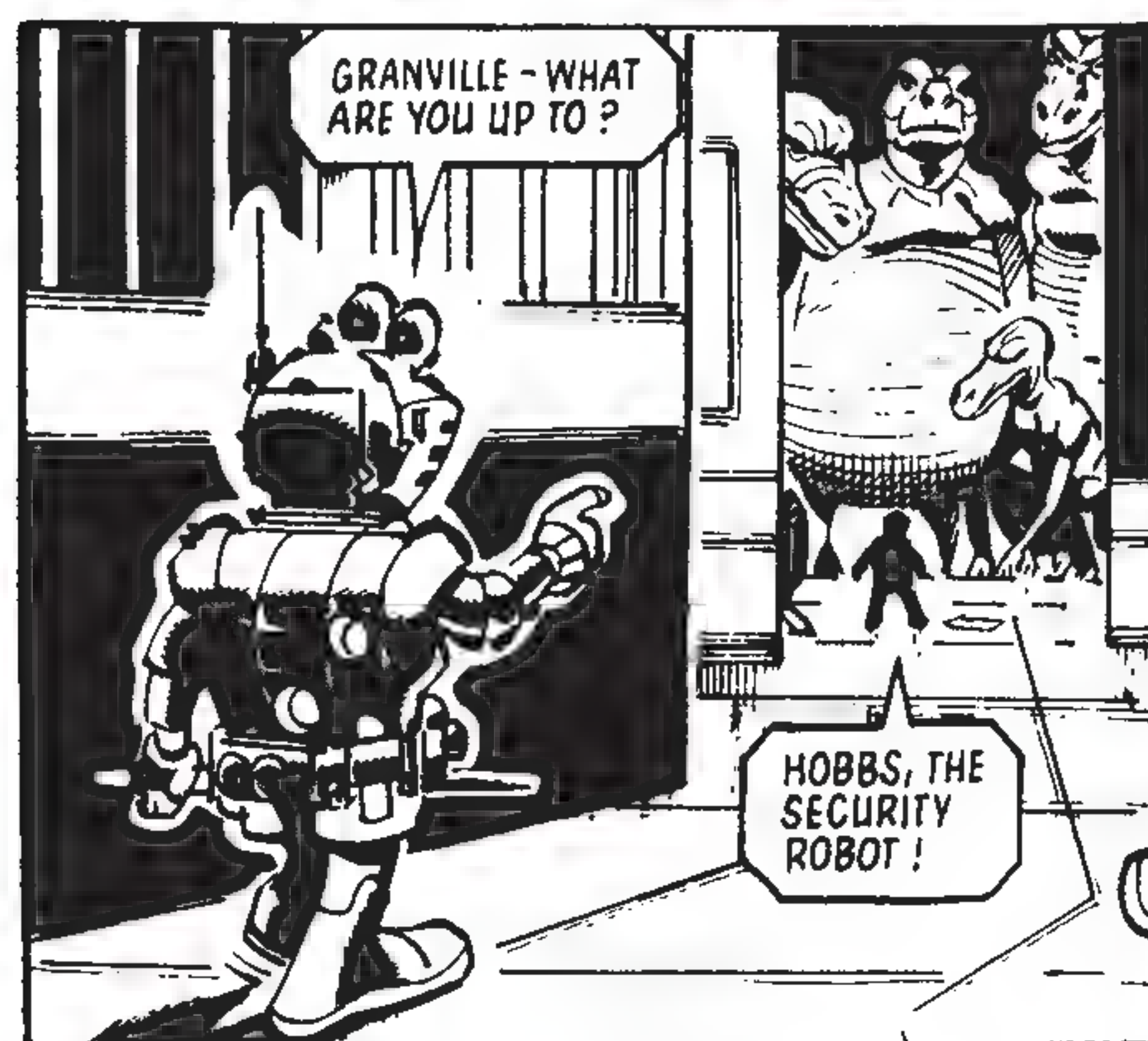
GRRAAAH!

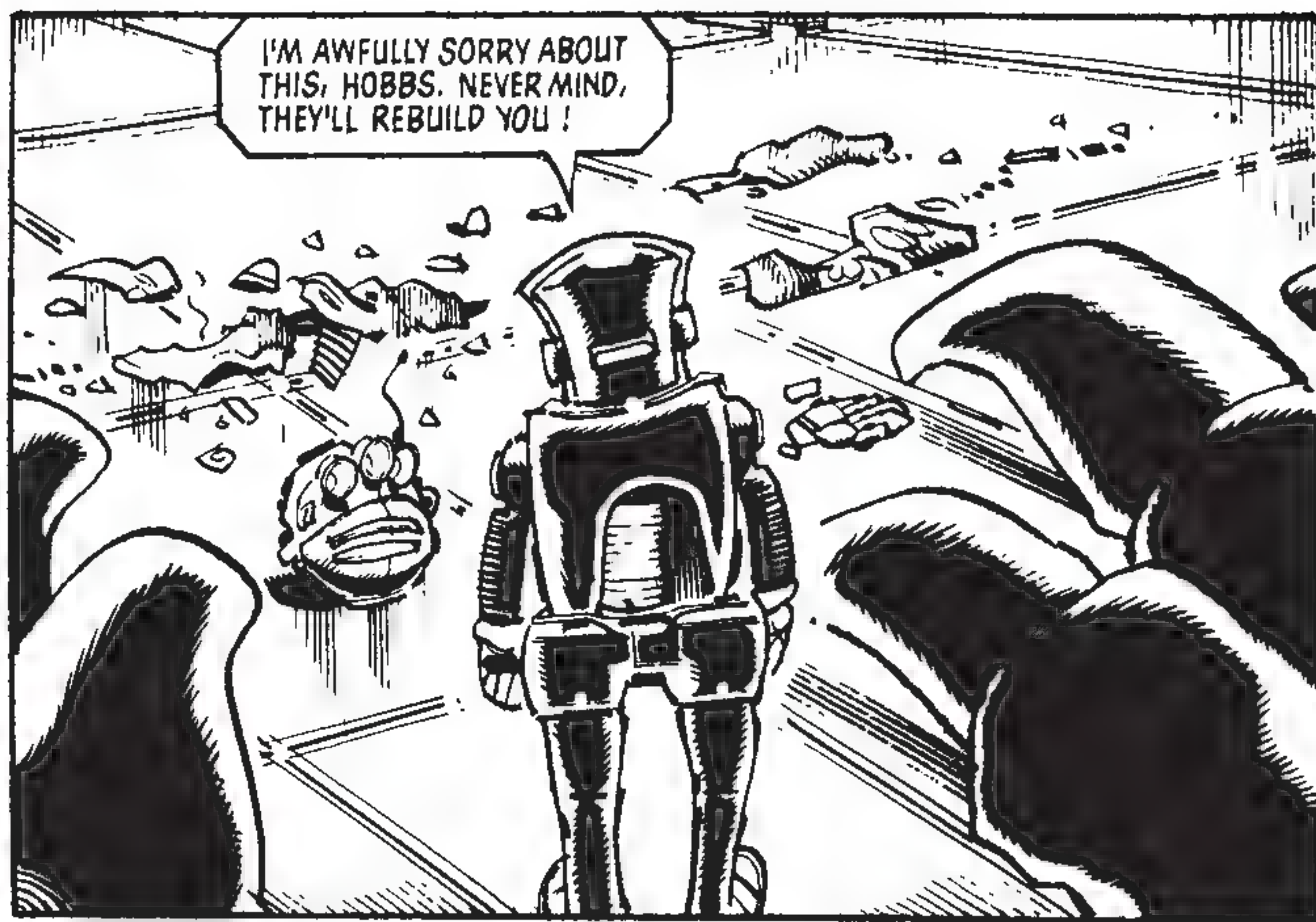
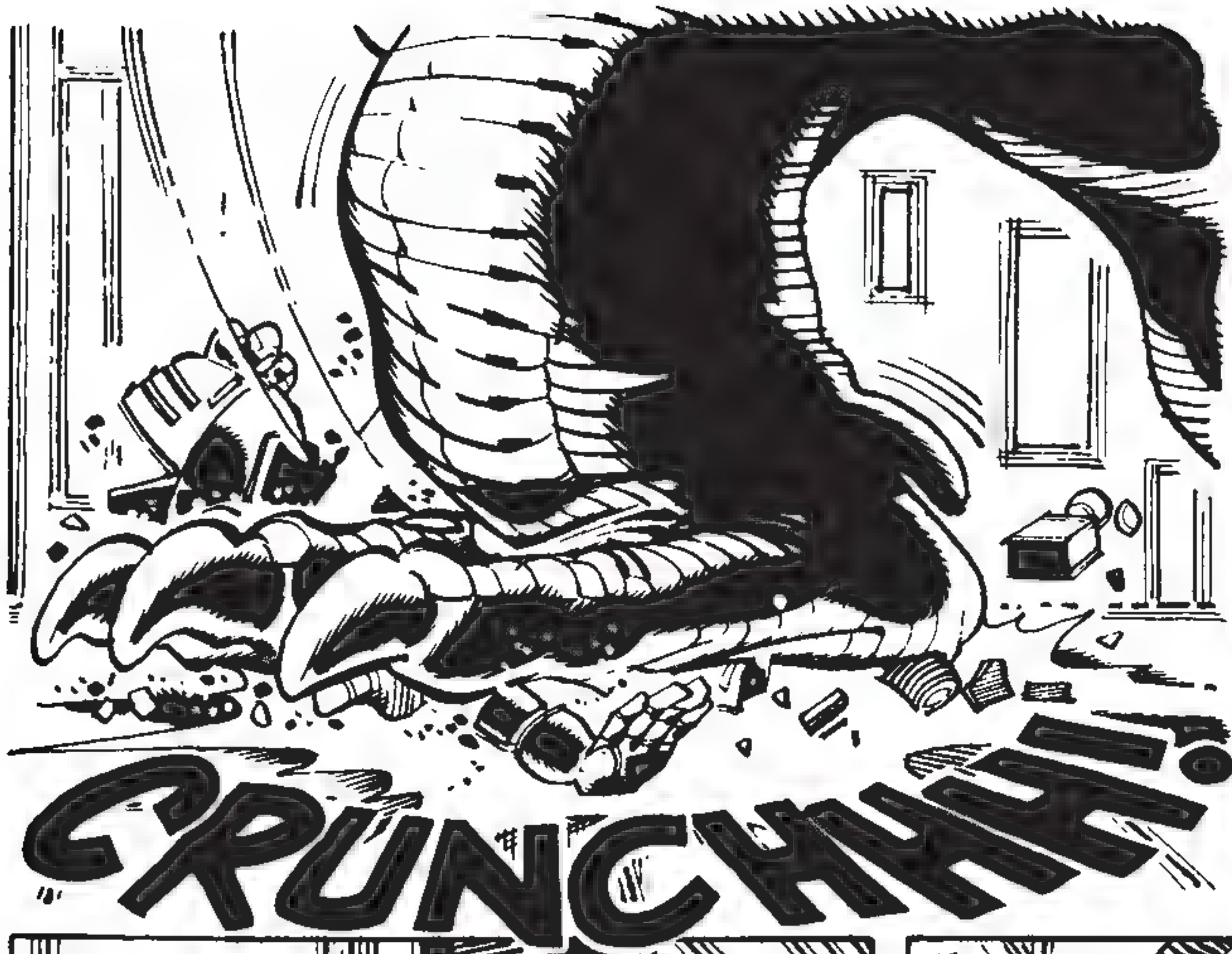


CREATURES LIKE THEM WERE
NEVER MEANT TO BE CAGED.
THEY'LL GO ON FIGHTING THOSE
BARS UNTIL THEY KILL THEM-
SELVES!



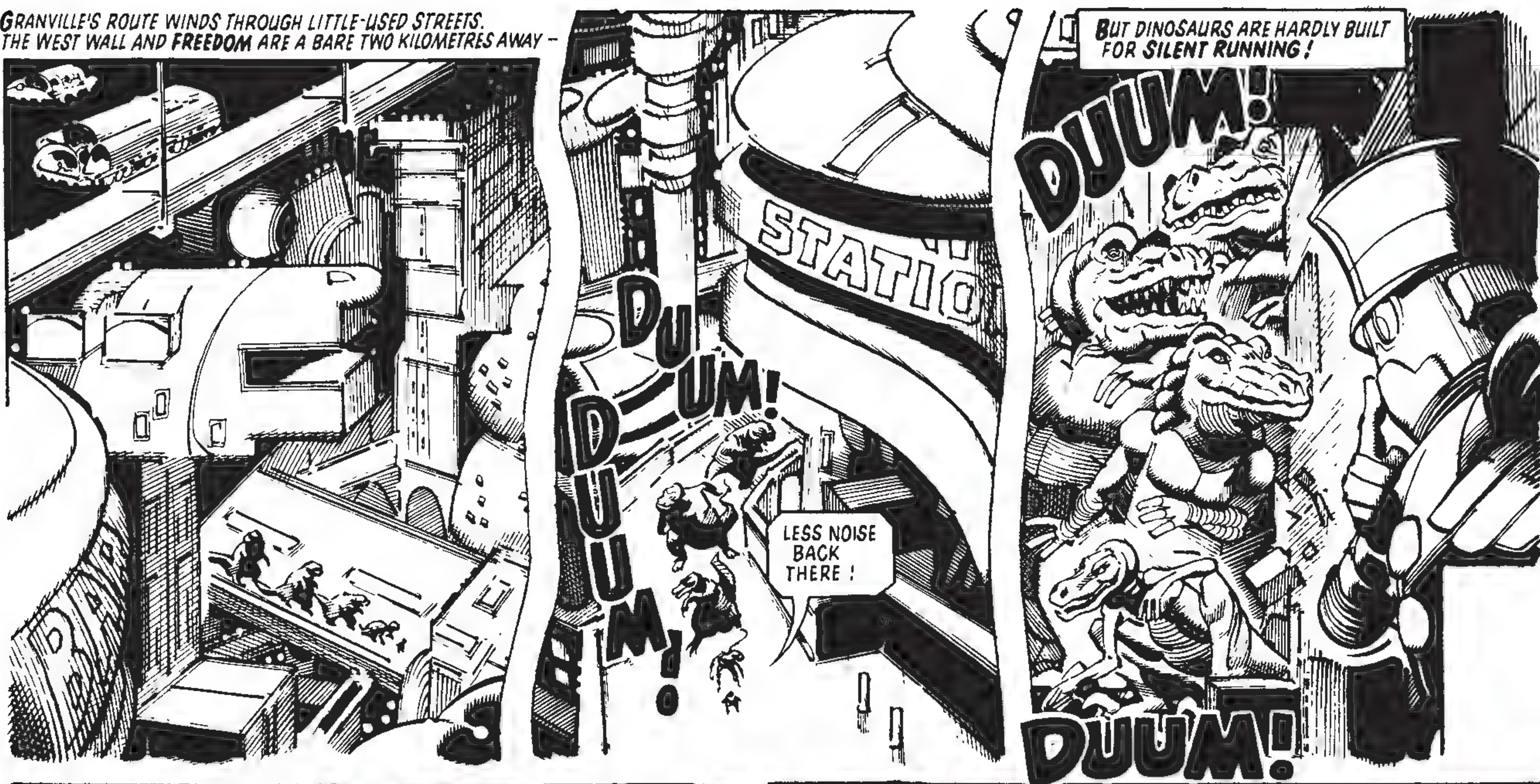






ON MY WAY!

GRANVILLE'S ROUTE WINDS THROUGH LITTLE-USED STREETS.
THE WEST WALL AND FREEDOM ARE A BARE TWO KILOMETRES AWAY --



AY YI YI! IS NO
HAPPENING!



NAUGHTY BOB! NAUGHTY!



I'M FRIGHTFULLY
SORRY, MA'AM!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND
IT! HE'S BEEN SO
GOOD UP TO NOW!



MEANWHILE -

I SWEAR IT, JUDGE!
FOUR DEENYSAURS -
BIG AS MOPADSH!

THE DINOSAUR
EXHIBITION...
I WONDER?



DROKK!
SOMETHING
BIG'S BEEN
THIS
WAY!



DREDD TO CONTROL!
LOOKS LIKE THE DRUNK
WAS TELLING THE
TRUTH!

WE GOT A CLASS ONE
EMERGENCY
ON OUR HANDS!

NEXT
PROG:

**A TASTE
OF BALONEY!**

JUDGE DREDD



IN A MEGA-CITY BACKSTREET, TV WILDLIFE EXPERT DAVID BALONEY IS RECORDING HIS LATEST PROGRAMME -

THE CITY STREETS AT NIGHT - A PWEPOSTEWOUS PLACE TO FIND MOTHER NATURE AT WORK, YOU MIGHT THINK...



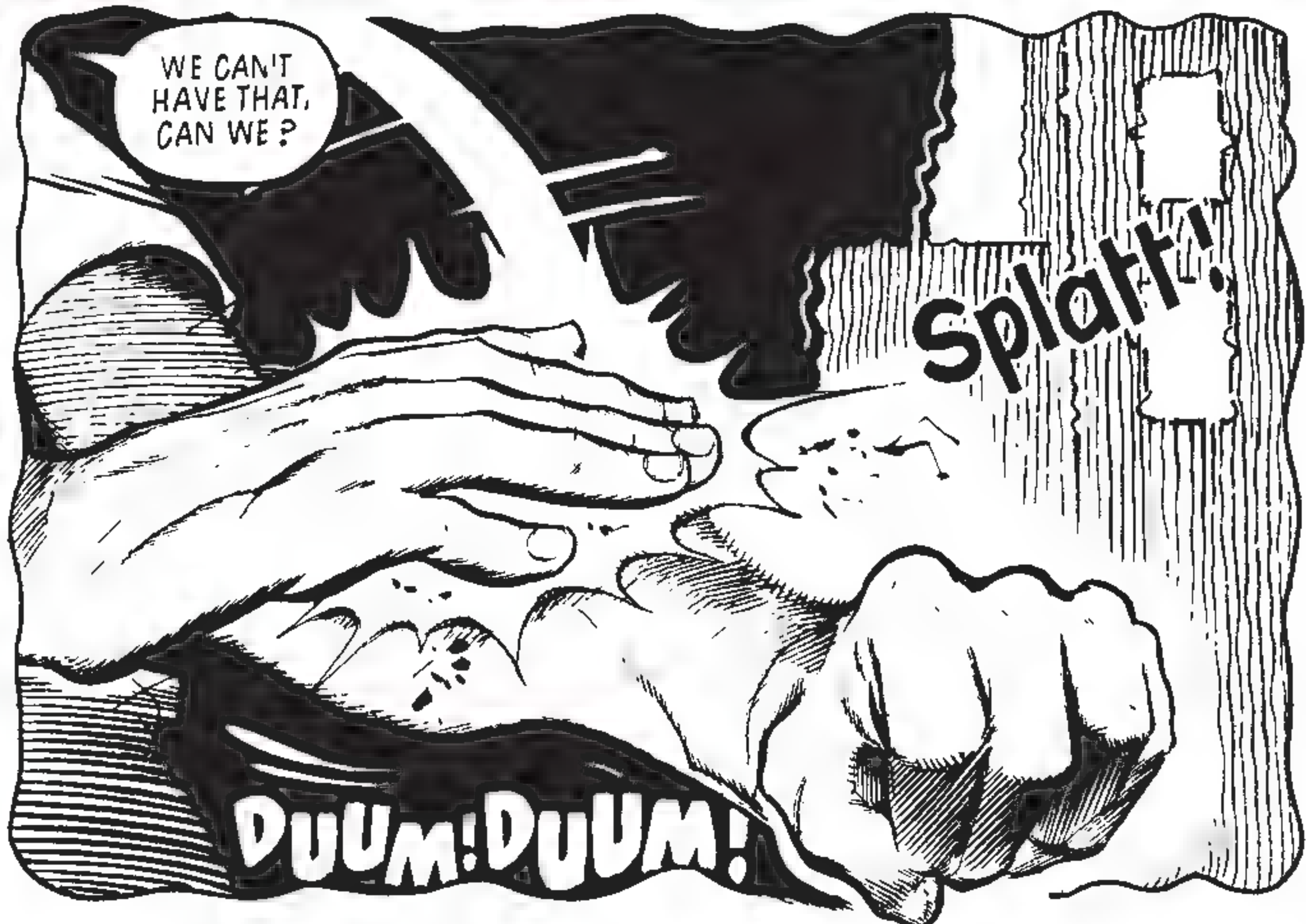
BOB & CAROL & TED & RINGO. Pt. 3



HERE WE FIND A WIDE VAWIETY OF FLOWA AND FAUNA, FWOM THE HUMBLE COCKWOACH TO THE WAINBOW-HUED WADIOACTIVE SLIME MOSS.



AND ON MY ARM A MU-SQUITO. IT'S PENETWATING MY SKIN AND SUCKING ALL MY WICH WED BLOOD - PWOBABLY GIVING ME SOME DWREADFUL DISEASE!



WE CAN'T HAVE THAT, CAN WE?

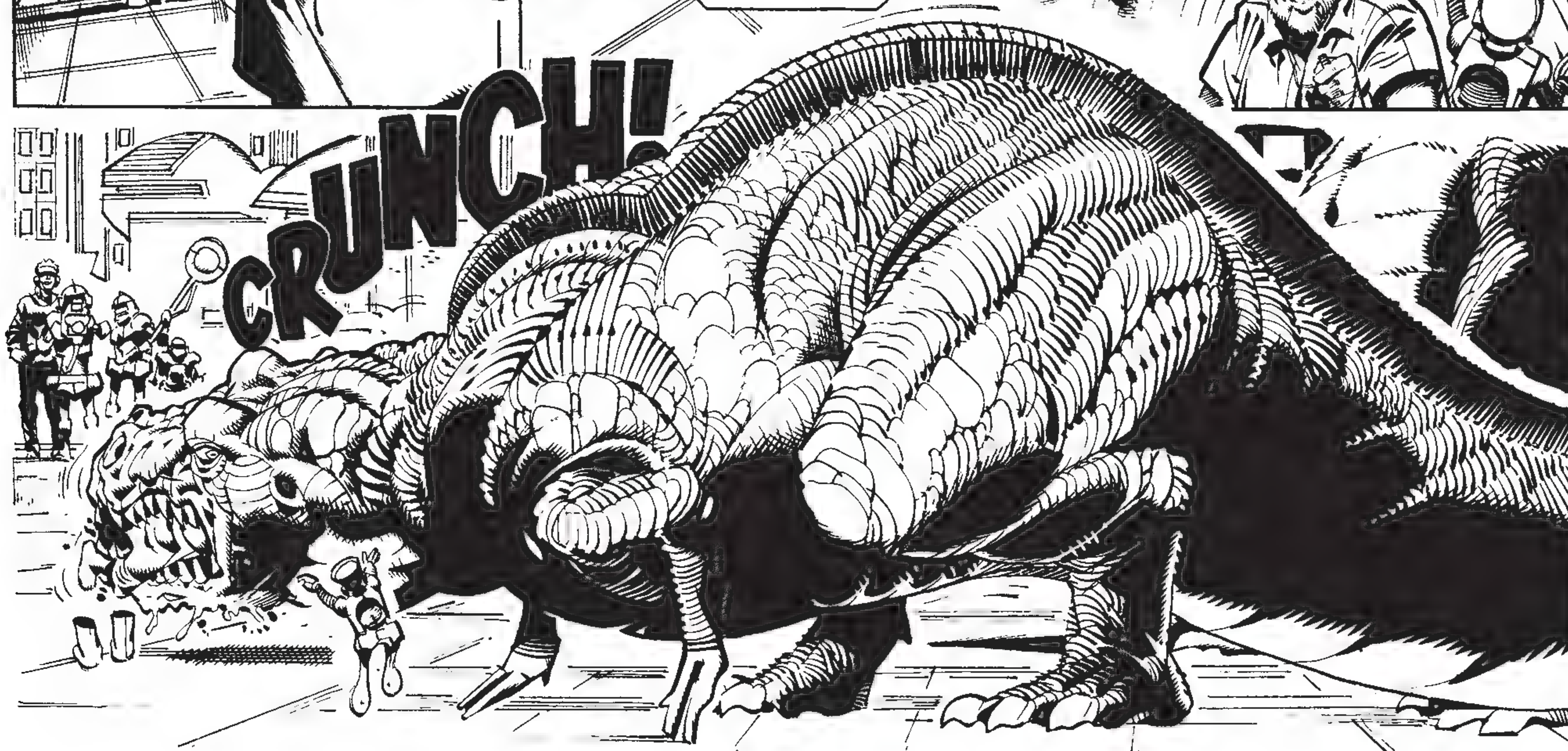
Splatt!

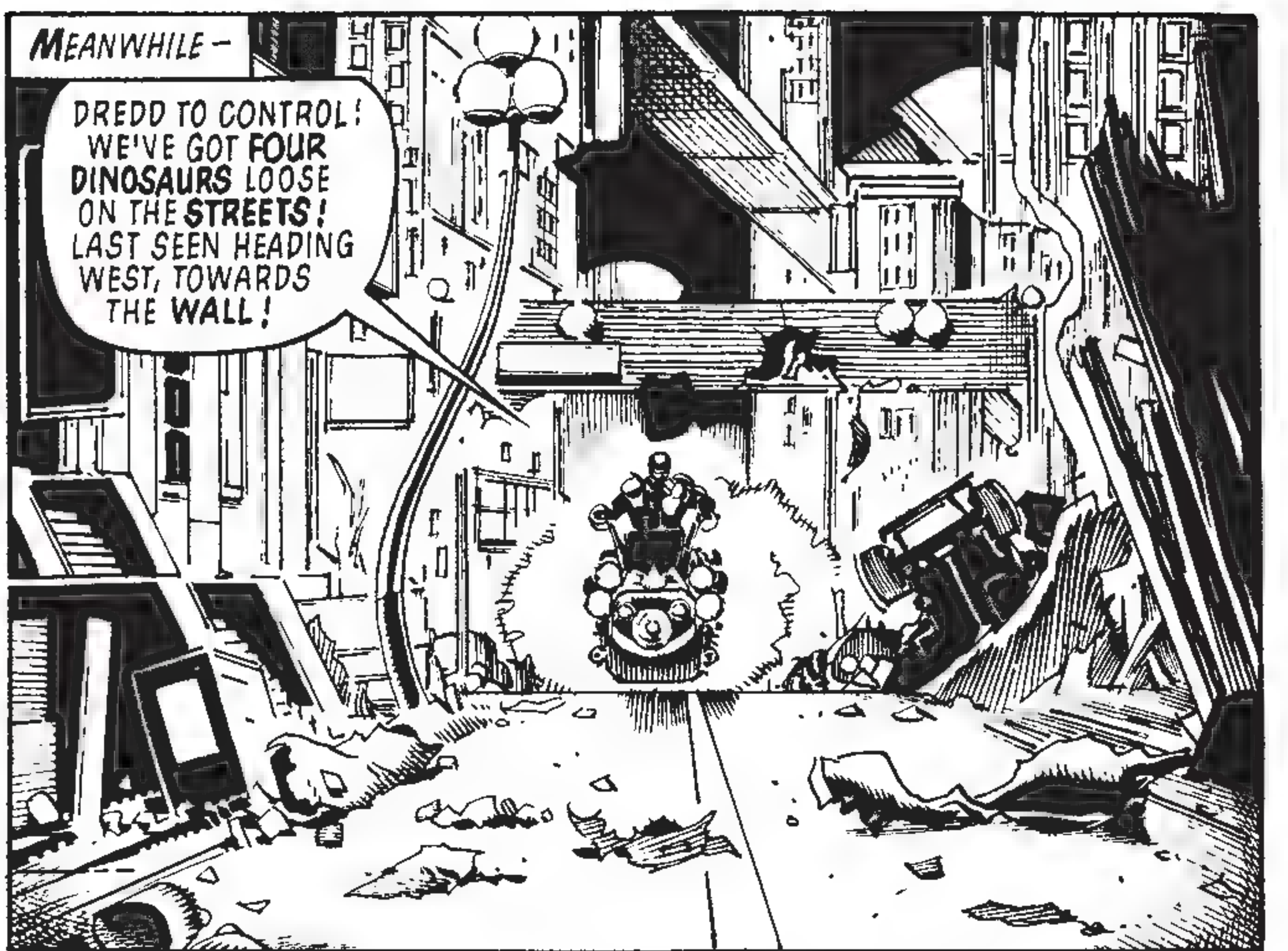
DUUM! DUUM!

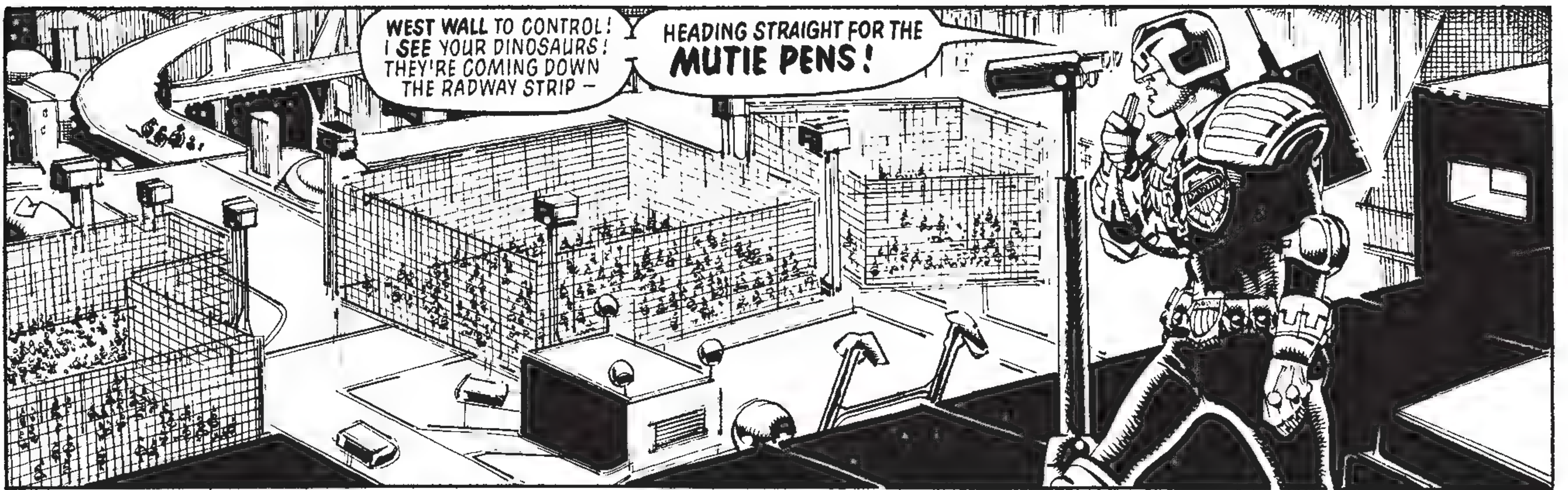


**DUUUM!
DUUUM!
DUUUM!**





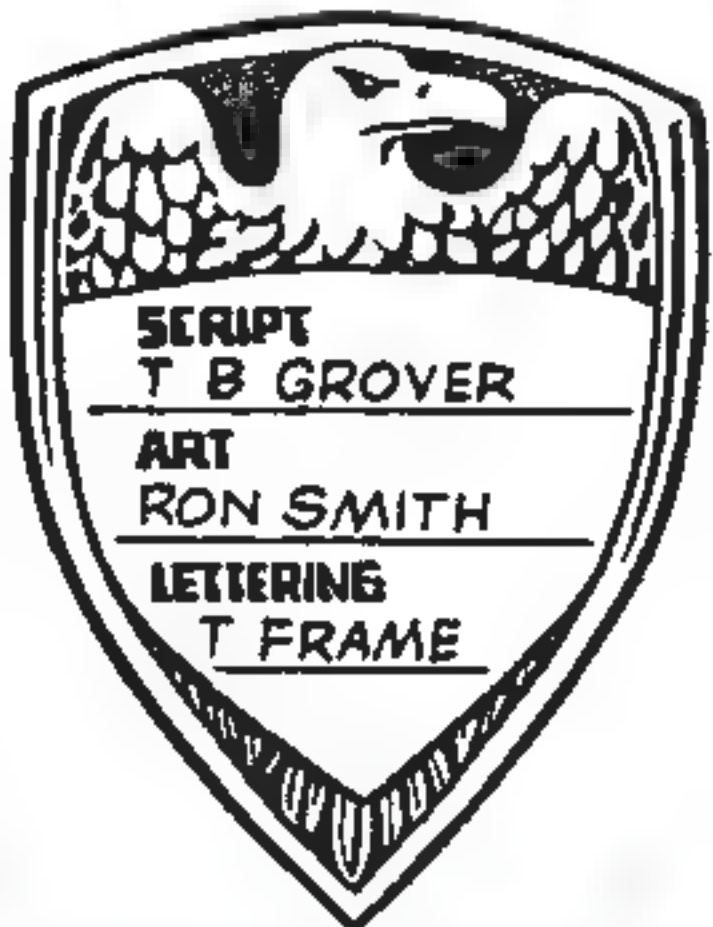






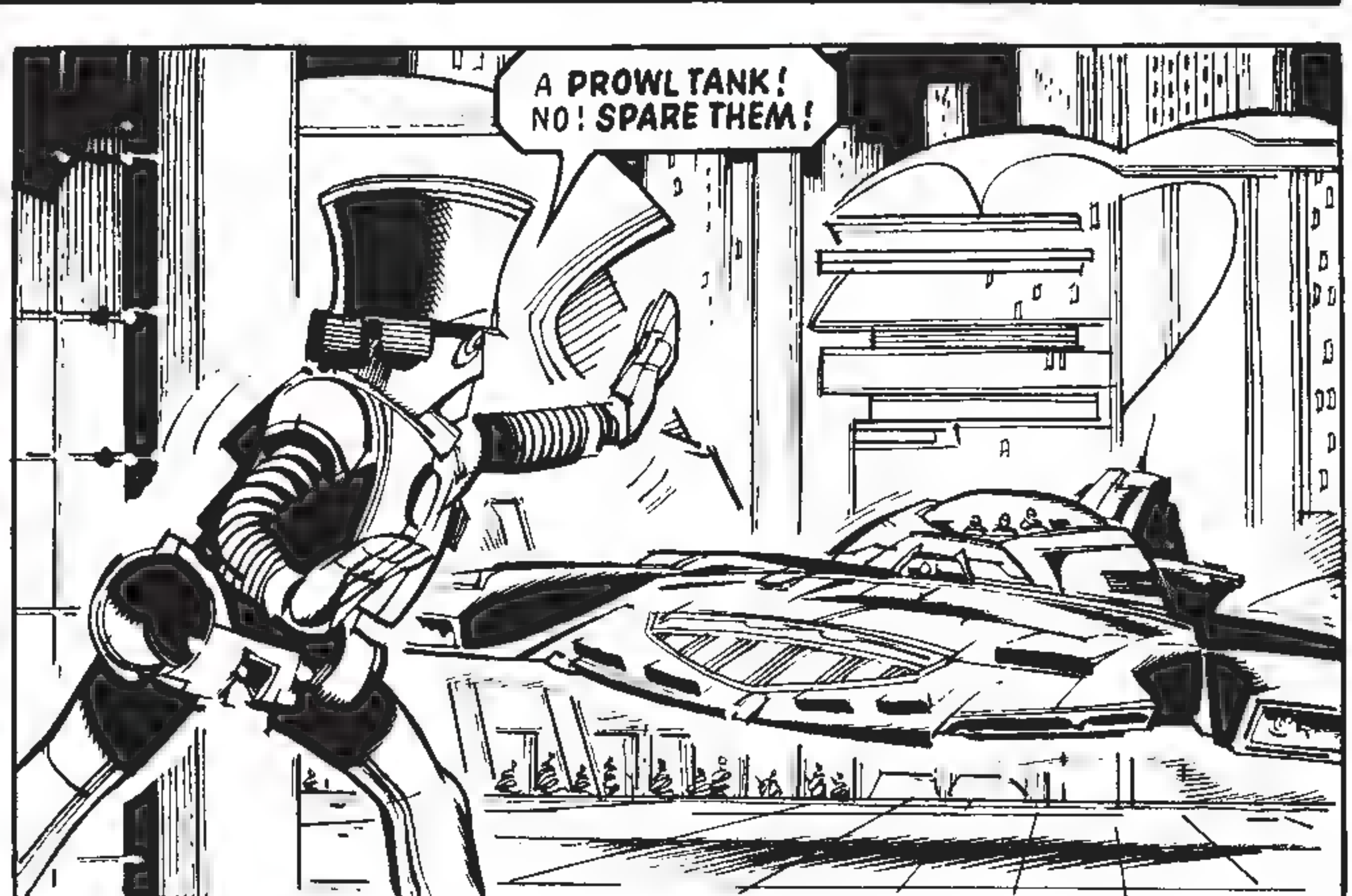
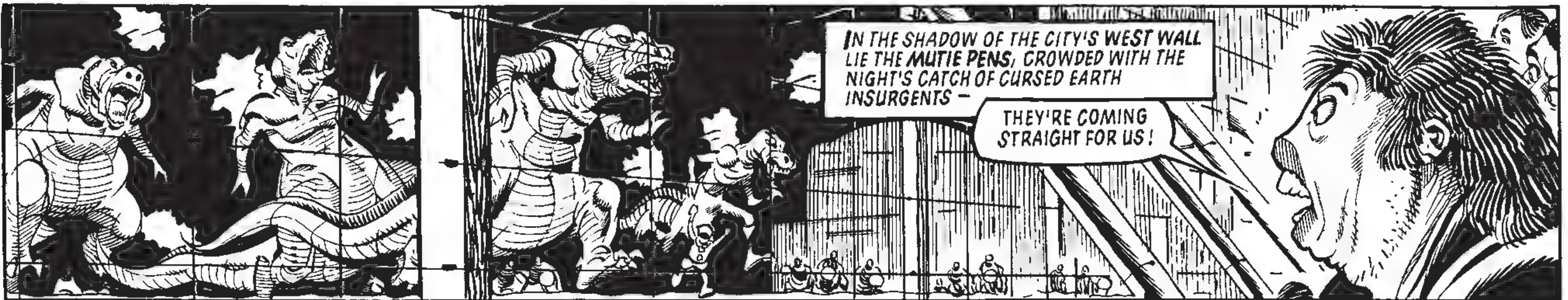


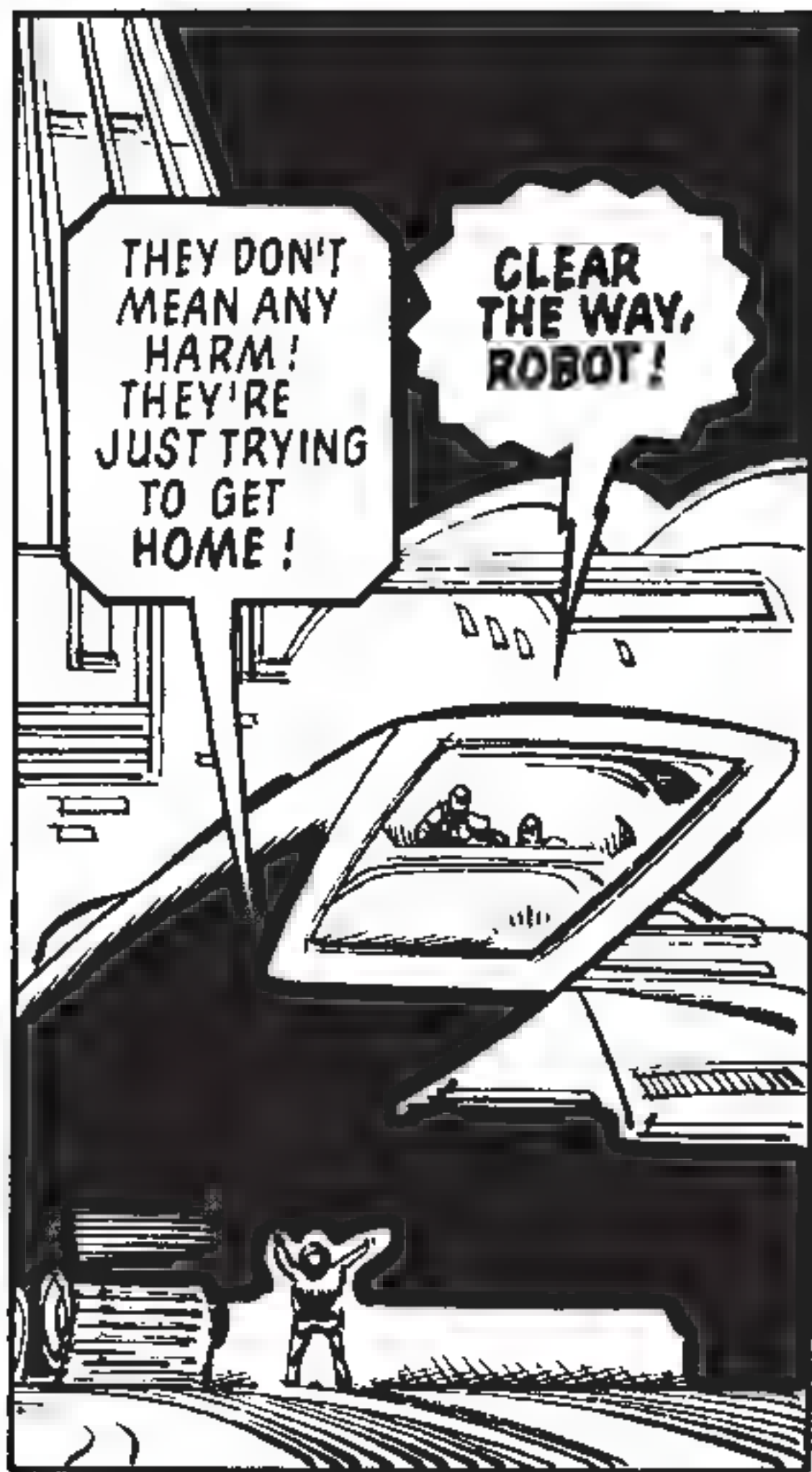
BOB & CAROL & TED & RINGO. Pt. 4.

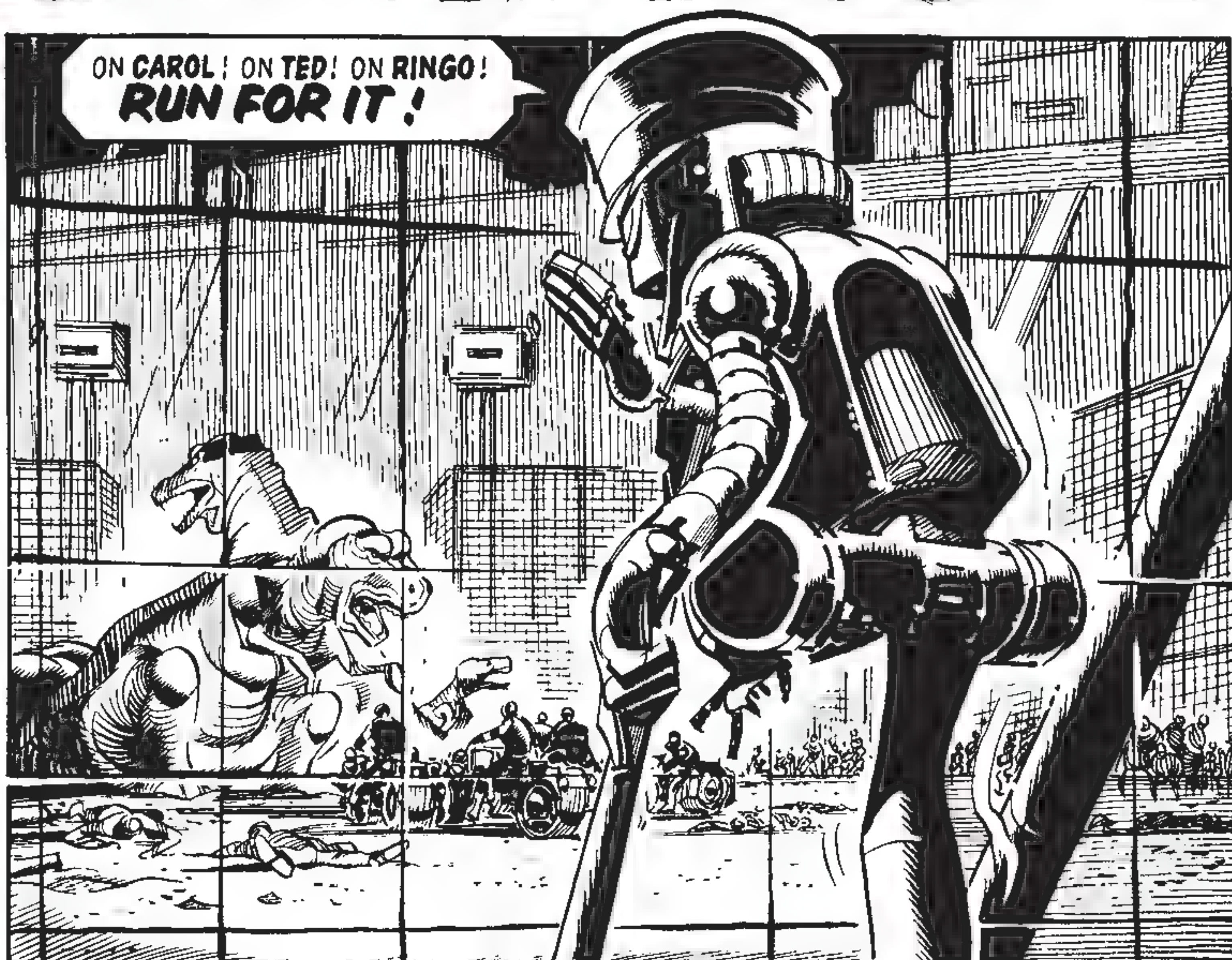
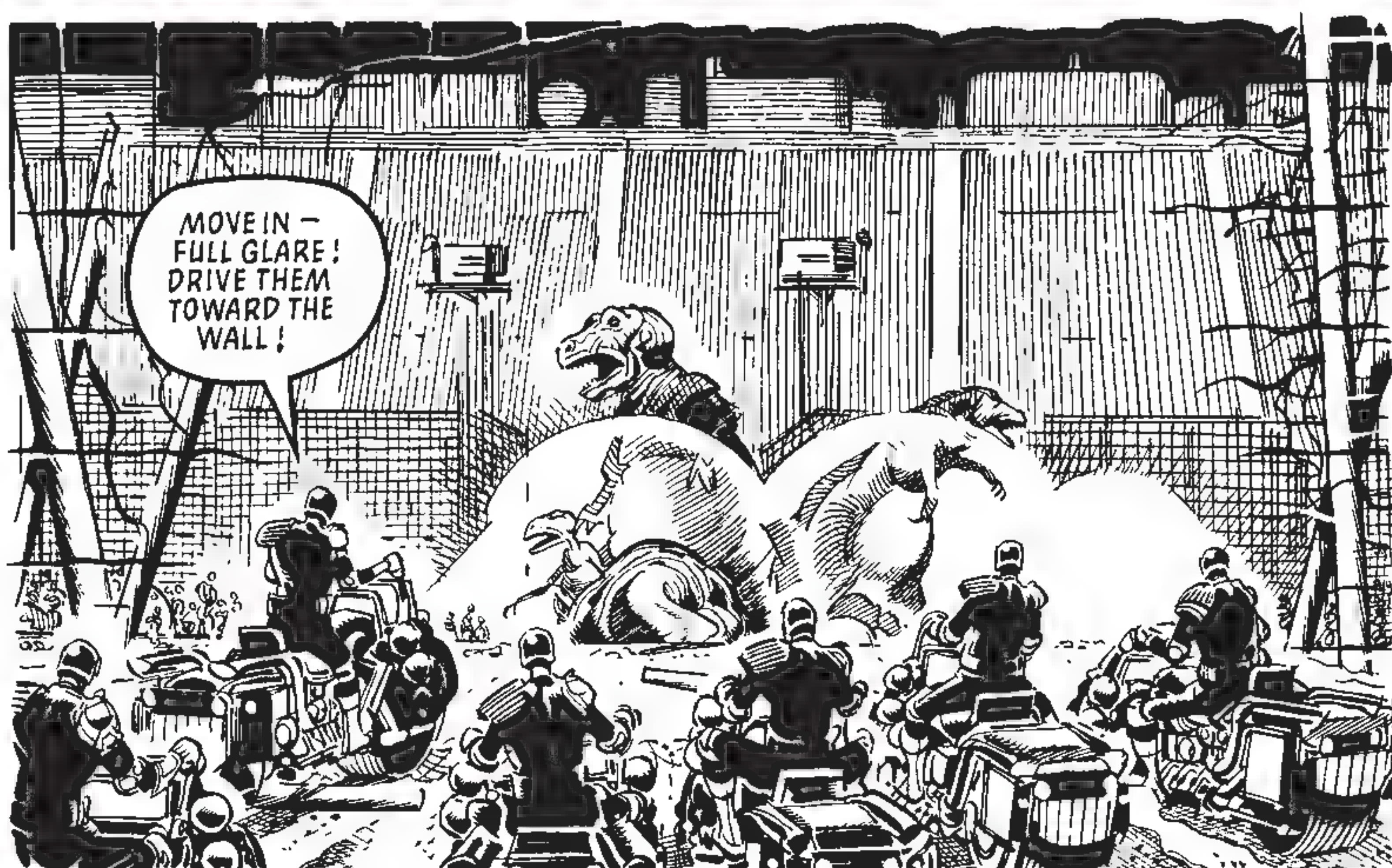


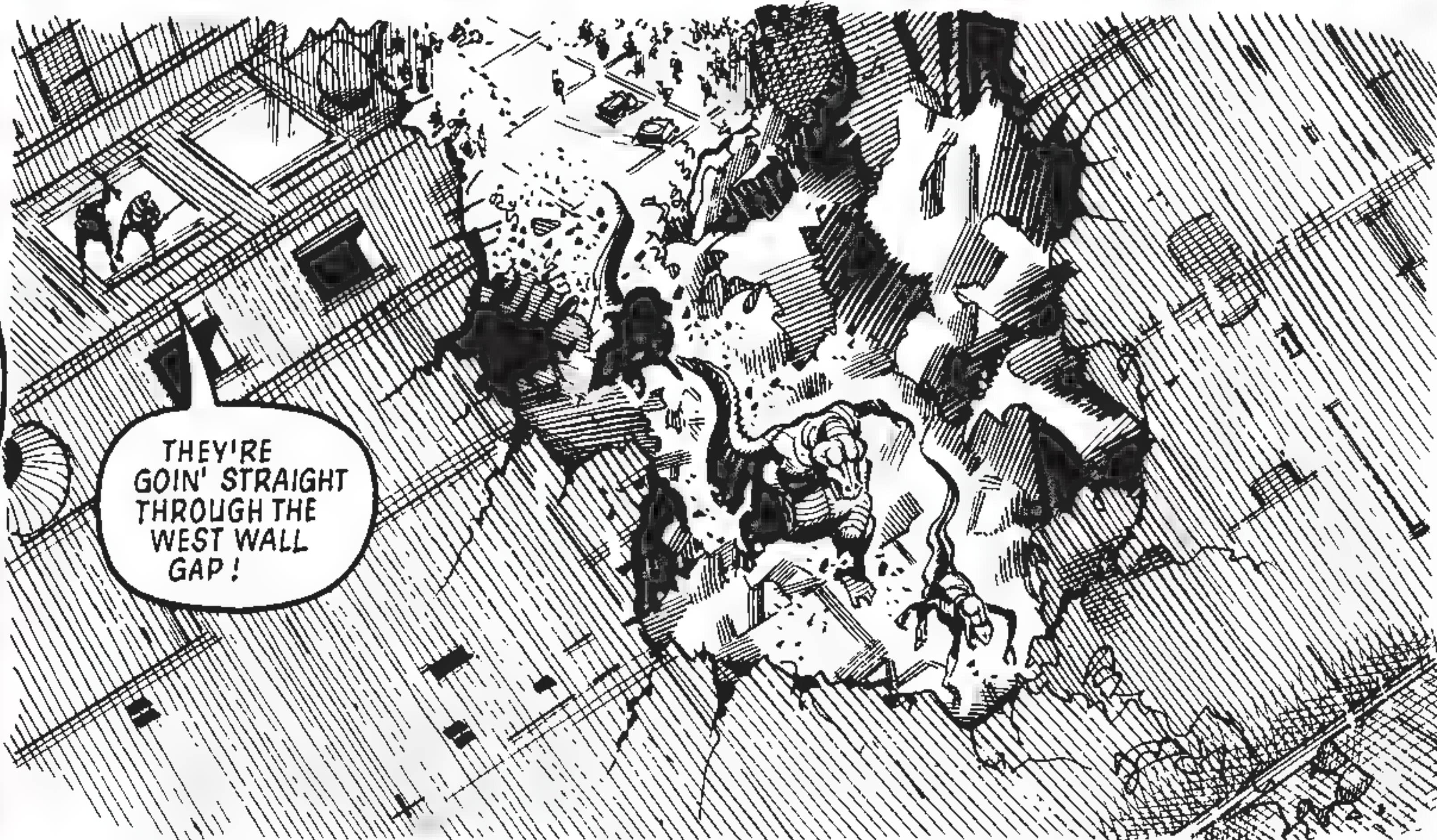
GRANVILLE, THE KEEPER ROBOT AT SKINNER'S DINOSAUR EXTRAVAGANZA, HAS TAKEN PITY ON FOUR HOMESICK DINOSAURS - BOB, CAROL, TED AND RINGO. BUT NOW, AS HE LEADS THEM BACK TO THE CURSED EARTH -

JUDGE DREDD













FOR FAILING TO EXERCISE PROPER CONTROL OF DANGEROUS ANIMALS, SHOWBIZ KING **IRRAWADDY SKINNER** IS DULY SENTENCED TO 17 YEARS' PENAL SERVITUDE.

YOU'VE PUT ON YOUR LAST SHOW FOR A WHILE, SKINNER.



THE END.

NEXT PROG:
PIEROMANIA

ON A MEGA-CITY STREET, A ROVING REPORTROID STOPS A FAMOUS FIGURE -

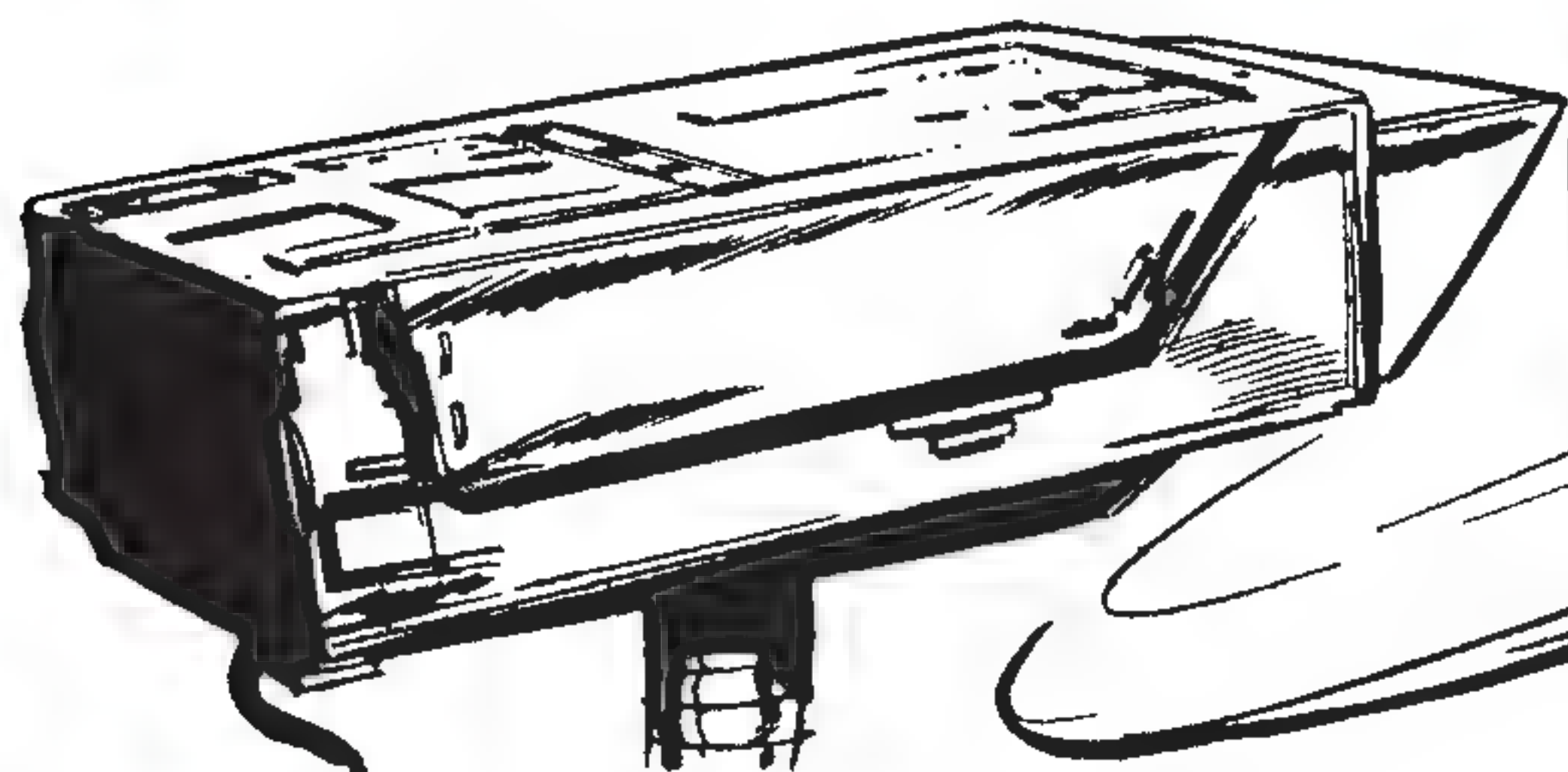
JUDGE DREDD - YOU'VE BEEN PATROLLING THESE STREETS FOR MANY YEARS NOW. TELL ME -



HEY!
JUDGE DREDD!

JUDGE DREDD

SPLATT!



YEEHAA!
I DID IT!
HA HA HA
HA!



SIX MONTHS,
CREEP!

IT WAS ONLY A
MINOR INCIDENT
IN A JUDGE'S DAY,
BUT OF SUCH
TRIVIAL
BEGINNINGS,
GREAT
CRAZES
ARE BORN!

PIEROMANIA



SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
KIM RAYMOND
LETTERING
T FRAME



GENERAL OPINION IS, IF YOU'D MOVED A BIT FASTER AND DUCKED THAT PIE, THIS CRAZE WOULD NEVER HAVE GOT OFF THE GROUND.



LISTEN, STEBBING, WHEN I'M OUT THERE I'M LOOKING FOR BULLETS, KNIVES, LASERS, BOMBS AND BOOBY TRAPS. THE LAST THING I'M WORRIED ABOUT IS SOME KOOK WITH A CUSTARD-SUBSTITUTE PIE!

OKAY, OKAY! I WAS ONLY TELLING YOU!



BETTER WATCH OUT FOR 'EM NOW, THOUGH—THE PIES ARE FLYIN' OUT THERE!

AS SO OFTEN HAPPENS, THE CRAZE FIRST TAKES ROOT AMONG THE CITY'S JUVES—

YOU HOOLIGANS! YOU OUGHT TO BE ARRESTED!



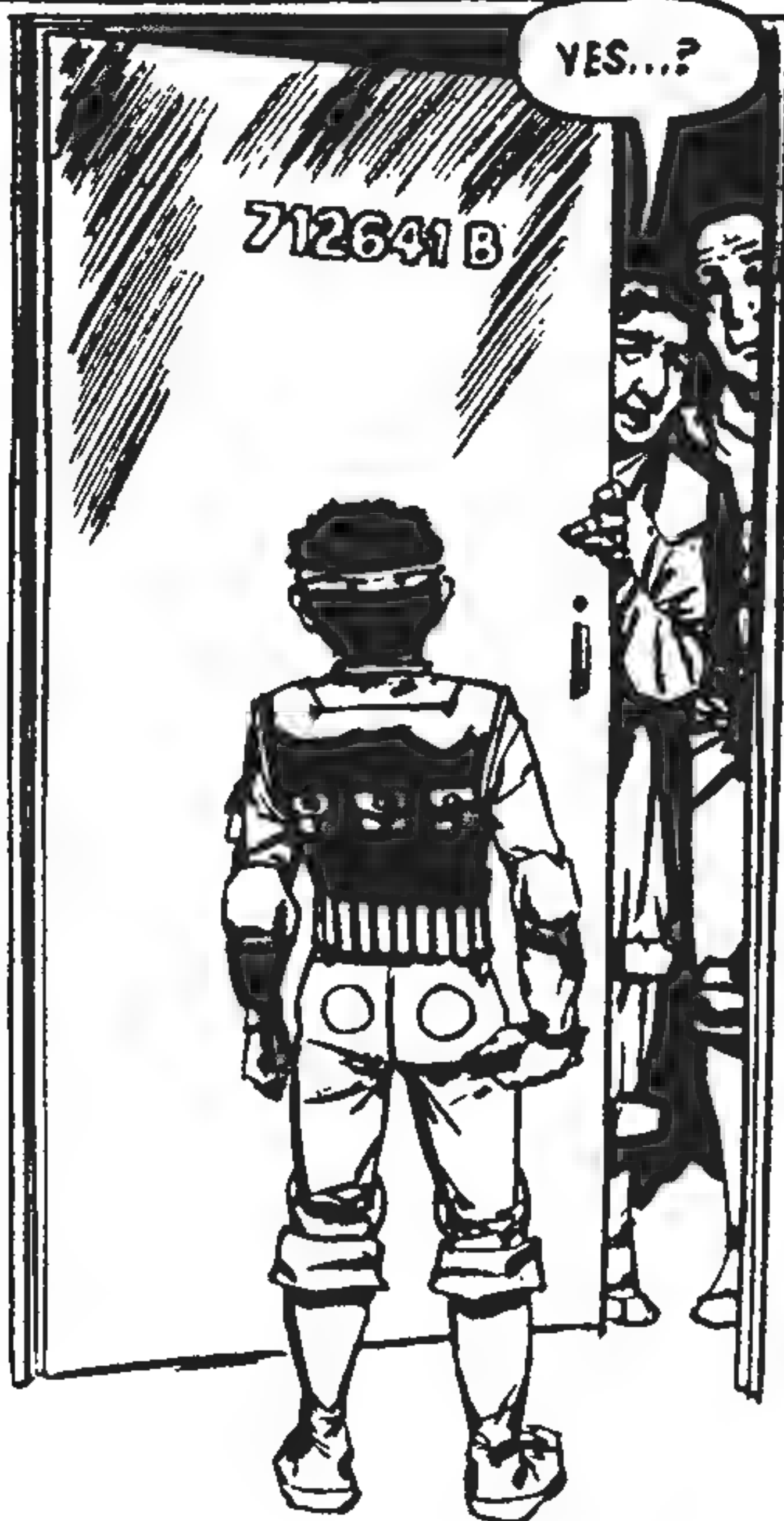
SPLUDGE!

SPLATT!

SPAT!

SPUG OFF, TOOTS!

LONE PIE THROWERS TAKE TO PREYING
ON INNOCENT BLOCK DWELLERS -



SOMETIMES, OF COURSE, THEY
COME IN LONE GANGS!

OH NO! THE
BIG JUVES!







SURPRISE!

SPLAT!

AT LAST, A GROUP OF OUTRAGED COUNCILLORS
PETITIONS GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE -



IT'S GETTING SO DECENT PEOPLE AREN'T SAFE IN THEIR
HOMES ANYMORE! WE DEMAND STIFFER SENTENCES FOR
PIE THROWERS - TRANSPORTATION TO THE WORK COLONIES - FLOGGING!



DON'T BE
RIDICULOUS!

WE START HANDIN' OUT
SENTENCES LIKE THAT
FOR PIE THROWING AND WE
CAN START QUESTIONING
OUR OWN SANITY!



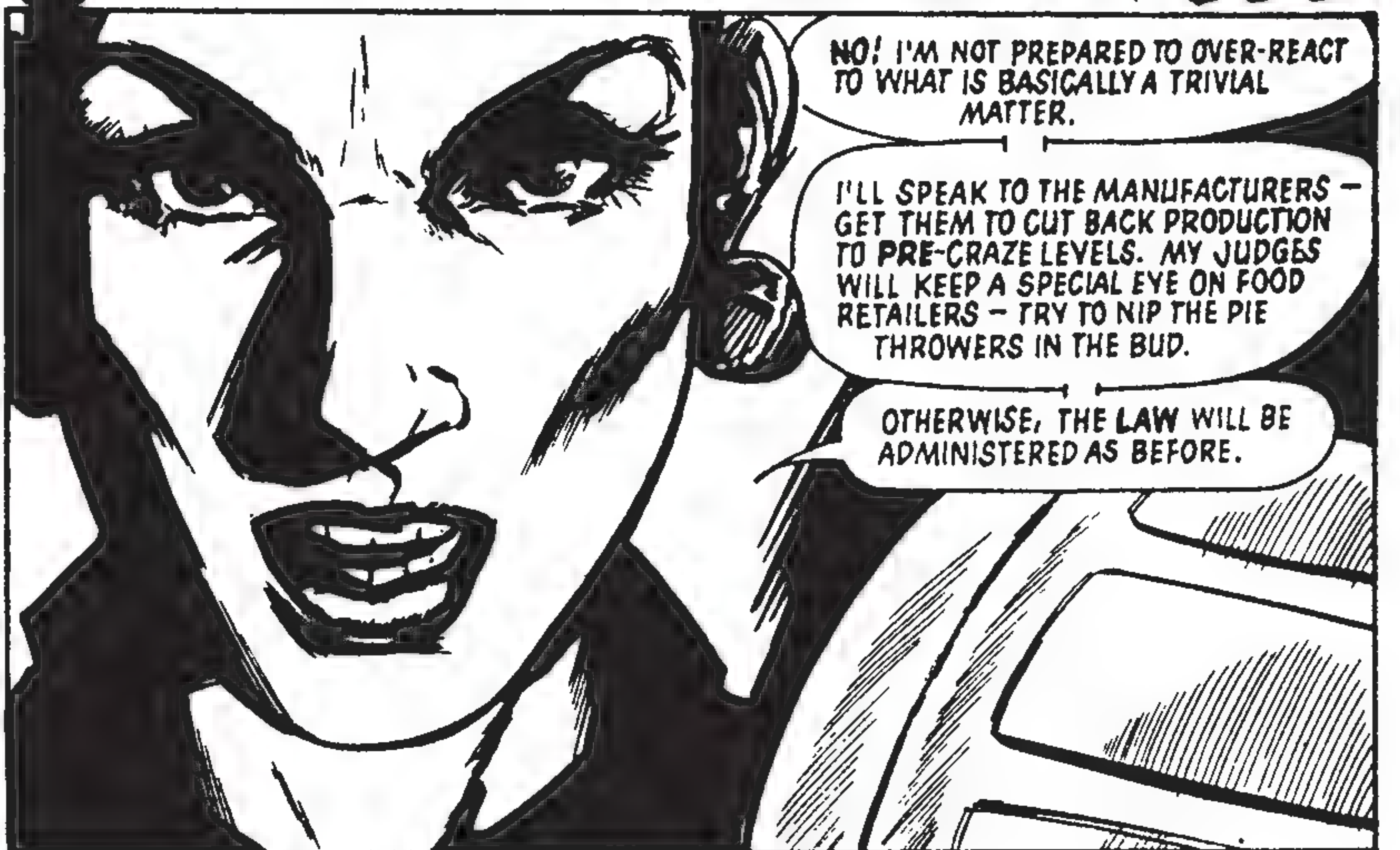
A BLANKET BAN,
THEN - NO PIES
ALLOWED IN
THE CITY!

YEAH - AND THE FIRST THING WE
GET IS PIE-LEGGERS - A
THRIVING BLACK MARKET.
CAUSE A LOT MORE TROUBLE
THAN IT'D SAVE.

BESIDES, WHAT
ABOUT THE CITIZENS
WHO GENUINELY
WANT TO EAT
PIES?



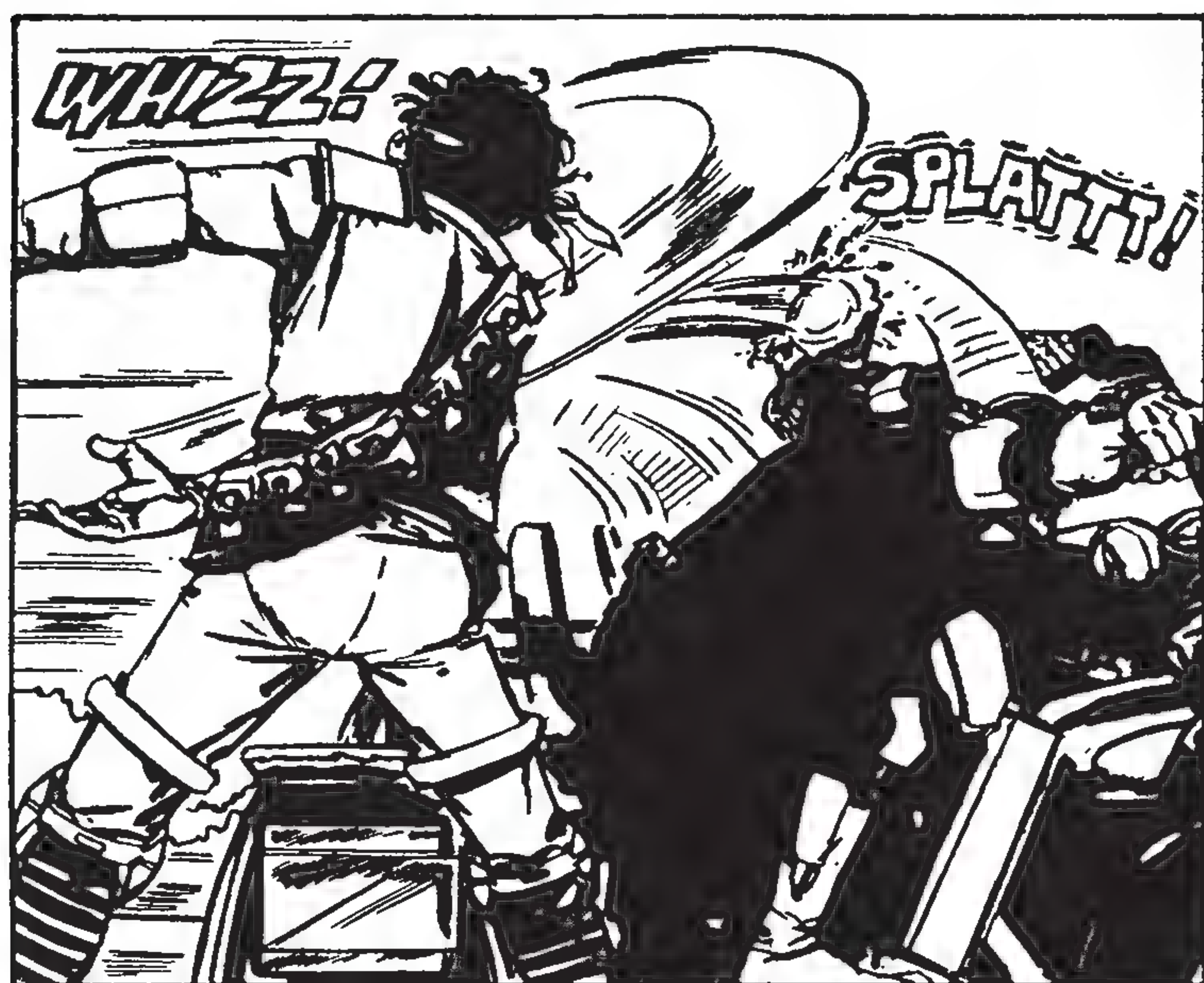
LET THEM
EAT CAKE!



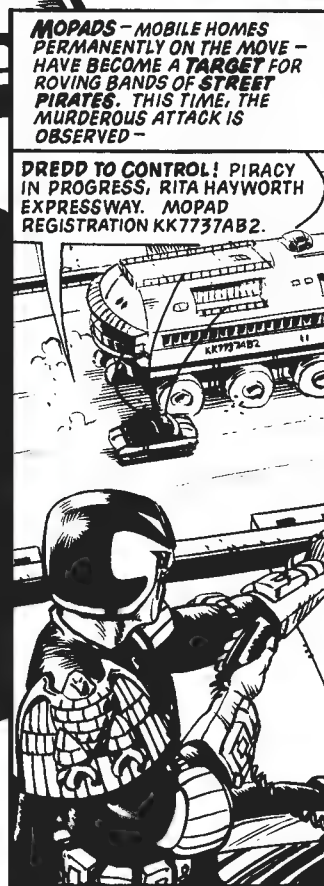
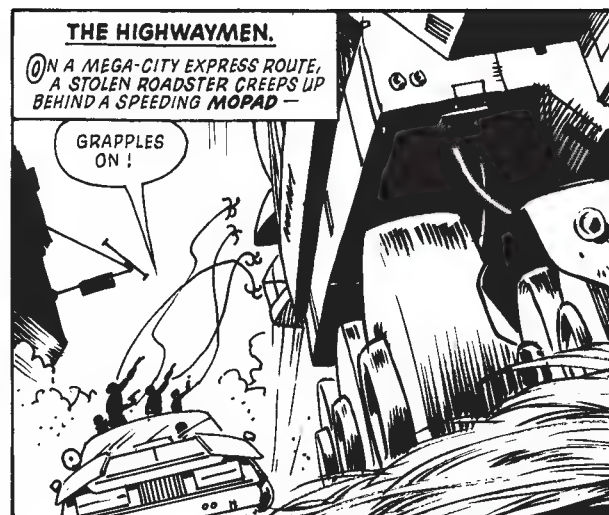
NO! I'M NOT PREPARED TO OVER-REACT
TO WHAT IS BASICALLY A TRIVIAL
MATTER.

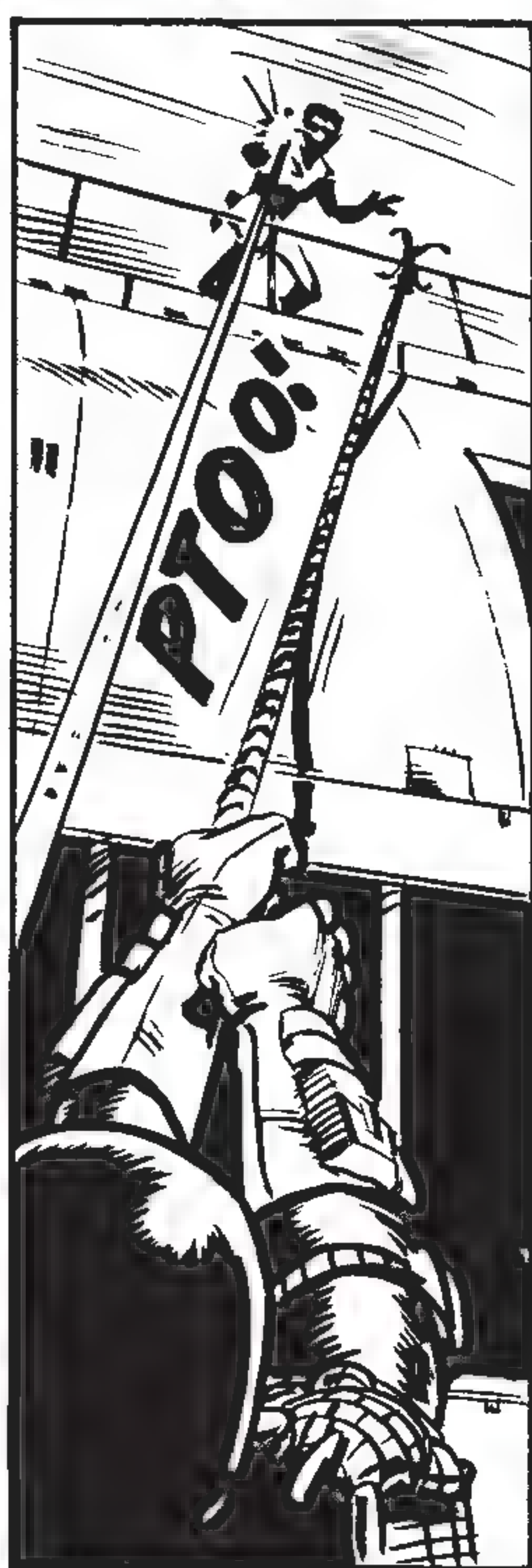
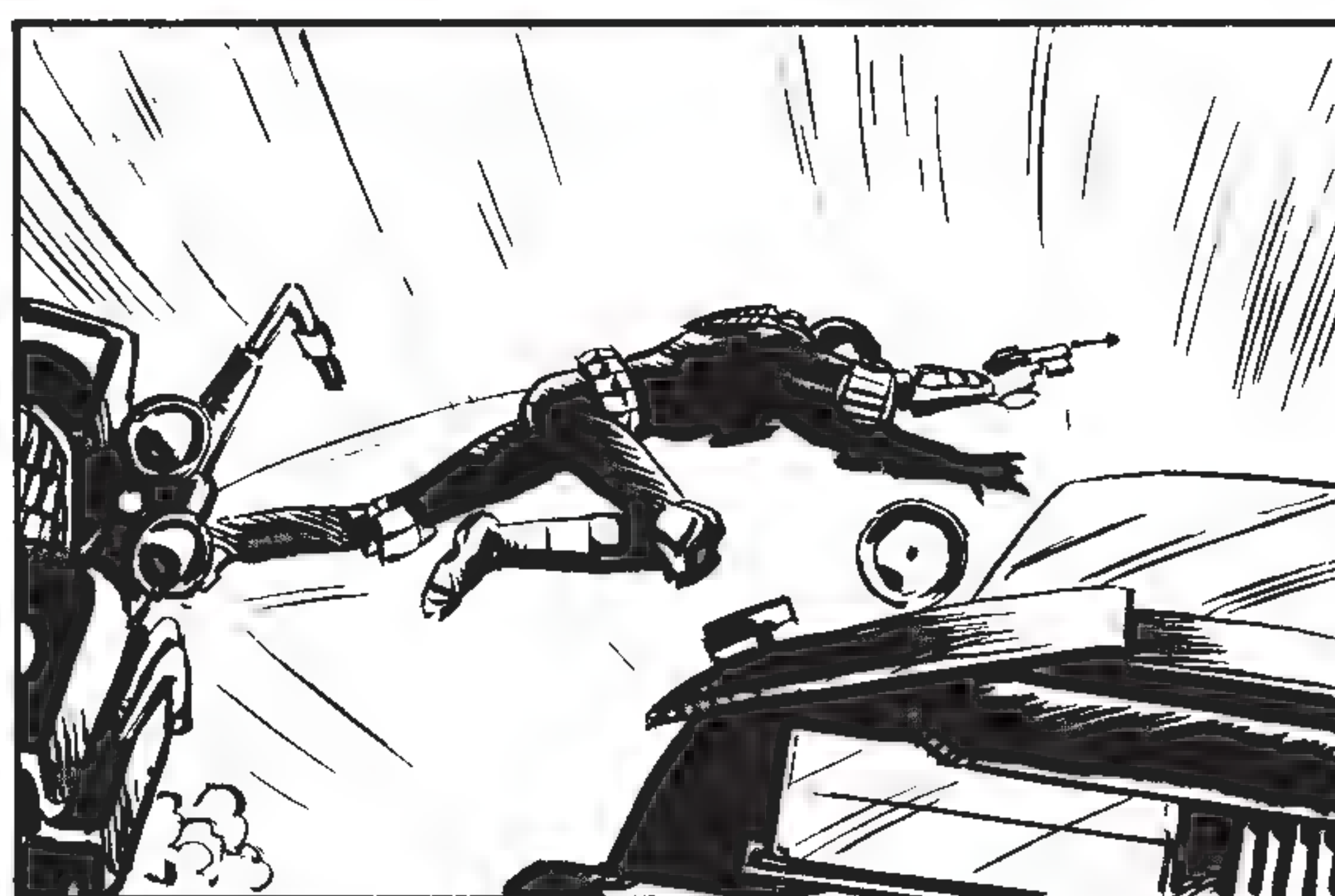
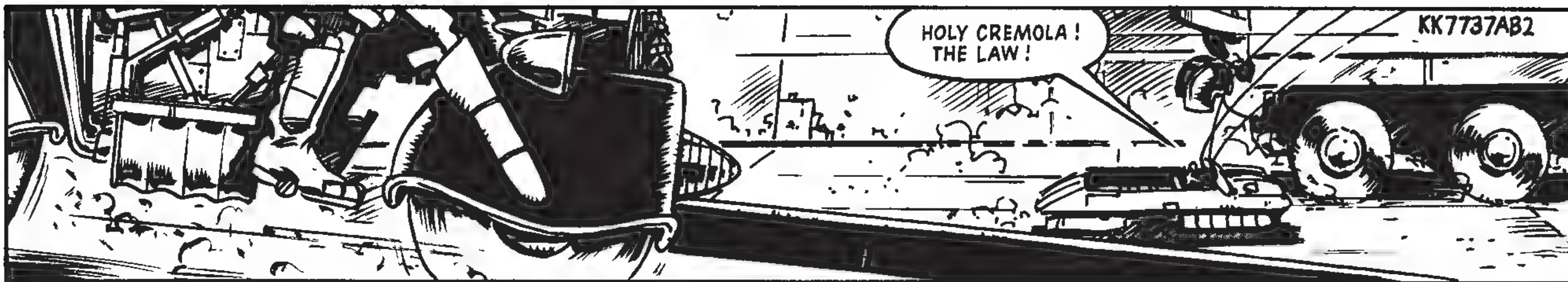
I'LL SPEAK TO THE MANUFACTURERS -
GET THEM TO CUT BACK PRODUCTION
TO PRE-CRAZE LEVELS. MY JUDGES
WILL KEEP A SPECIAL EYE ON FOOD
RETAILERS - TRY TO NIP THE PIE
THROWERS IN THE BUD.

OTHERWISE, THE LAW WILL BE
ADMINISTERED AS BEFORE.

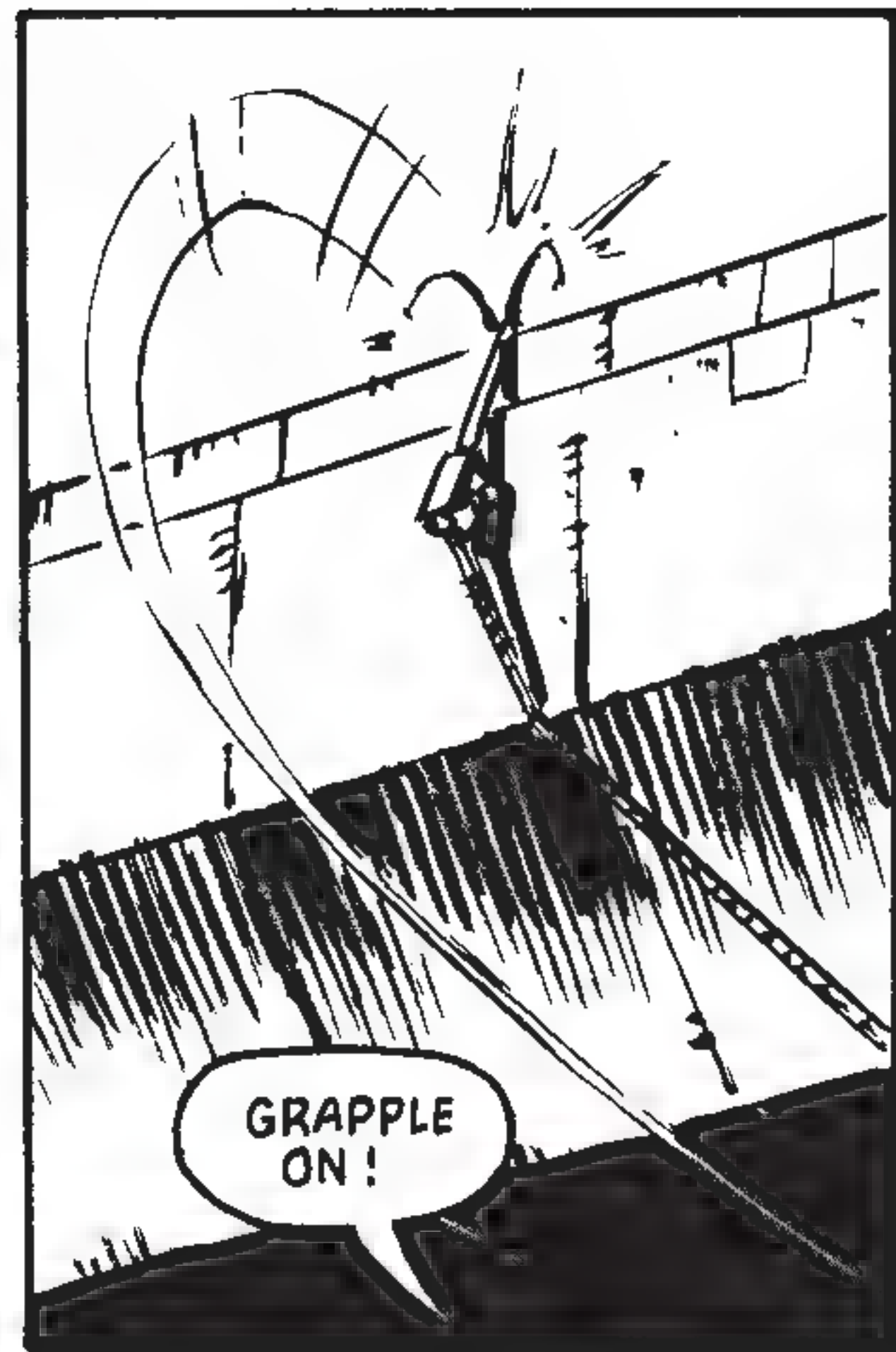


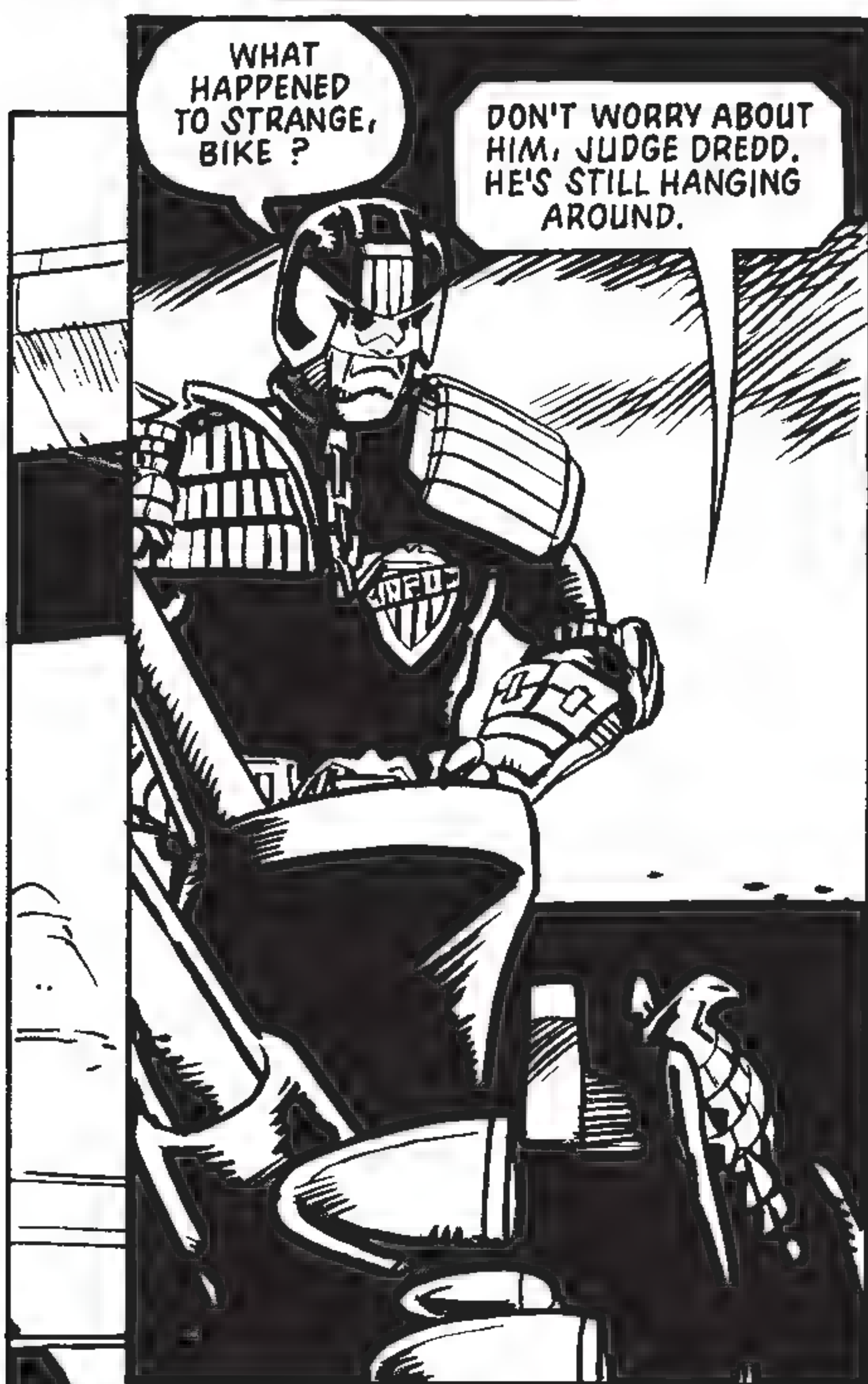
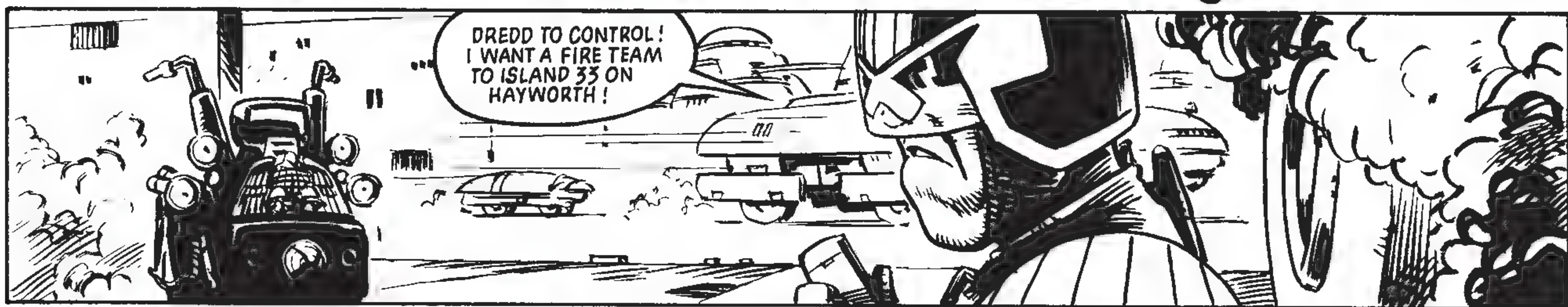












ARE YOU TIRED OF BEING MUGGED?



HEY, YOU! ARE YOU TIRED OF BEING ROBBED BY MUGGERS? DO YOU TREMBLE AT THE THOUGHT OF WALKING THE MEGA-CITY STREETS BY DAY OR NIGHT?



ARE YOU SICK OF COMING HOME LOOKING LIKE THIS?



WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY? YOU CAN'T AVOID BEING MUGGED? YOU'VE TRIED EVERYTHING -



SHOUTING FOR HELP DOESN'T WORK. OTHER PEOPLE JUST DON'T WANT TO KNOW!

DON'T INTERFERE! THEY MIGHT TURN ON US!

AAAHH!



PAYING UP WITH A SMILE IS EVEN WORSE! IT JUST MAKES THE MUGGERS ANGRY!

FOR THAT YOU GET IT DOUBLE!



BANNED

AND FORGET THAT ANTI-MUGGING SUIT! JUDGES HAVE BANNED THEM AS AN OFFENSIVE WEAPON!



FACE IT! THERE'S JUST NO WAY TO AVOID A MUGGING... ...UNTIL TODAY, THAT IS!



ANNOUNCING GUARD-O-PED! THE NEW PEDESTRIAN ESCORT AGENCY!

YES! TODAY GUARD-O-PED ARE OPENING BRANCHES IN HIGH-RISK MUGGING AREAS THROUGHOUT THE CITY! FOR A SMALL FEE, ONE OF OUR GUARD-O-PED G-MEN WILL ESCORT YOU ON YOUR JOURNEY!

ALL OUR G-MEN ARE SPECIALISTS IN UNARMED COMBAT! USING LEGALLY PERMITTED LEVELS OF COUNTER-VIOLENCE, THEY WILL DEFEND YOU FROM ALL ATTACK!

REMEMBER! IF YOU HAVE ANY REASON WHATSOEVER TO LEAVE YOUR HOME, YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT GUARD-O-PED!

GUARD-O-PED ARE ON THE MARCH!



WALK THE STREETS UNMOLESTED! CALL GUARD-O-PED, WE CAN'T BE BESTED!

SCRIPT ROBOT T.B. GROVER ART ROBOT EMBERTON LETTERING ROBOT T. FRAME

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER! USE GUARD-O-PED THIS WEEK AND GET TWO JOURNEYS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!

THE NEW ESCORT AGENCY
FOUND IMMEDIATE
FAVOUR WITH THE CITY'S
FRIGHTENED MILLIONS -

**DING
DONG**

GUARD-O-PED
CALLING!

I JUST
WANT TO
GO TO THE
BLOCK
SHOPS
ON THE
NEXT
FLOOR.

YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL
THESE DAYS, MA'AM.
GUARD-O-PED
WILL GET YOU
THERE
SAFELY!

THE TAP GANGS SOON CAME TO KNOW
AND FEAR THE CAPED G-MEN -

I WARN YOU THIS PERSON IS
UNDER THE PROTECTION OF
GUARD-O-PED! ANY
HOSTILE ACT AGAINST
HIM WILL BE
VIGOROUSLY
REPELLED!

HUH?

AAGGHH!

GEDDIM -

**U
U
U
H
H!**

DID YOU SEE THAT, JUDGE?
HE KNOCKED 'EM STUPID!

I USED ONLY
A LEGALLY
PERMITTED
LEVEL OF
VIOLENCE AS
SPECIFIED
UNDER CITY
SELF-DEFENCE
ORDINANCE
23.

AT THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE, JUDGE DREDD
VOICED THE UNEASE OF THE WHOLE FORCE -

WE'RE ALLOWING A PRIVATE ORGANISATION
TO TAKE THE LAW INTO ITS OWN HANDS. THE
PROTECTION OF THE CITIZENS IS OUR DUTY.

KENT FASSBINDER HEAD OF THE
GUARD-O-PED CORPORATION -

WITH RESPECT, CHIEF JUDGE, YOU
HAVE FAILED IN THAT DUTY. UNTIL
CITIZENS CAN BE GUARANTEED
SAFE PASSAGE ON OUR STREETS,
THEY MUST HAVE THE RIGHT
TO DEFEND THEMSELVES!

I UNDERSTAND YOUR
WORRIES, DREDD -
BUT I MUST GIVE
JUDGEMENT IN
FAVOUR OF CITIZEN
FASSBINDER.

WE'RE STILL SERIOUSLY
UNDER STRENGTH. WE MUST
FACE THE FACT THAT WE
CANNOT, AT PRESENT,
PROVIDE ADEQUATE
PROTECTION.

WITH THE G-MEN OUT IN FORCE, FORMER DANGER ZONES
WERE SOON TRANSFORMED INTO PEDESTRIAN HAVENS -

FINE
EVENING,
NEIGHBOUR!

IT IS - THANKS TO
GUARD-O-PED!

BUT AS THE MUGGERS
MOVED OUT, A NEW
DANGER APPEARED.
GUARD-O-PED'S VERY
SUCCESS MADE IT A
PRIME TARGET FOR
ANOTHER SECTION OF
THE COMMUNITY...THE
MEGA-CITY
CRAZIES!

SOME, WHO COULD NOT AFFORD GUARD-O-PED,
RESENTED THE FACT THAT ANYONE ELSE COULD!

STINKIN' SNOBS!
PELT 'EM!

GIMME THE
FRIDGE NEXT,
HERMIE! I
SEE ANOTHER
ONE DOWN
THERE!

GANGS OF ARMED JUVES,
INCENSED BY THE G-MEN'S TOUGH
IMAGE, SET OUT TO TAKE THEM
DOWN A PEG -

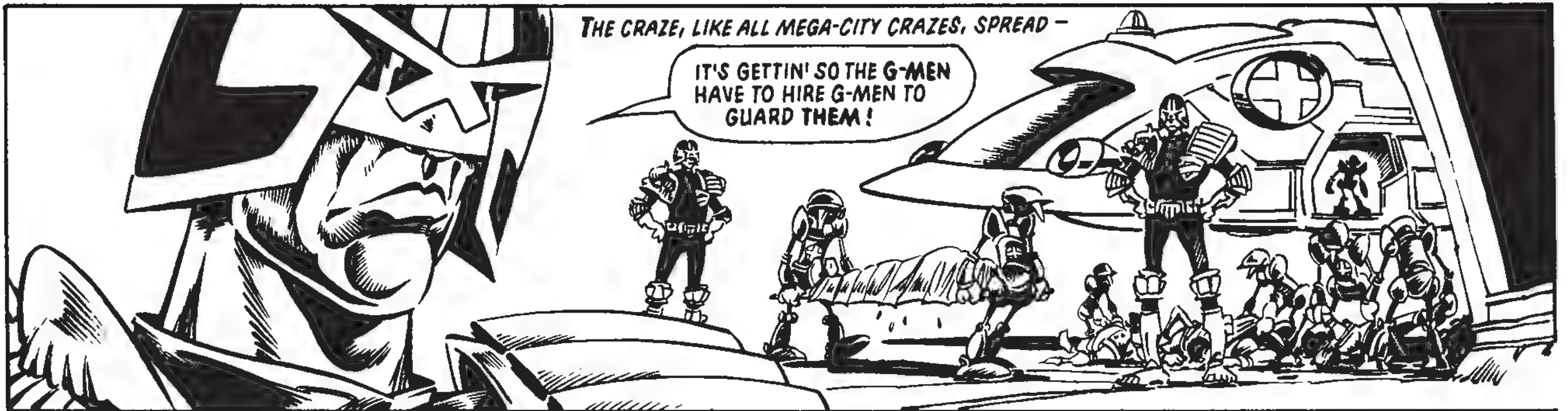
GUARD THAT,
SPUGGY!

SPLATT!

KKRUMP!

ZAPPOW!
ZAPPOW!
ZAPPOW!

CLIVE
JAMES
CHEEKY
BOYS!



THE CRAZE, LIKE ALL MEGA-CITY CRAZES, SPREAD -

IT'S GETTIN' SO THE G-MEN HAVE TO HIRE G-MEN TO GUARD THEM!



DREDD ONCE MORE PROTESTED -

THIS IS GETTING OUT OF HAND, CHIEF JUDGE. IT'S BECOME THE IN THING TO MUG A G-MAN! WE GOT CITIZENS WHO'VE NEVER COMMITTED A CRIME OUT THERE LINING UP TO BAG ONE!

MEANWHILE, THE REAL MUGGERS HAVE MOVED ON TO LOW RISK AREAS. WE'RE HAVING TO CONCENTRATE SO MANY JUDGES TO PROTECT THE G-MEN, THE MUGGERS ARE HAVING A FIELD DAY!



AGREED. GUARD-O-PED MUST GO. HOWEVER, IT HAS BEEN CLEARLY SHOWN THAT THE CITIZENS REQUIRE SOME KIND OF ADDITIONAL PROTECTION.

I HAVE THEREFORE DECIDED TO LIFT THE BAN ON ANTI-MUGGING SUITS.

ALL SENTENCES SO FAR PASSED IN CONNECTION WITH THESE SUITS WILL BE REVIEWED. GUIDELINES ON A MORE LENIENT INTERPRETATION OF SELF-DEFENCE ORDINANCE 23 WILL BE ISSUED TO ALL JUDGES.



WARNING TO MUGGERS !

ANTI-MUGGING SUITS ARE NOW LEGAL. JUSTICE DEPT CAN ACCEPT NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR INJURY OR DEATH SUSTAINED WHILE MUGGING THE WEARER OF SUCH A SUIT.

BY ORDER

Mc Gtader
CHIEF JUDGE

ANTI-MUGGING SUITS WERE SOON APPEARING IN EVERY QUARTER -



KENT FASSBINDER, FORMER HEAD OF GUARD-O-PED SOON FELL ON HARD TIMES. FORCED, TOWARDS THE END, TO PAY CITIZENS TO ALLOW HIS G-MEN TO GUARD THEM, HE HAD LOST EVERYTHING.

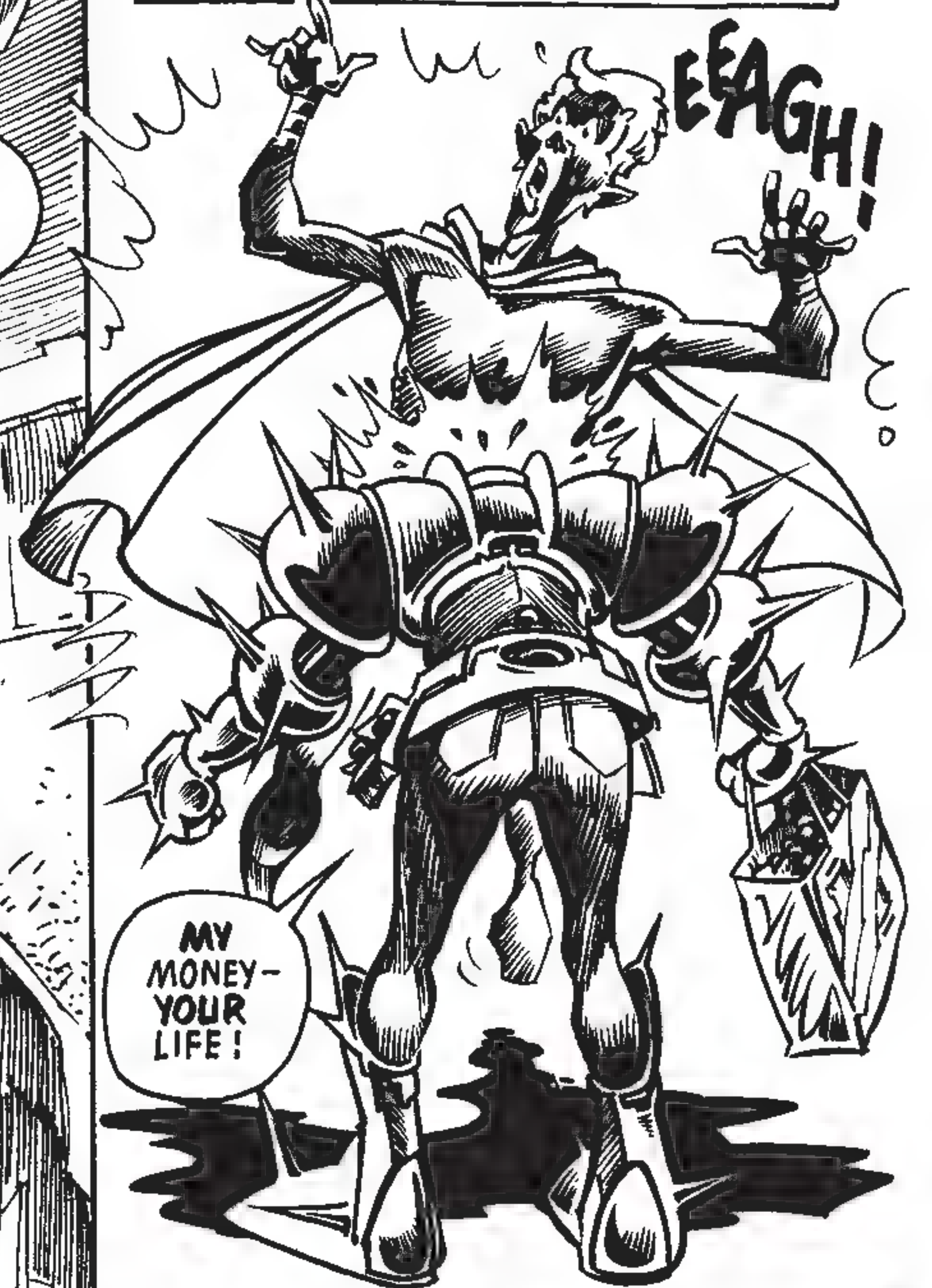


IN DESPERATION HE TURNED TO MUGGING TO RECOUP HIS LOSSES -



YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE, PAL!

KENT FASSBINDER BECAME ONE OF THE ANTI-MUGGING SUITS' FIRST FATALITIES!



MY MONEY-YOUR LIFE!

AND IN THIS CITY, A FORTUNE'S NOT EASY TO MAKE - ILLEGALLY OR LEGALLY!



AND HE WAS THE ONE WHO FOUGHT FOR THE CITIZENS' RIGHT TO DEFEND THEMSELVES!



ONLY BECAUSE HE SAW A FORTUNE IN IT FOR HIMSELF...

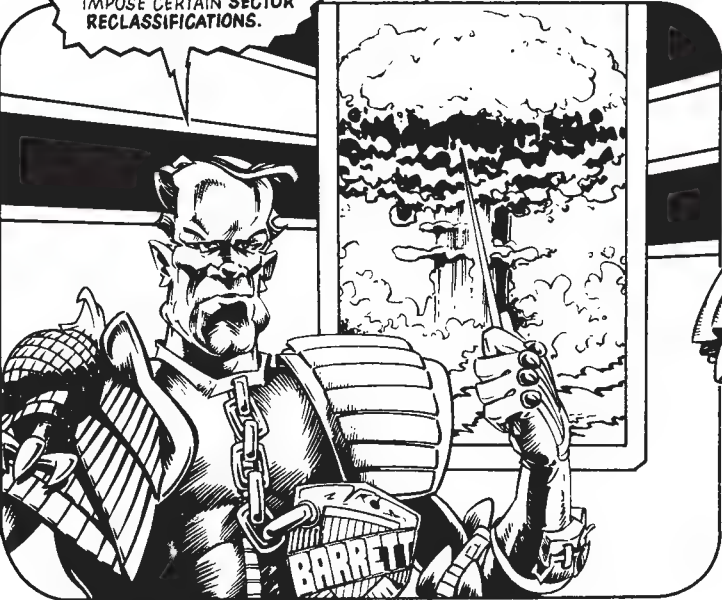
NEXT PROG.

ALL CHANGE!

IMPORTANT **BOUNDARY CHANGES** ARE IN THE OFFING FOR MEGA-CITY ONE -

CITIZENS, THE FACE OF OUR CITY HAS GREATLY **ALTERED** SINCE THE APOCALYPSE WAR*. VAST AREAS HAVE BEEN **DESTROYED**. OTHERS ARE POCK-MARKED BY **RAD-PITS** AND **DESOLATION ZONES**.

IT IS TIME, THEREFORE, TO IMPOSE CERTAIN **SECTOR RECLASSIFICATIONS**.



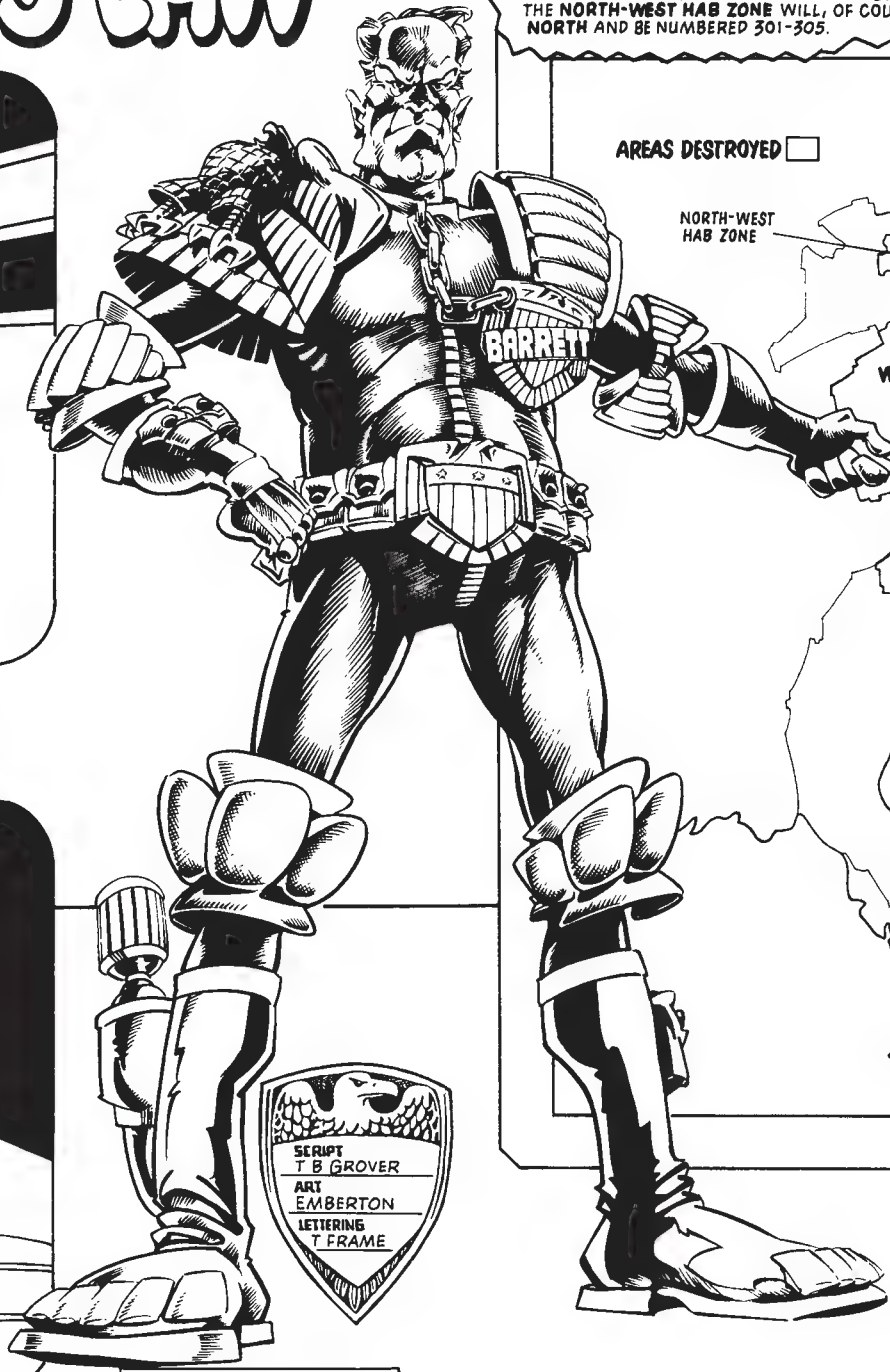
BE WARNED! JUSTICE DEPT EXPECT THESE CHANGES TO BE ACCOMPLISHED WITH A MINIMUM - REPEAT, **MINIMUM** - OF FUSS.



BOB'S LAW

THE DETAILS ARE QUITE SIMPLE...

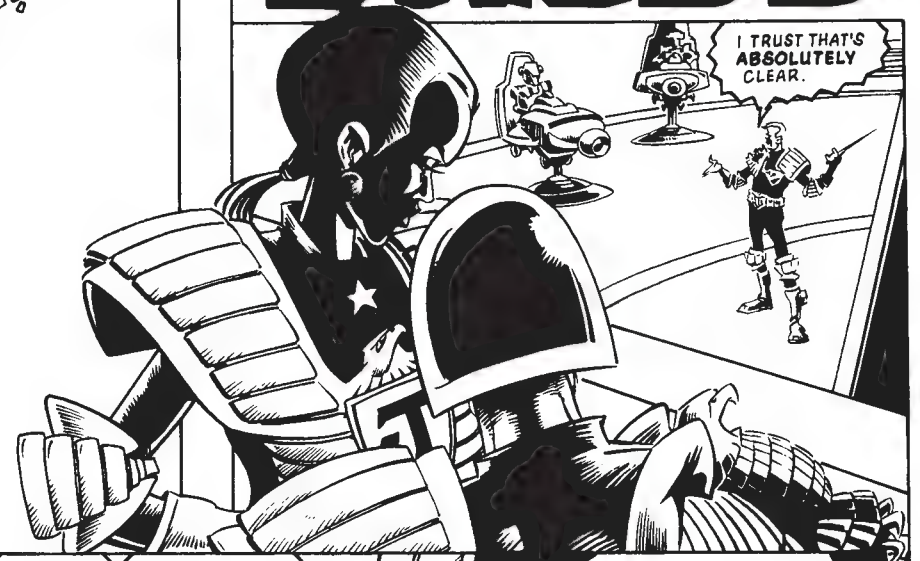
CENTRAL AREA WILL RETAIN ITS FORMER BOUNDARIES BUT BE REDUCED TO 20 SECTORS, NUMBERED CONCENTRICALLY FROM **SECTOR 1**. THE SOUTHERN BOUNDARIES OF **EAST** AND **WEST** AREAS WILL BE MOVED NORTH TO ACCOMMODATE THE NEW **SOUTH**. **EAST** AREA WILL COMPRISE SECTORS 21-108, RADIATING IN SEQUENCE FROM THE EASTERN EDGE OF **CENTRAL AREA**. **SOUTH**, **WEST** AND **NORTH** AREAS WILL FOLLOW A SIMILAR PATTERN, EXCEPT IN THE **NORTH**, WHERE SECTOR NUMBERING WILL BE ON AN **EAST-WEST** BASIS. THE **NORTH-WEST HAB ZONE** WILL, OF COURSE, BE CLASSIFIED AS **NORTH** AND BE NUMBERED 301-305.



SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
EMBERTON
LETTERING
T FRAME

*THARG NOTE: SEE PROGS 245-270.

JUDGE DREDD



I TRUST THAT'S ABSOLUTELY CLEAR.

WHAT DO YOU THINK, DREDD?

I THINK WE GOT A P.R. PROBLEM!





WORK ON ALTERING THE CITY'S BILLIONS OF SIGNS BEGINS IMMEDIATELY -

I DON'T CARE WHETHER THEY CALL IT 162 OR 50 - IT'S STILL A LOUSY SECTOR!

TEAMS OF CIVIC OFFICIALS TOUR THE BLOCKS TO EXPLAIN THE MEASURES -

I'VE LIVED IN SECTOR 11 ALL MY LIFE! I AIN'T MOVIN' TO SECTOR 290 FOR NOBODY!

BUT, CITIZEN, I'M TRYING TO EXPLAIN - YOU DON'T HAVE TO MOVE ANYWHERE!



ALL WE'RE DOING IS CHANGING THE NUMBERS.

THAT'S A DIRTY TRICK! YOU CAN'T GET ME TO MOVE, SO YOU STEAL MY SECTOR!



WELL, SPUG YOU, PAL!

AS IN ANY MEASURE REQUIRING PUBLIC CO-OPERATION, CO-OPERATION IS REMARKABLY ABSENT. ATTACKS ON CIVIC OFFICIALS REACH CRAZE PROPORTIONS -



THIS IS MURDER! SEND FOR THE JUDGES!



THE WHOLE BLOCK'S DECLARED ITSELF AN INDEPENDENT SECTOR 115 PROTECTORATE!

THEY'VE KILLED TWELVE CIVOS!

GET IN THERE! CALM 'EM DOWN!

SECTOR 115 NO PROUD OF IT!



GIVE ME 115 OR GIVE ME DEATH!

ABOVE YOU, DREDD! LOOK OUT!



24 HOURS AFTER THE BOUNDARY CHANGES CAME INTO EFFECT, THE STATISTICS MAKE ALARMING READING -

BOUNDARY CHANGES

RELATED ARRESTS :	78,093
LEAPERS :	989
PSYCHO-CUBE ADMISSIONS :	2,005
CIVIC OFFICIALS DEAD :	73
CIVIC OFFICIALS WOUNDED :	1,222



BOB - BOB WEZZEL, THE OBSCURE 21ST CENTURY "PEOPLE'S" PHILOSOPHER.



CRIME FIGURES HAVE DROPPED
BACK TO NORMAL, CHIEF JUDGE.

BUT THERE'S STILL
ONE PROBLEM -



BY MY RECKONING, THE
SECTOR RELOCATION BONUS IS
GOING TO COST US 42 BILLION
CREDITS. WHERE ARE WE
GOING TO GET THE MONEY
TO PAY FOR IT?



WHERE DO WE
ALWAYS GET
IT? TAX.



YES...WHAT
SHALL WE CALL IT -
SECTOR
RELOCATION
TAX?

THAT MIGHT STRIKE A RAW NERVE, CHIEF JUDGE.
WHY NOT IMPOSE A SLIDEWALK TAX? DON'T
THINK WE'VE GOT ANYTHING ON SLIDEWALKS
AT THE MOMENT.

NO GOOD. UNFAIR. NOT
EVERYBODY USES THEM.



WHAT
ABOUT
AIR?
EVERYBODY
HAS TO
BREATHE.

GOOD IDEA.
A CLEAN
AIR TAX -
ONCE ONLY
PAYMENT,
100
CREDITS.



NO, BETTER
MAKE IT 105 -
TO COVER
ADMINISTRATION
COSTS.



THAT
BARRETT,
IS BOB'S
THIRD
LAW.

BOB'S THIRD
LAW?



"WHAT JUSTICE DEPT
GIVETH, JUSTICE DEPT CAN
JUST AS EASILY TAKETH
AWAY".

THE END.

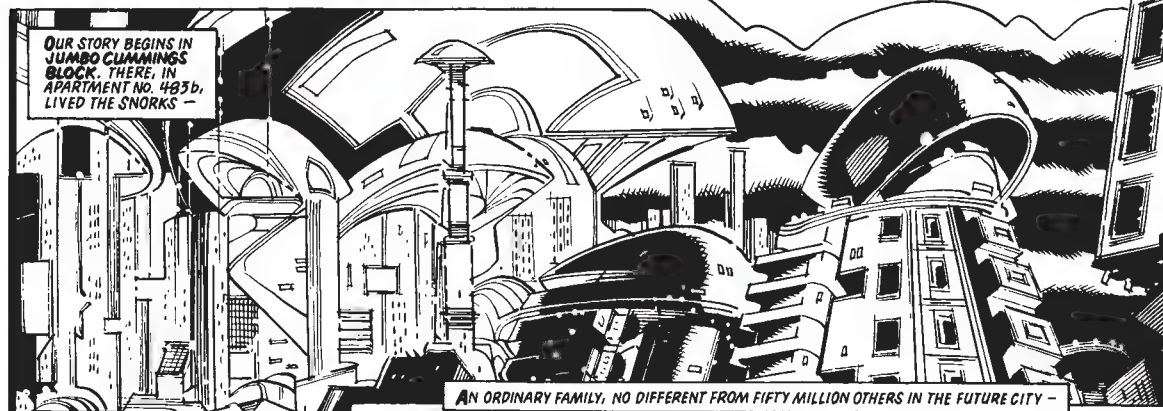
NEXT PROG:
MEET CITIZEN SNORK?



JUDGE DREDD

THIS IS THE STORY OF JAMES FENEMORE SNORK, A CITIZEN OF MEGA-CITY ONE WHO ROSE FROM DULL OBSCURITY TO SHINE FOR A BRIEF HOUR ON THE STAGE OF LIFE. A YOUNG MAN WITH A VISION AND THE COURAGE TO PURSUE IT...

A YOUNG MAN WITH A VERY BIG NOSE!



OUR STORY BEGINS IN JUMBO CUMMINGS BLOCK. THERE, IN APARTMENT NO. 483b, LIVED THE SNORKS -

AN ORDINARY FAMILY, NO DIFFERENT FROM FIFTY MILLION OTHERS IN THE FUTURE CITY -



SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
T FRAME

JAMES FENEMORE SNORK, HIMSELF.



HIS FATHER, ALOYSIUS SNORK.



AND HIS MOTHER, MALARIA SNORK.



CITIZEN SNORK

PART ONE



ALOSIUS SNORK, FORTY-FIVE, CHRONICALLY UNEMPLOYED - A MAN WITH NO PAST AND LESS FUTURE. TRAPPED IN THE CRUSHING BOREDOM OF CITYBLOCK EXISTENCE.



THERE WAS ONLY ONE JOY IN FATHER ALOYSIUS SNORK'S HUMDRUM LIFE. EACH DAY HE DROPPED HIS GLISTENING SYNTHETIC BAT SUIT AND BECAME...



EASY GLIDER!

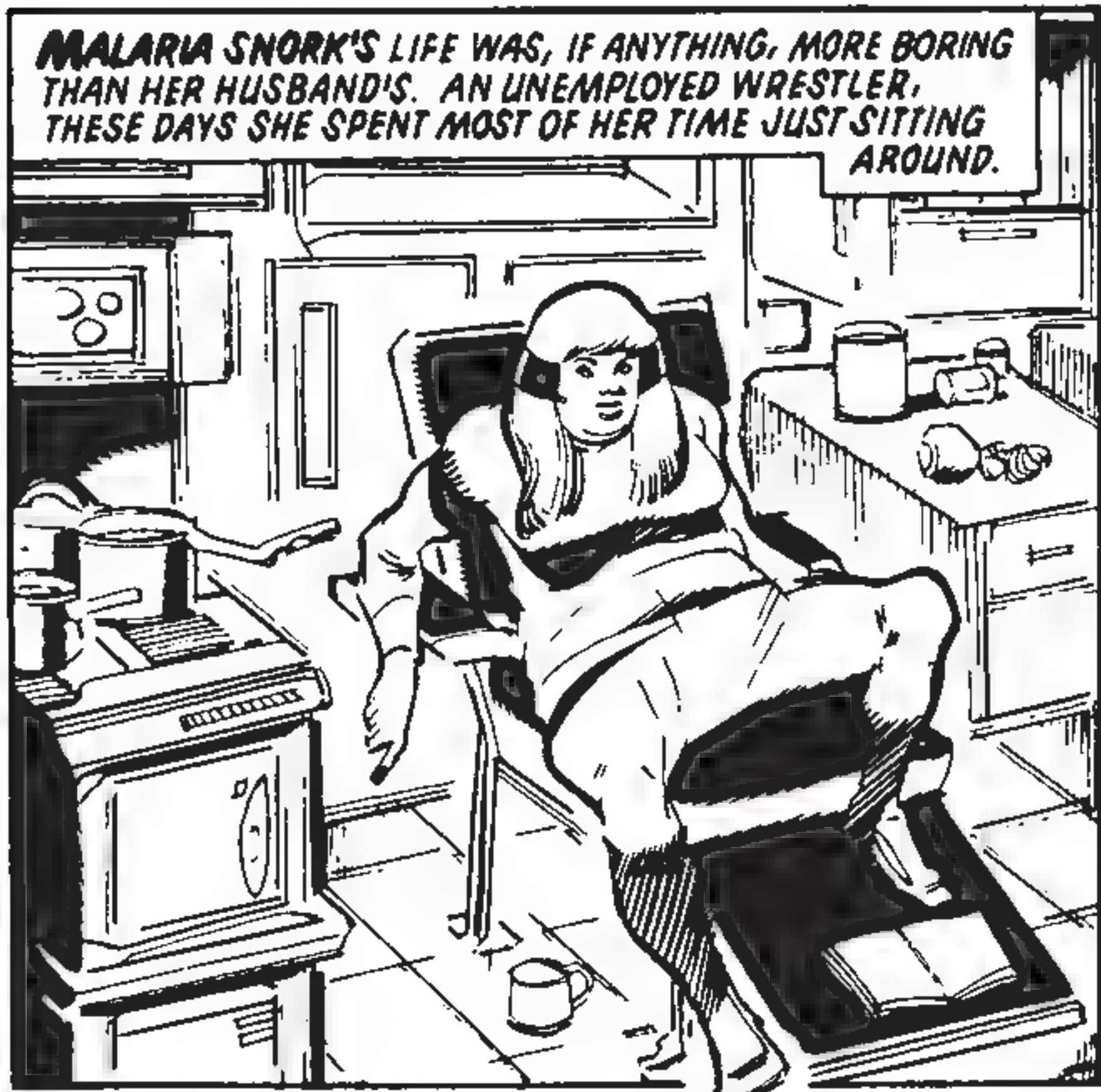
THERE, SOARING AMIDST THE SWIRL OF FELLOW BATTERS, THE WIND WHIPPING IN HIS FACE, ALOYSIUS SNORK WAS FREE!



HELLO, WORLD!
THIS HERE'S EASY GLIDER!
AIN'T IT GOOD TO BE
ALIVE!



MALARIA SNORK'S LIFE WAS, IF ANYTHING, MORE BORING THAN HER HUSBAND'S. AN UNEMPLOYED WRESTLER, THESE DAYS SHE SPENT MOST OF HER TIME JUST SITTING AROUND.



SOMETIMES SHE'D SIT IN THE KITCHEN, SOMETIMES IN THE HALL.



OTHER TIMES SHE'D SIT SOMEWHERE ELSE.



ON THURSDAYS SHE'D GO DOWN TO APARTMENT 300K AND SIT WITH HER FRIEND FLATULA -

I'M OFF THEN, DEAR.
WHEN YOUR FATHER
FLAPS IN, TELL HIM
I'M SITTING WITH
FLATULA.

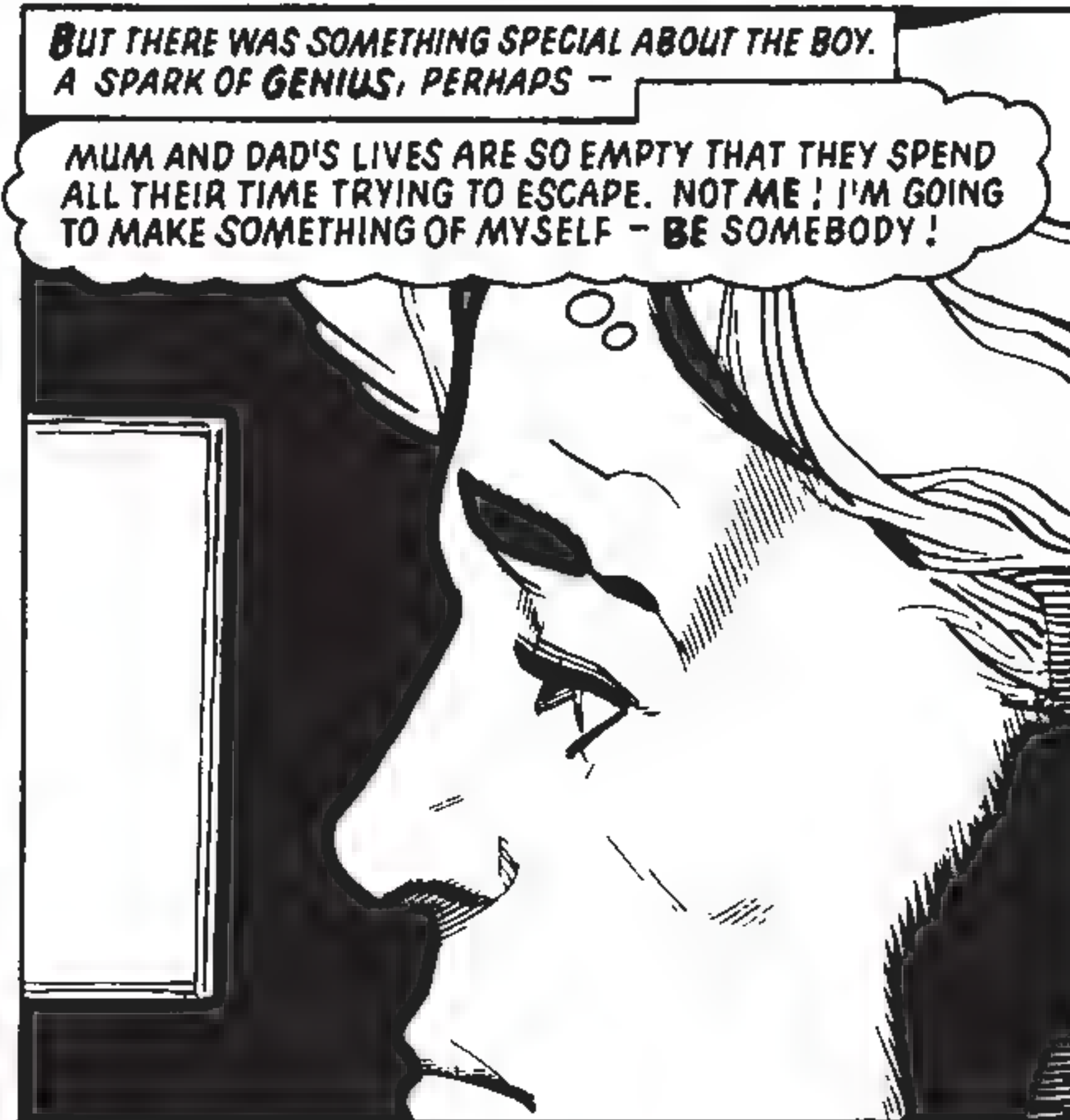


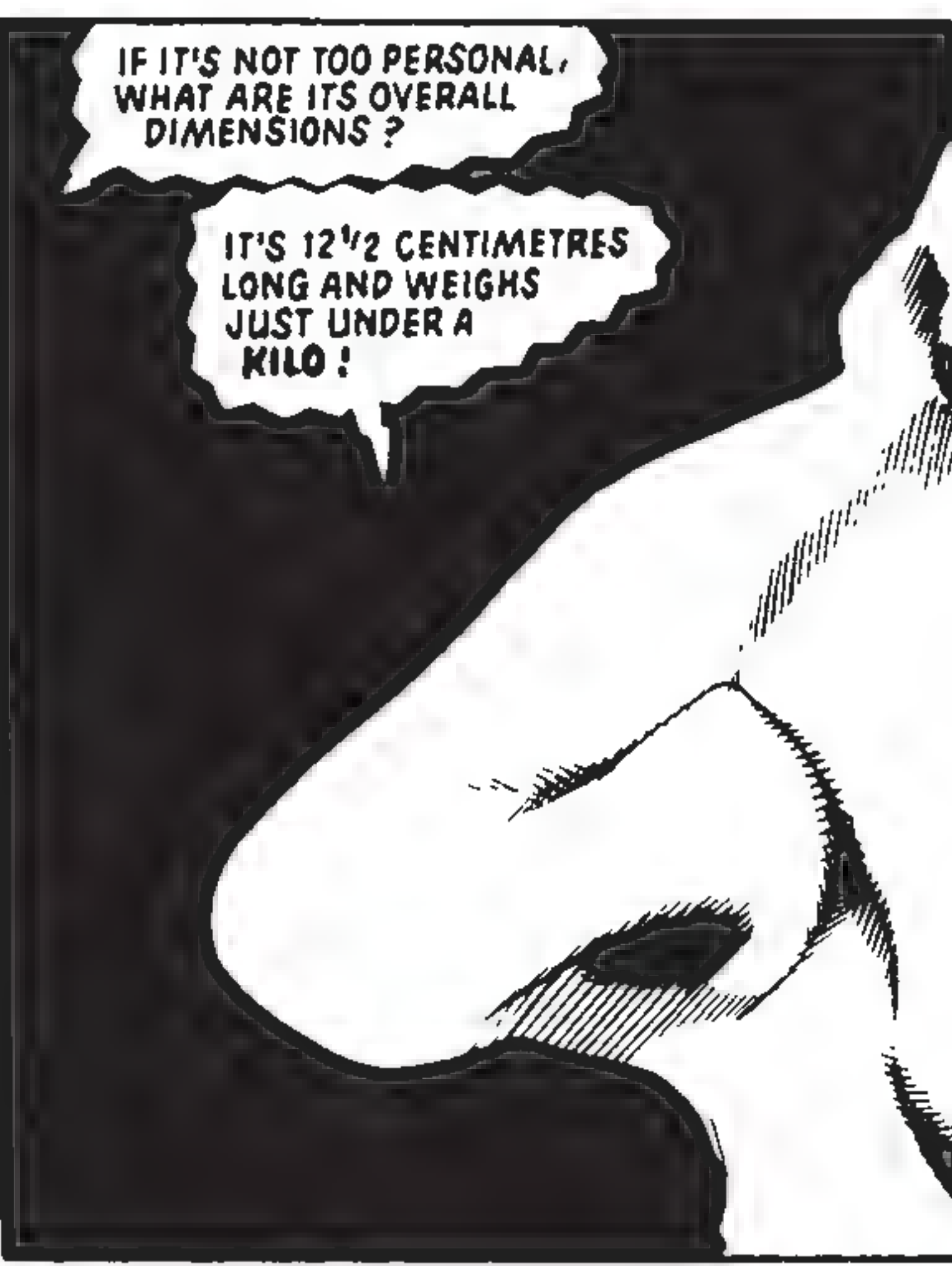
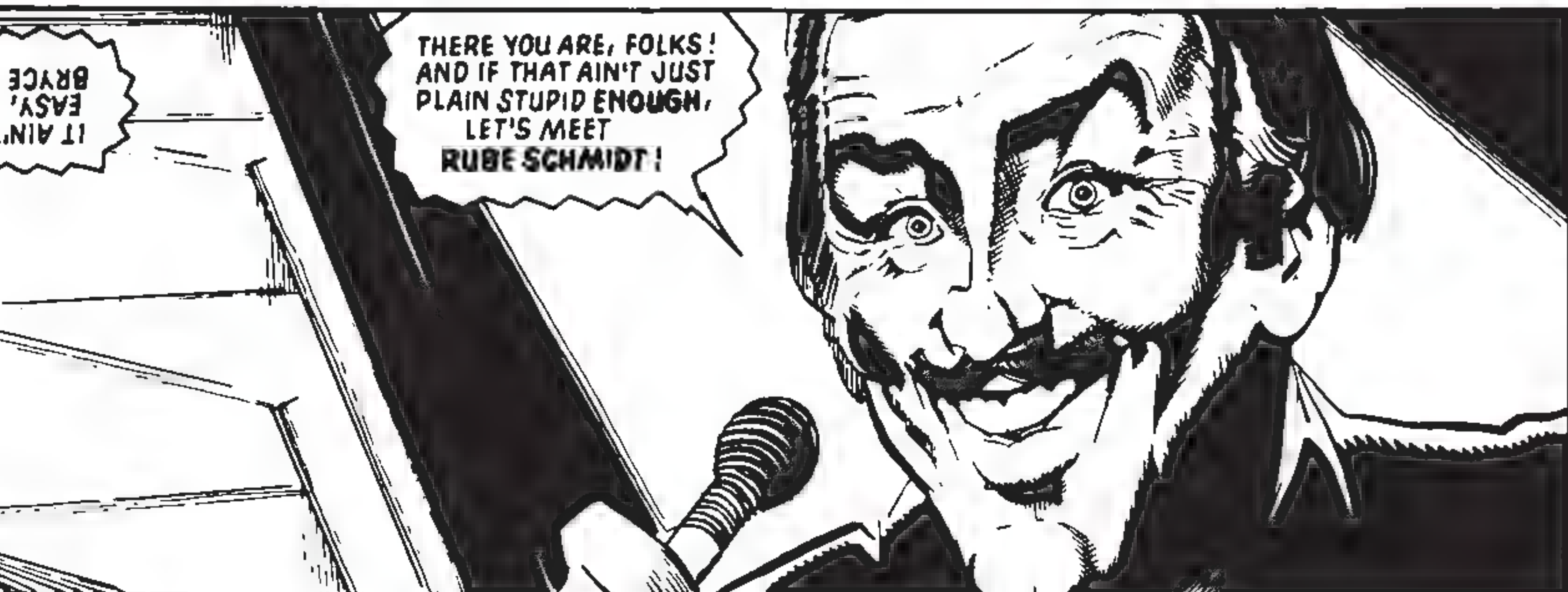
BLESSED WITH PARENTS SUCH AS HIS, IT WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SURPRISING IF JAMES FENEMORE SNORK HAD GROWN UP TO BE A DINGBAT TOO.



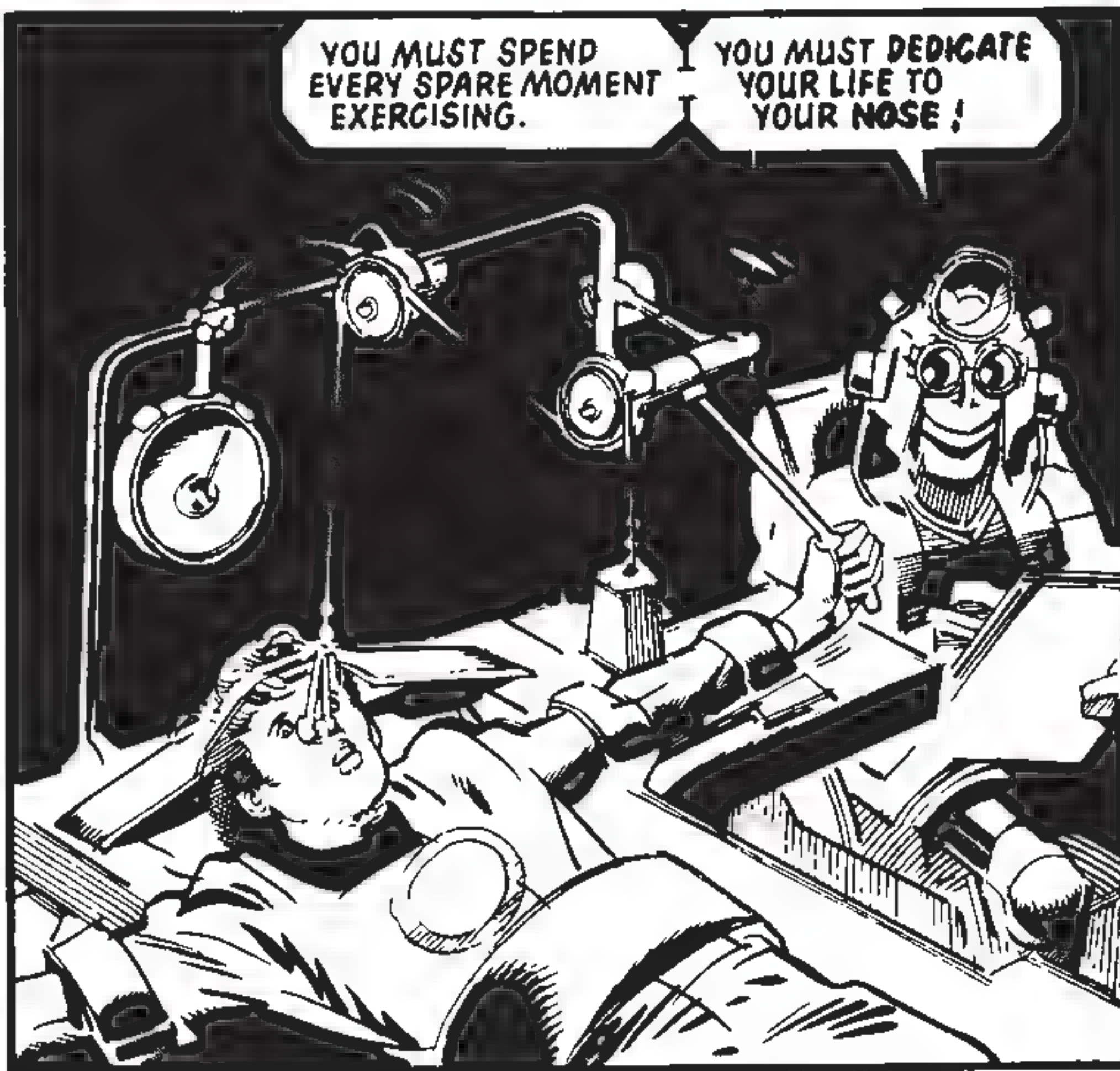
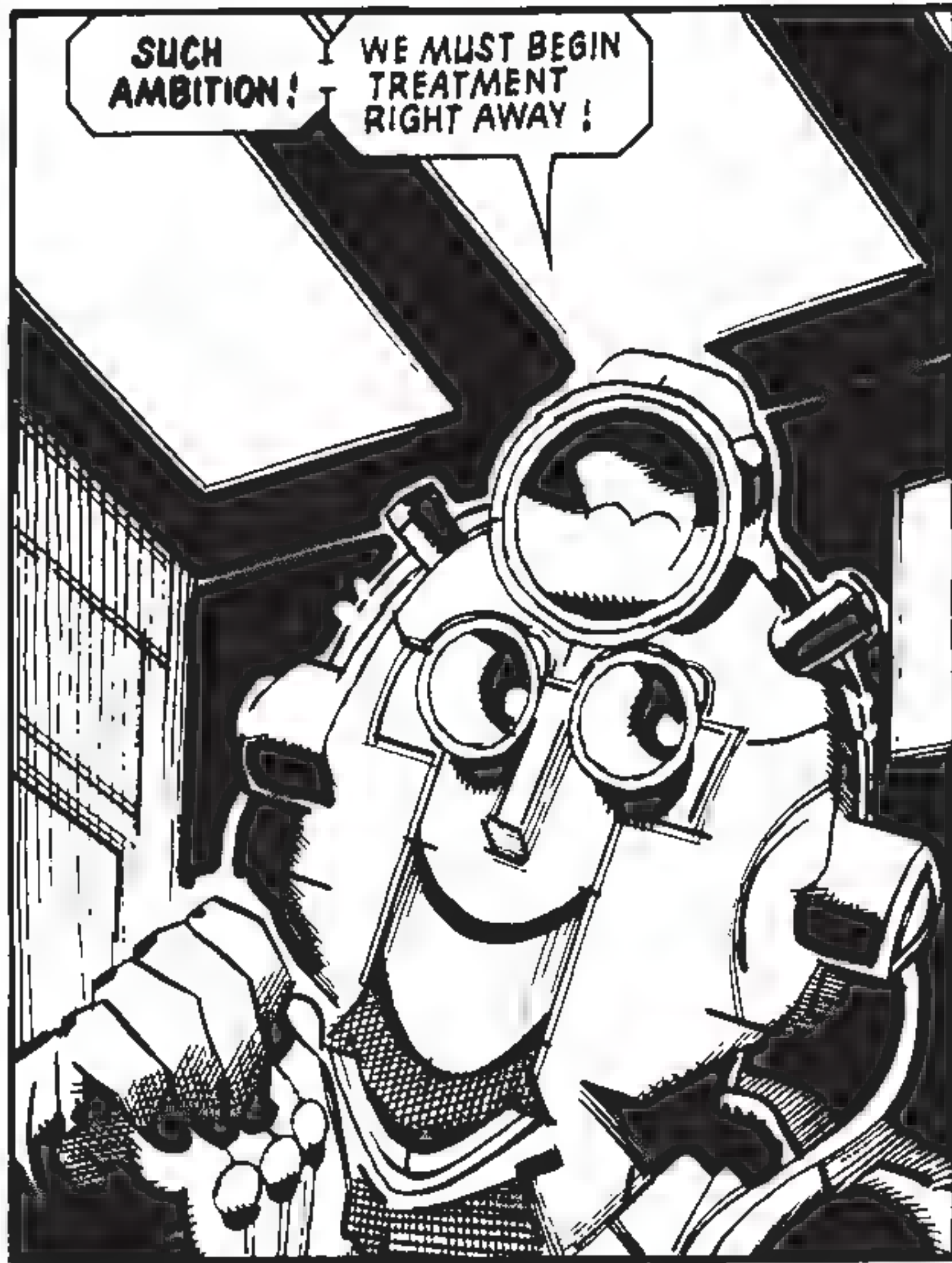
BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING SPECIAL ABOUT THE BOY. A SPARK OF GENIUS, PERHAPS -

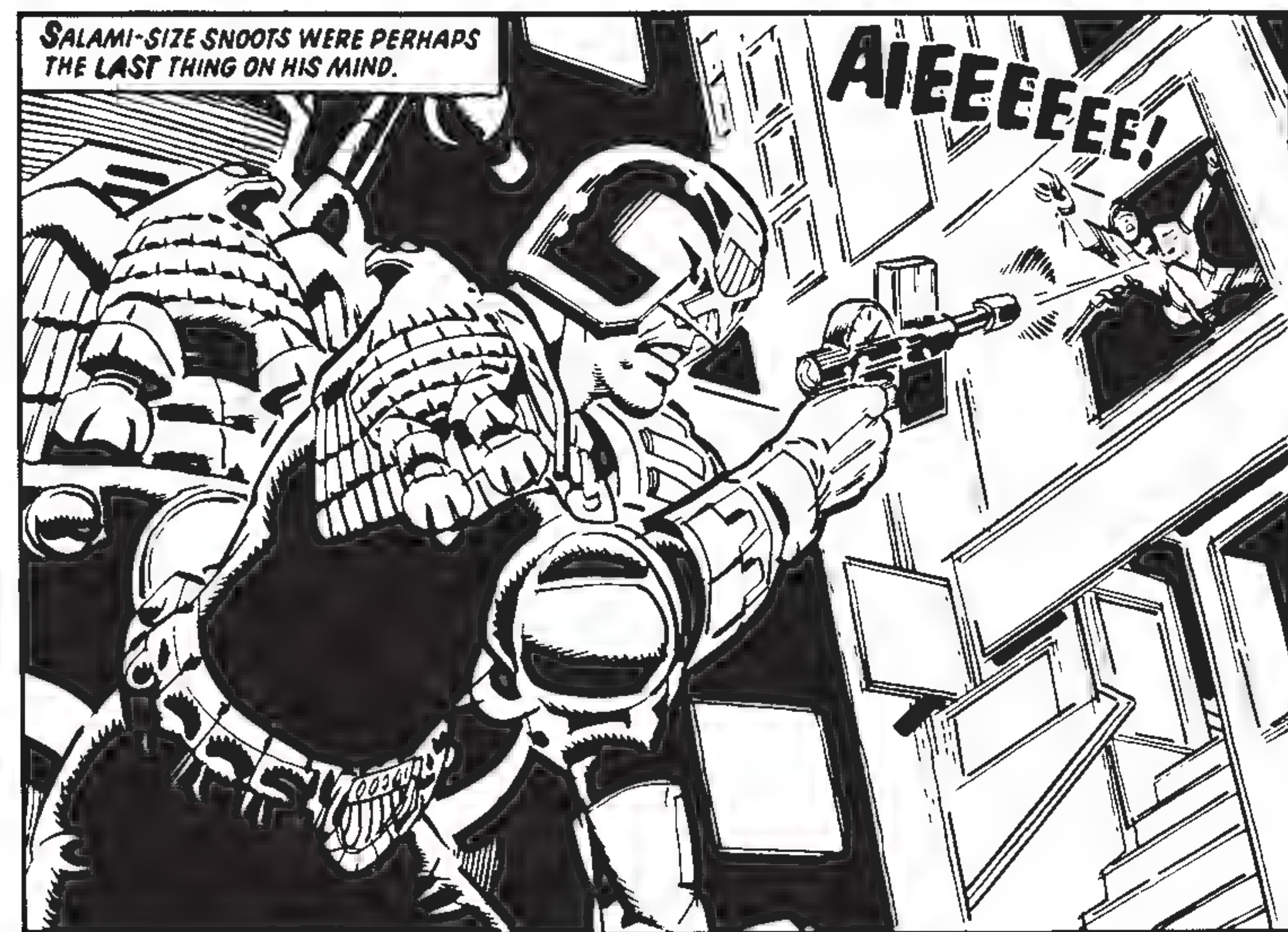
MUM AND DAD'S LIVES ARE SO EMPTY THAT THEY SPEND ALL THEIR TIME TRYING TO ESCAPE. NOT ME! I'M GOING TO MAKE SOMETHING OF MYSELF - BE SOMEBODY!



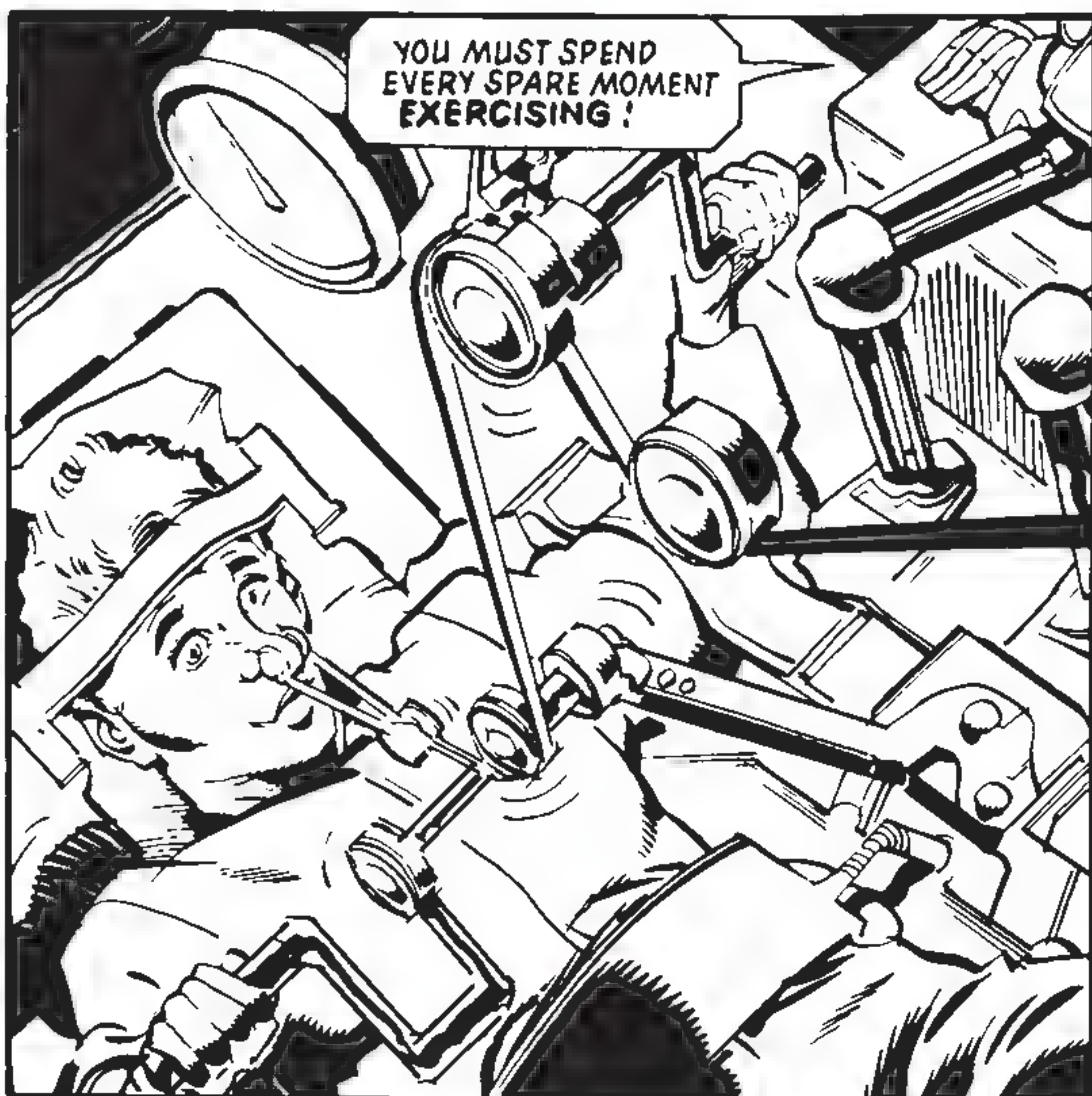












CITIZEN SNORK

PART 2

THE MAKING OF A NOSE

AS THE MONTHS PASSED,
CITIZEN SNORK'S PAMPERED
POLYP GREW AND GREW -

JANUARY

FEBRUARY

MARCH

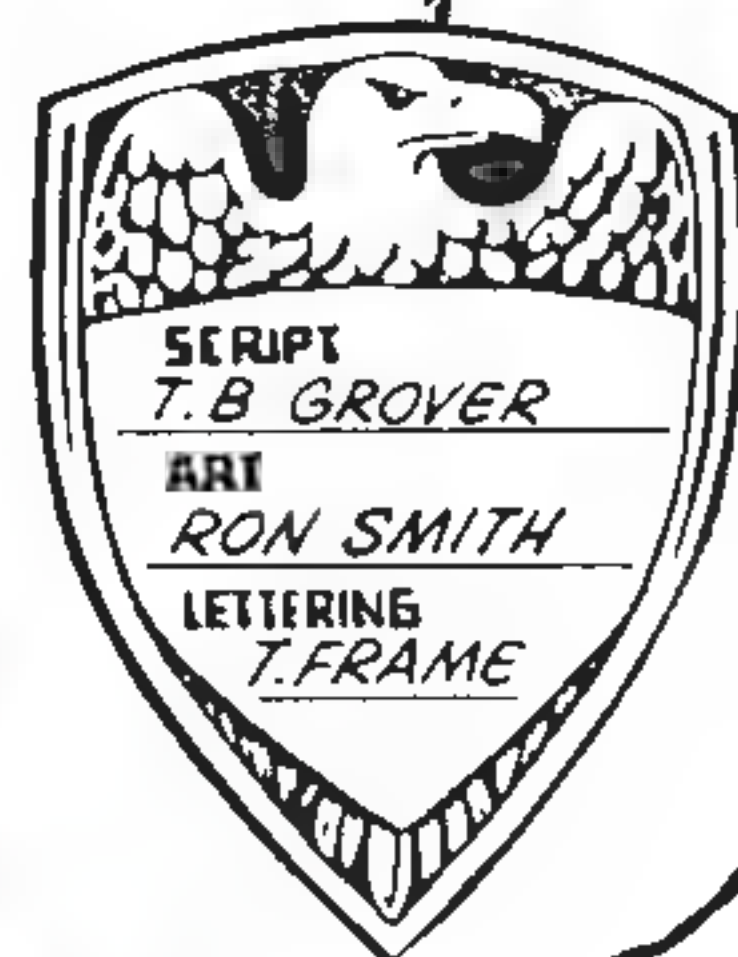
APRIL

JUNE

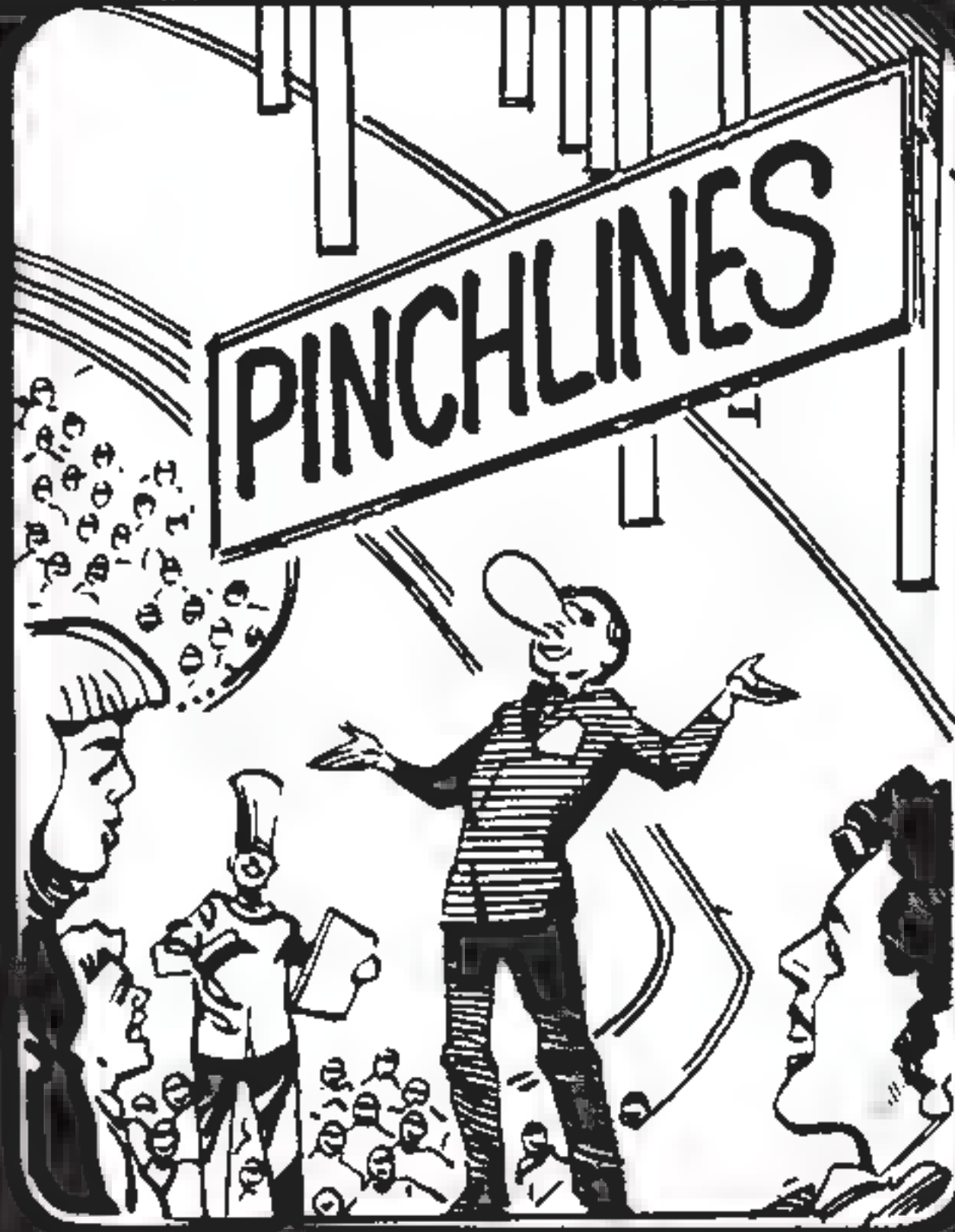
JULY

AUGUST

SEPTEMBER



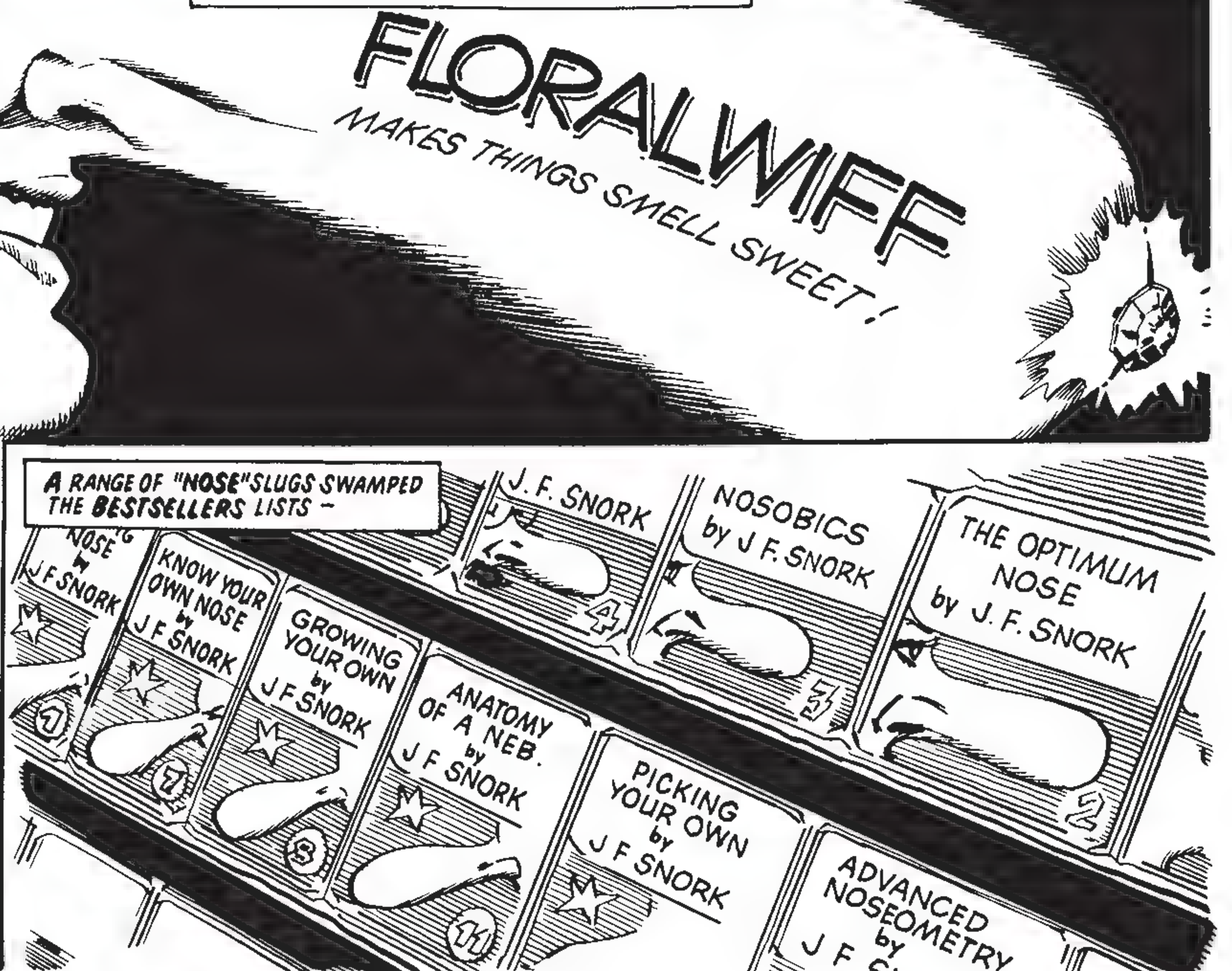
AS SNORK'S NOSE GREW, SO DID HIS FAME. COUNTLESS VID SHOW APPEARANCES FOLLOWED -



CASH POURED IN -

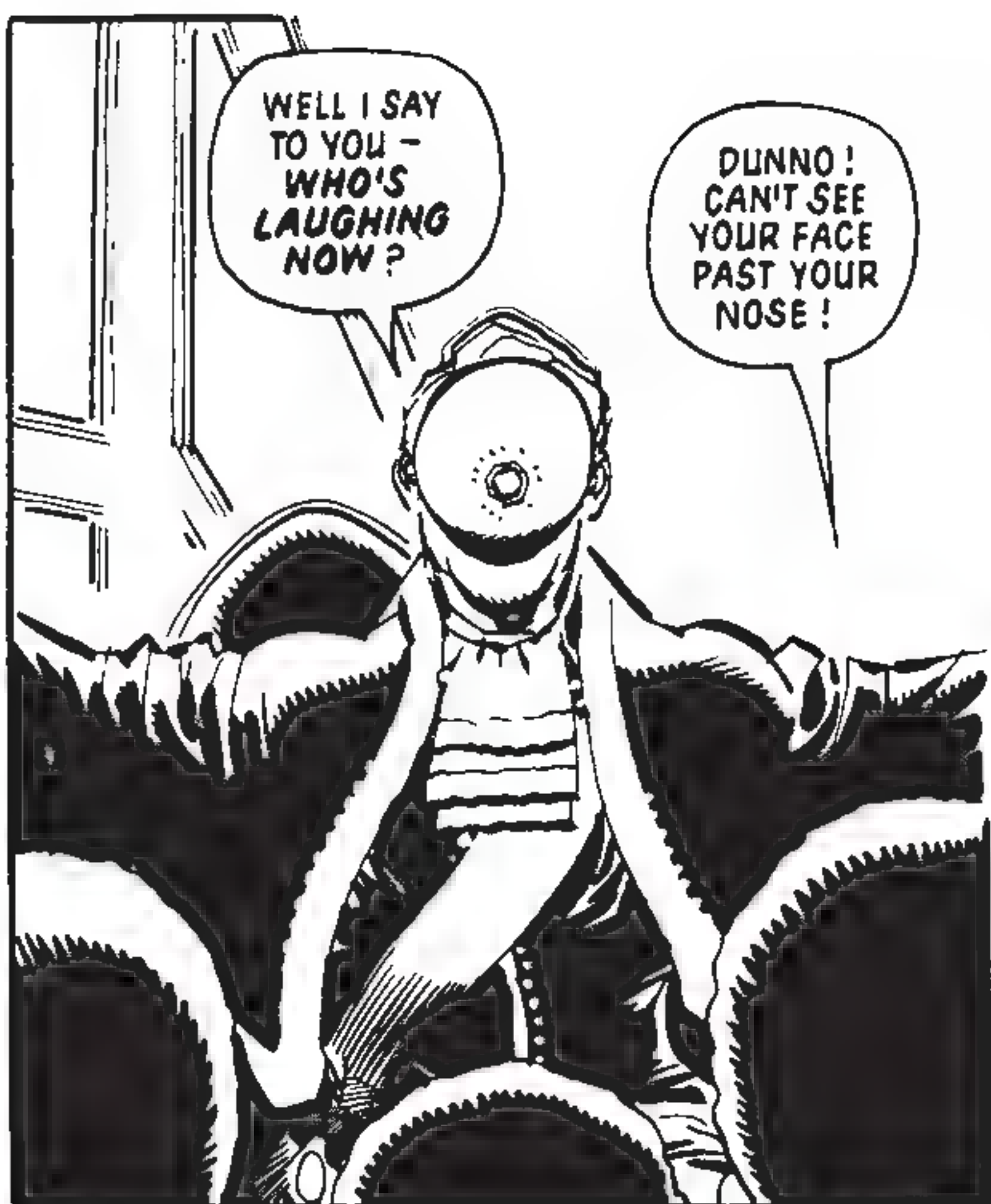


AND THERE WERE LUCRATIVE SPONSORSHIP DEALS -



IN MEGA-CITY ONE, NEW CRAZES CAUGHT ON FAST. BEFORE LONG, THRIVING NOSE CLUBS HAD SPRUNG UP IN EVERY SECTOR. CITIZEN SNORK WAS EVER READY TO PROVIDE GUIDANCE AND INSPIRATION - FOR A HEFTY FEE...





WELL I SAY TO YOU - WHO'S LAUGHING NOW?

DUNNO! CAN'T SEE YOUR FACE PAST YOUR NOSE!



THE JUDGES WATCHED THE GROWTH OF THE NOSE CULT WITH LITTLE CONCERN -

JUST ANOTHER TWO-CRED CRAZE. LEAVE 'EM ALONE - THEY'LL GET SICK OF IT.

BUT WHAT IF THEY DON'T, DREDD? WHAT IF THE CRAZE KEEPS GROWING AND GROWING?



THEN WE GOT A LOT OF CITIZENS WITH BIG NOSES. SO WHAT?

BUT LIKE A BUTTERFLY WHICH EMERGES FROM THE CHRYSALIS TO DAZZLE FOR BUT A BRIEF MOMENT, CITIZEN SNORK'S NEWFOUND GLORY WAS TO BE TRAGICALLY SHORT-LIVED.

THE FIRST HINT OF APPROACHING DISASTER CAME WHERE IT ALL BEGAN - ON THE VID SHOW "JUST PLAIN STUPID" -



CITIZEN SNORK - DO YOU THINK ANYONE WILL PRODUCE A NOSE TO RIVAL YOURS?

NO WAY, BRYCE! I'LL ALWAYS BE NUMBER ONE!



IN THAT CASE, LET ME INTRODUCE CITIZEN HERBIVORE BUNG!

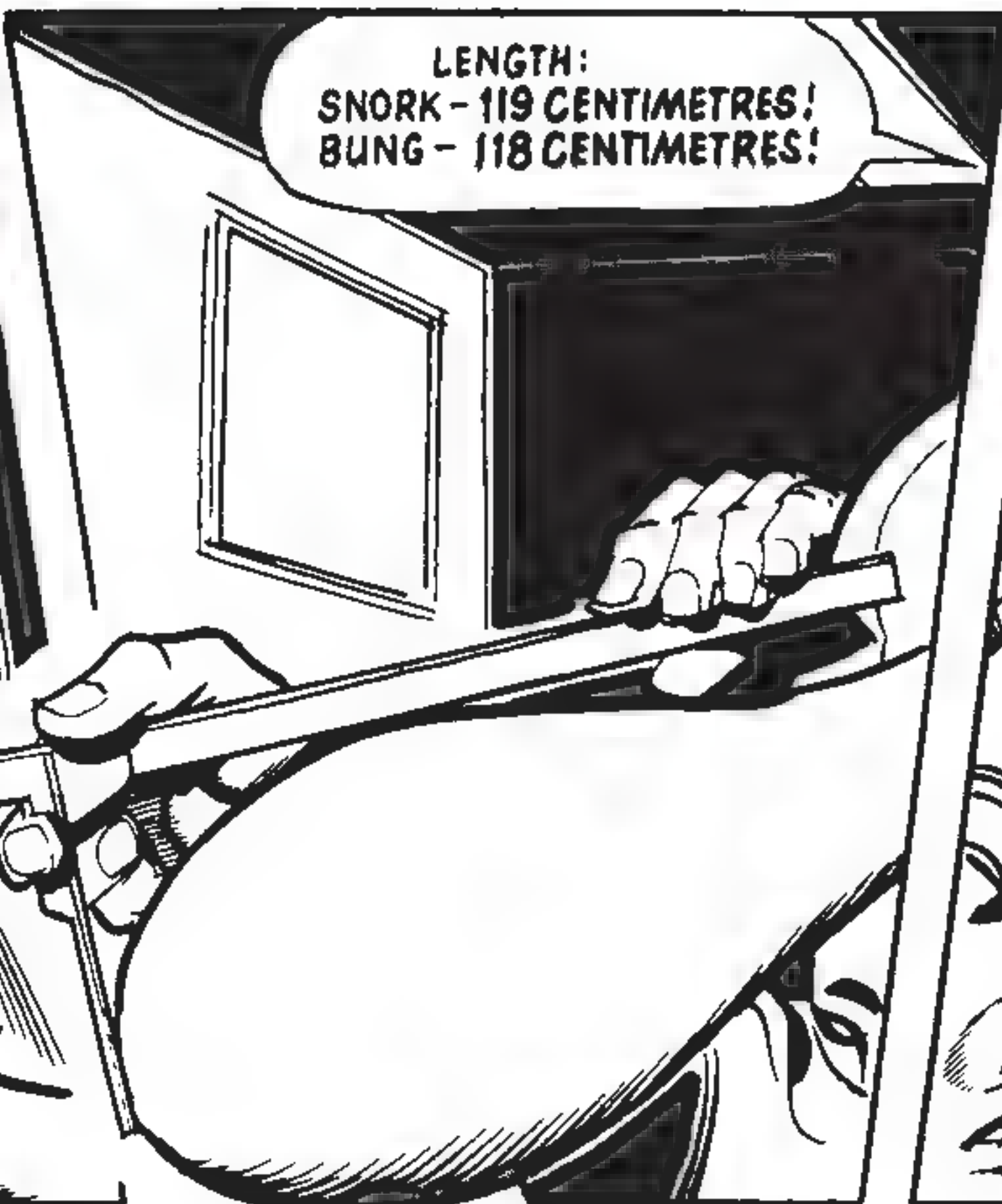
WOW! WHAT A SNITCH!

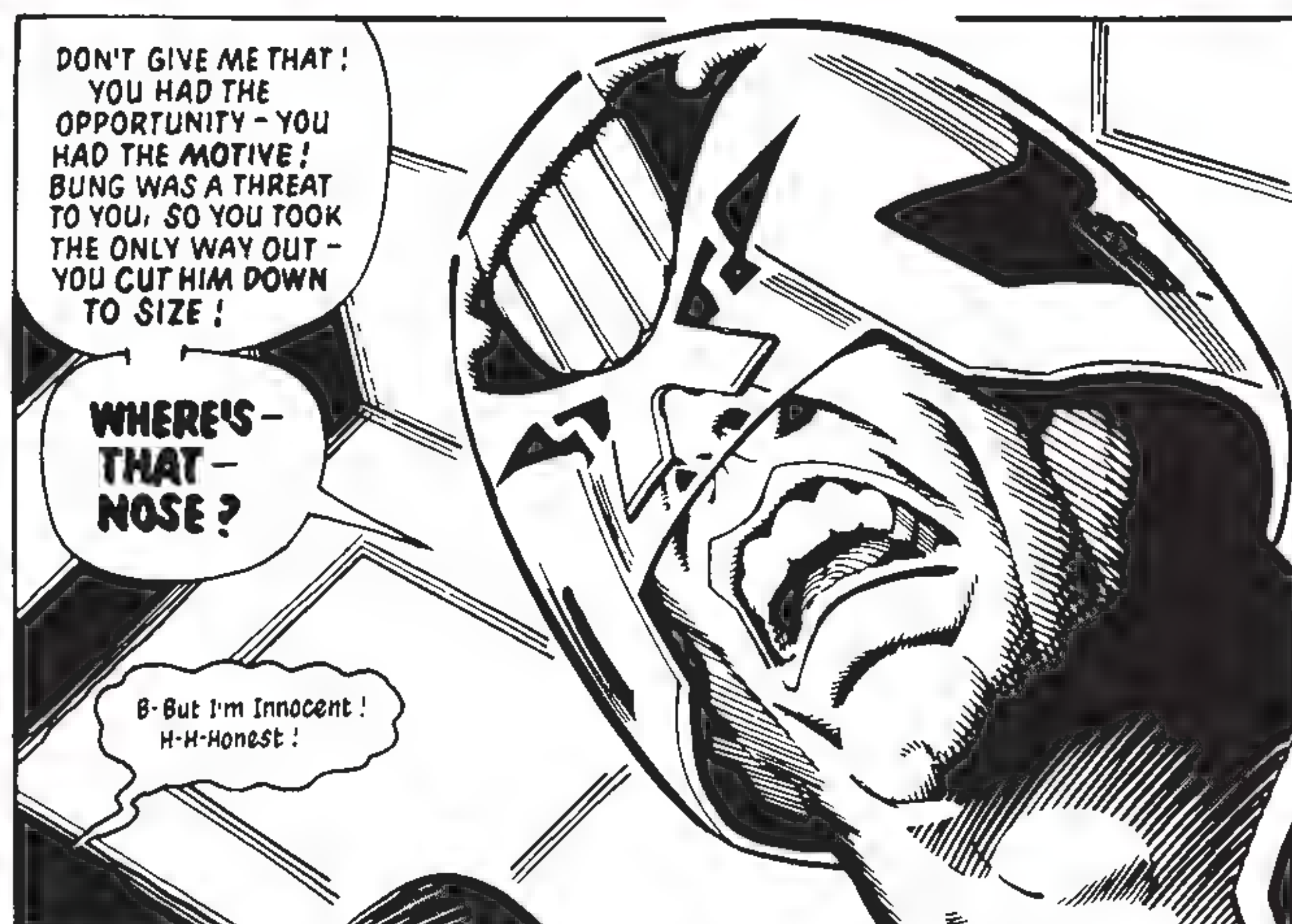
IT'S AS BIG AS SNORKIE'S!



WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, BUNG?

BEEN GROWIN' IT IN SECRET. THOUGHT IT WOULD GIVE YOU A SHOCK!



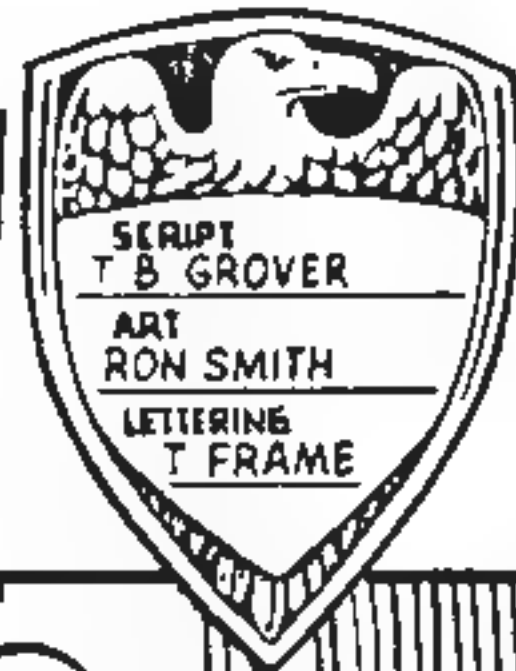






CITIZEN SNORK

PART 3



IN A SECRET ROOM IN THE CITY, SOFT LIGHT PLAYS OVER A FINE ARRAY OF TROPHIES. A COLLECTOR'S ROOM. BUT NO ORDINARY COLLECTOR. . .

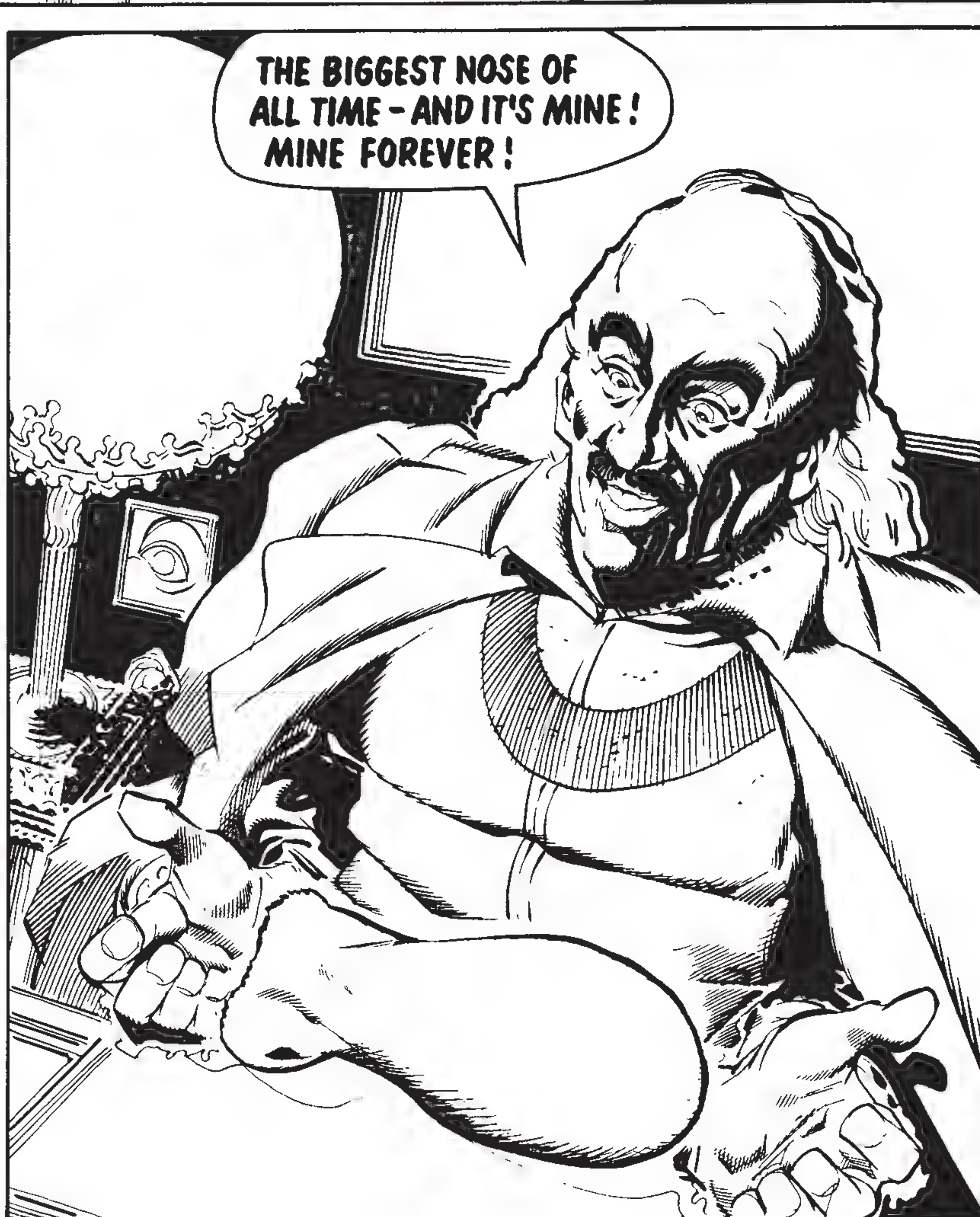
LOOK CLOSER...

THOSE EXHIBITS ARE **HUMAN!**

THE GREATEST COLLECTION OF HUMAN ODDITIES EVER ASSEMBLED!

FOR THIS IS THE HOME OF A **MANIAC!**







WAIT! WHERE IS THE JEWEL-STUDED NOSE PIN? SNORK ALWAYS WORE IT!



CAN IT BE? HAVE I BEEN THWARTED? I MUST CHECK THE NEWS—



A MYSTERY ATTACKER TONIGHT BROKE INTO THE "JUST PLAIN STUPID" STUDIOS AND STOLE THE NOSE OF SHOW GUEST HERBIVORE BUNG. WE INTERVIEWED THE ONLY WITNESS TO THE BIZARRE THEFT, J.F. SNORK, THE MAN WITH THE BIGGEST NOSE OF ALL TIME—



THE BURGLAR WAS AFTER MY NOSE—GOT BUNG'S INSTEAD. WHAT A DIMMO! HOW COULD ANYONE MISTAKE BUNG'S PUNY POLYP FOR MINE?

O WOE!

I'VE STOLEN THE **WRONG** NOSE!

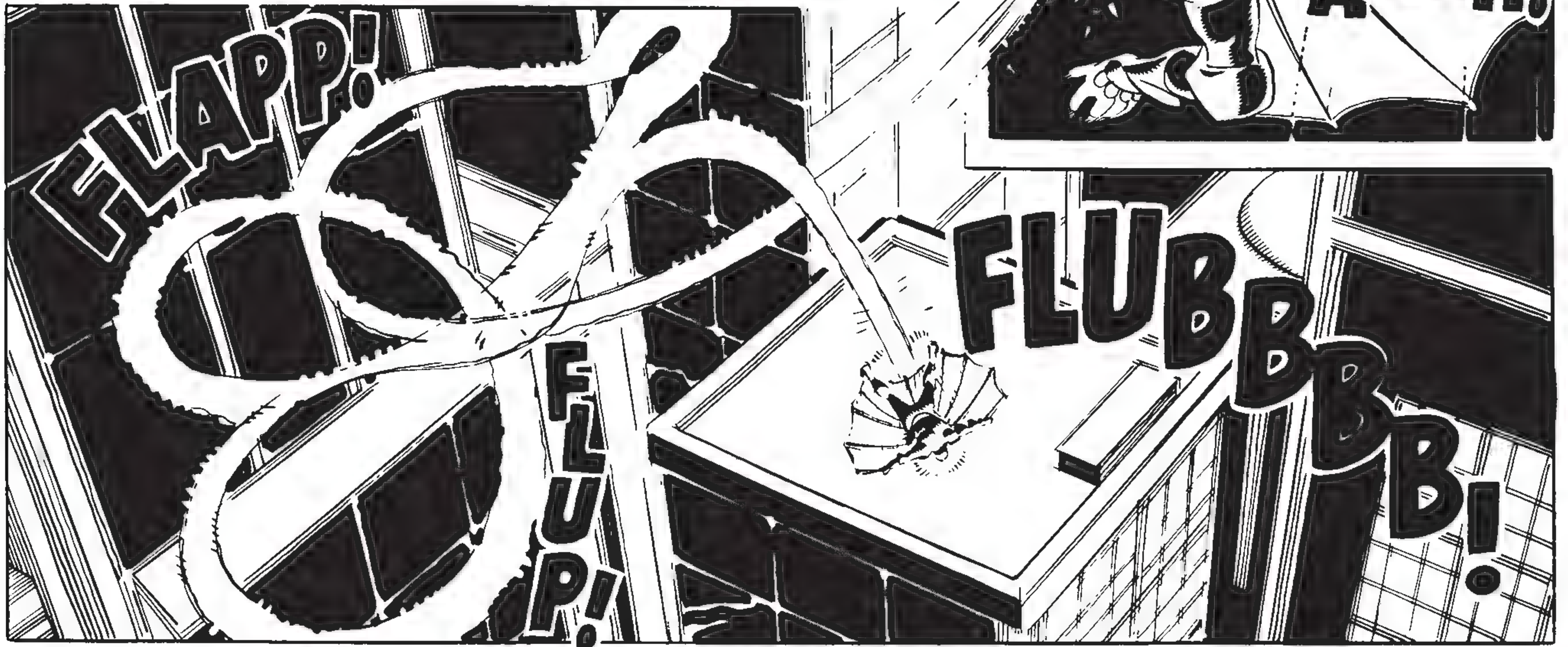


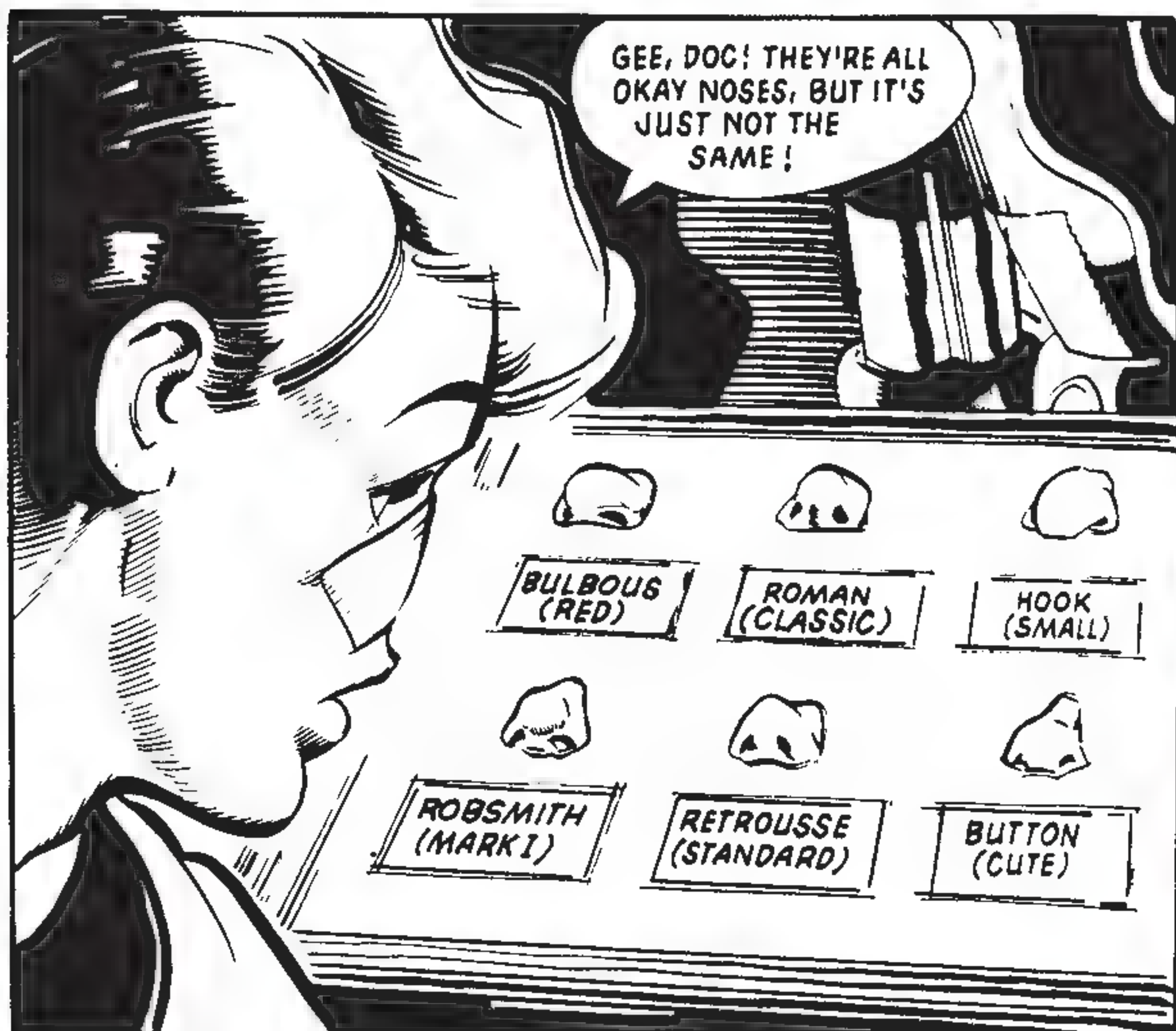
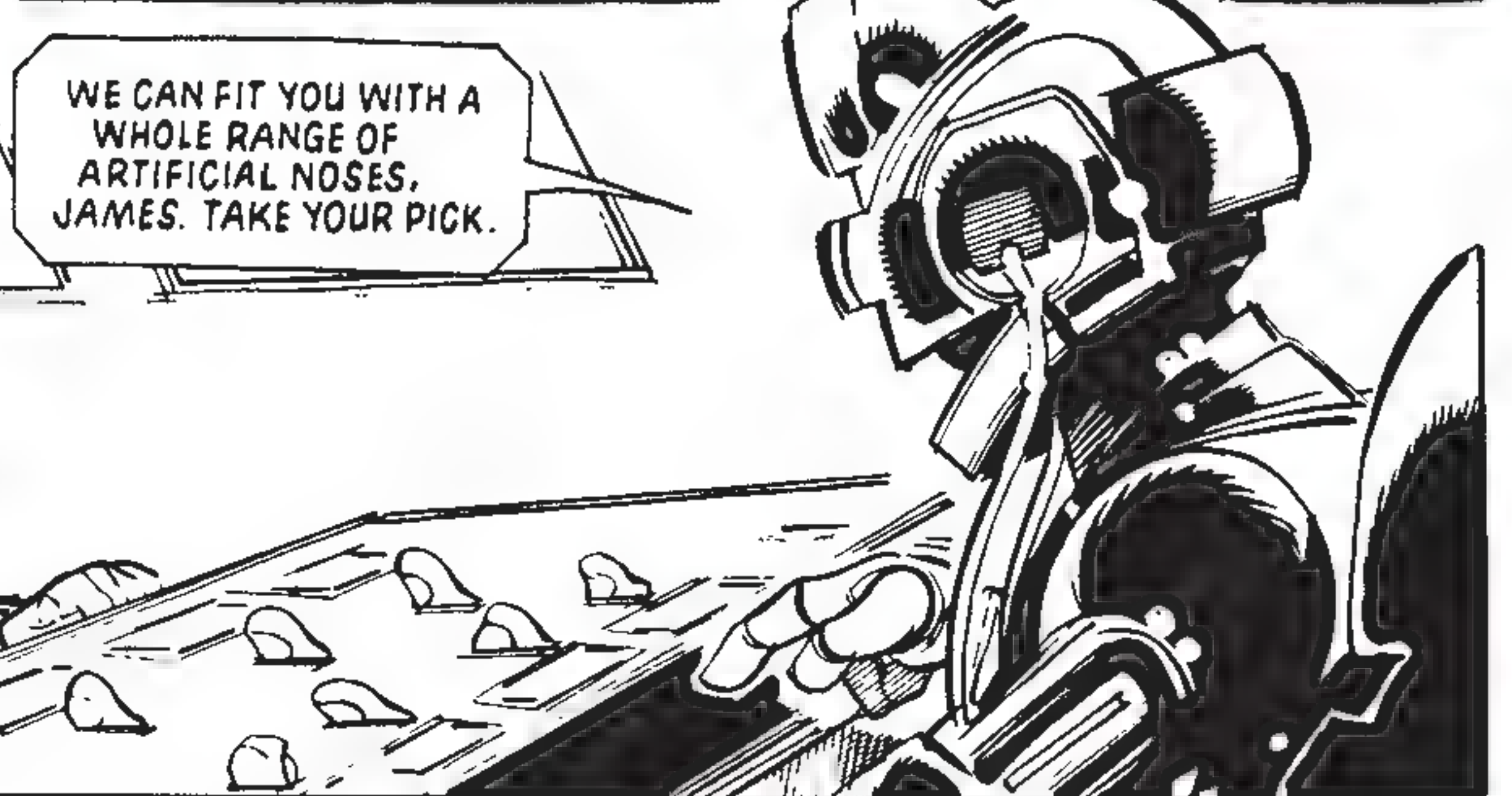
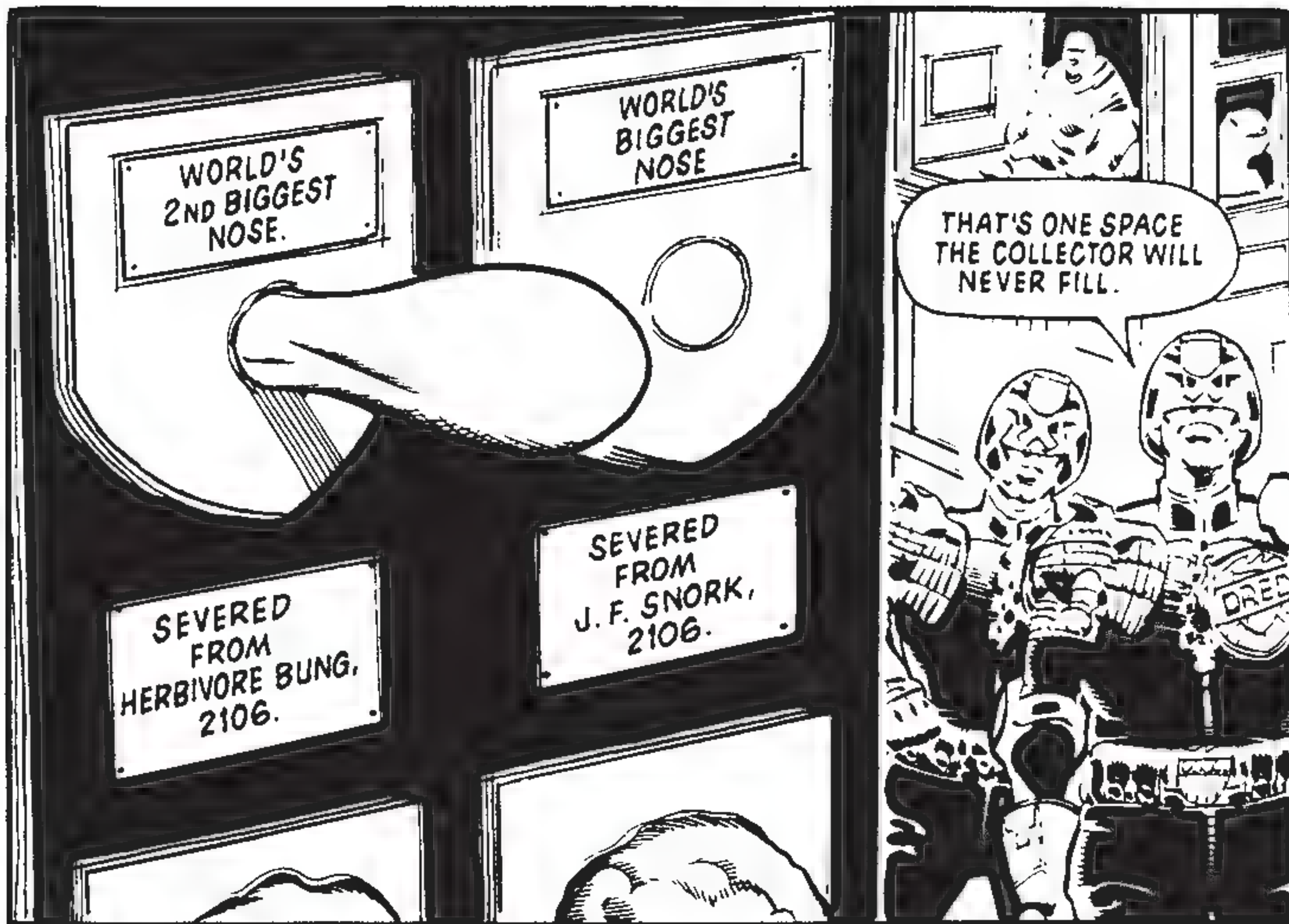
NEXT DAY, IN CITIZEN SNORK'S APARTMENT, JUDGE DREDD EXPLAINED HIS TACTICS—

WE'VE NEVER MANAGED TO CATCH THE COLLECTOR BECAUSE WE'VE NEVER KNOWN WHERE HE WOULD STRIKE NEXT. THIS TIME WE DO.







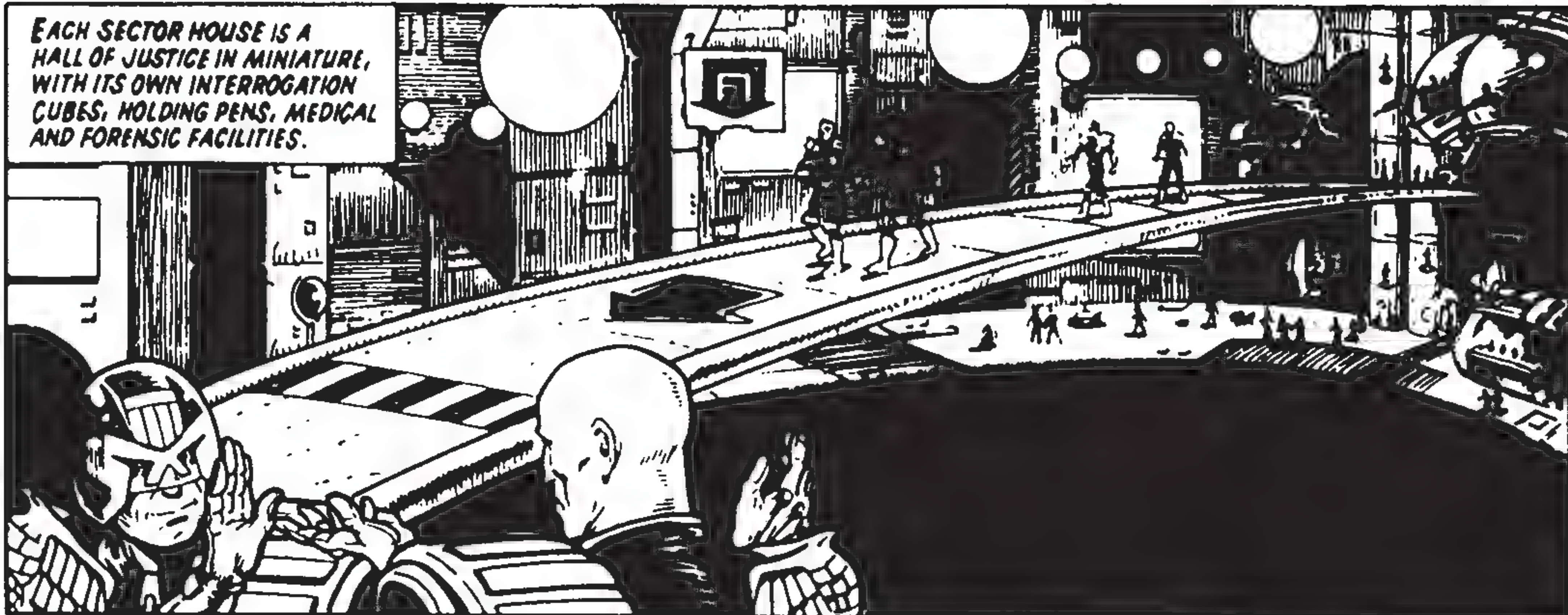


AND SO'S THIS STORY!
THE END.

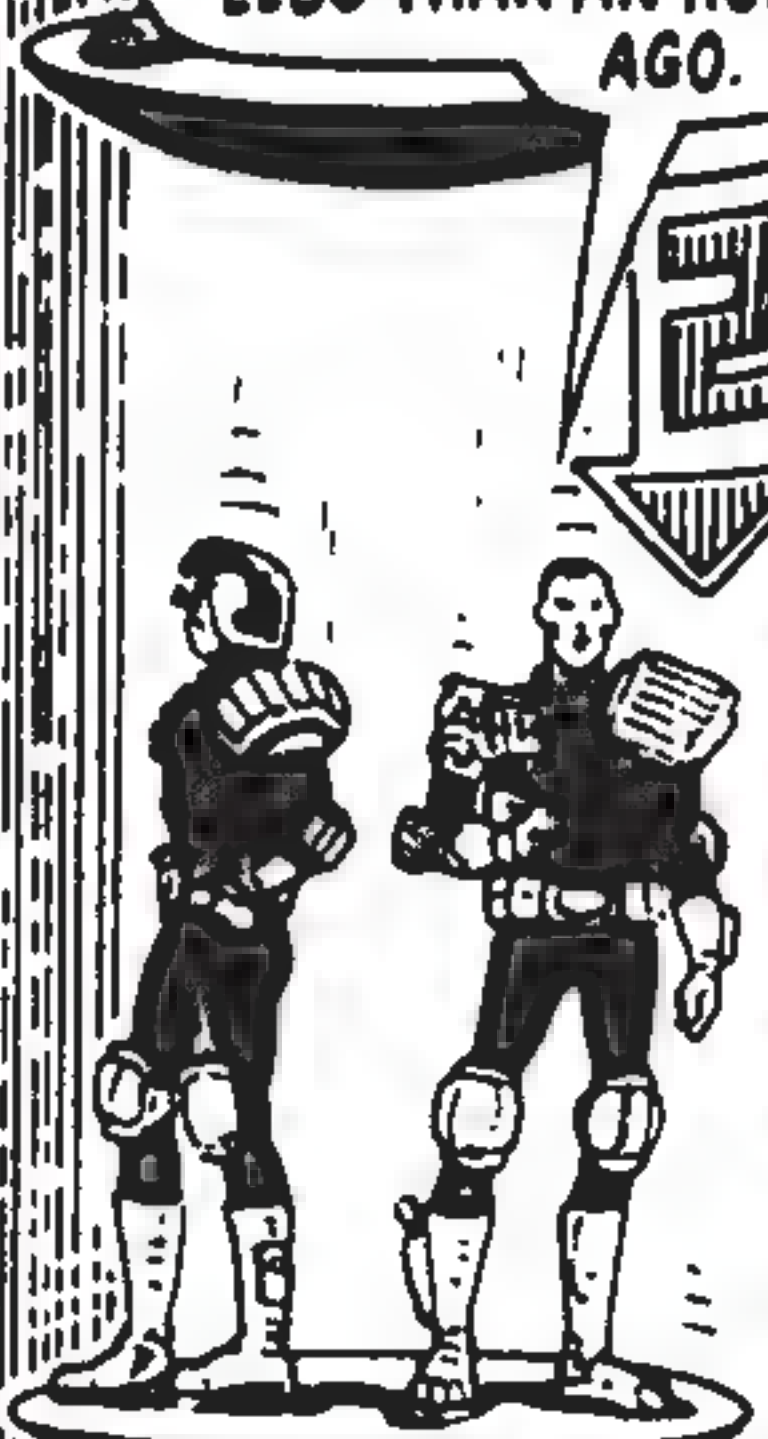




EACH SECTOR HOUSE IS A HALL OF JUSTICE IN MINIATURE, WITH ITS OWN INTERROGATION CUBES, HOLDING PENS, MEDICAL AND FORENSIC FACILITIES.

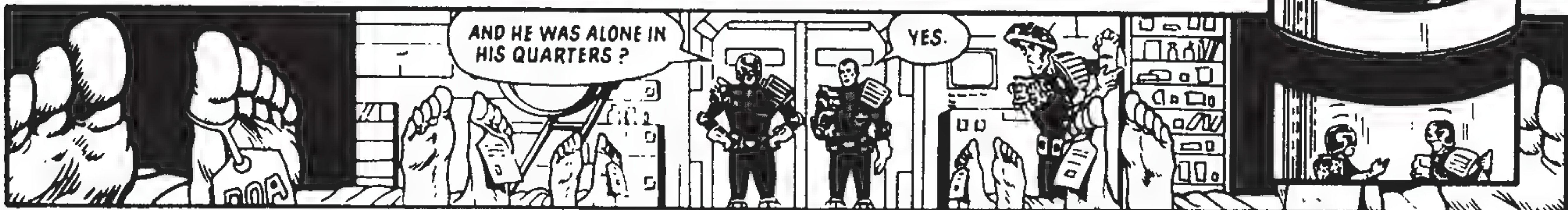


SECTOR CHIEF ERIKSON WAS FOUND SHOT DEAD LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO.



AND HE WAS ALONE IN HIS QUARTERS?

YES.



HIS LAWGIVER WAS CLUTCHED IN HIS HAND. ONE BULLET HAD BEEN FIRED. ONLY HE COULD HAVE FIRED IT.



ALL THE MAKINGS OF A SUICIDE.



EXCEPT FOR ONE THING... JUDGES DON'T COMMIT SUICIDE!

WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE ROOM. THAT MIGHT HELP EXPLAIN THINGS.



THE SECTOR CHIEF'S QUARTERS ARE LOCATED AT THE TOP OF THE BUILDING -

HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN LIKE THIS?

FIRST WE KNEW WAS WHEN WE FOUND THE CHIEF'S BODY.





YOU'LL NOTICE THE TEMPERATURE'S TWENTY DEGREES BELOW NORMAL.



WHAT'S THIS?



BLOOD. AND BEFORE YOU ASK, FORENSIC HAVE CHECKED IT. IT'S NOT ERIKSON'S.



WE'VE X-RAYED THE WHOLE WALL. THERE'S NO DETECTABLE SOURCE.

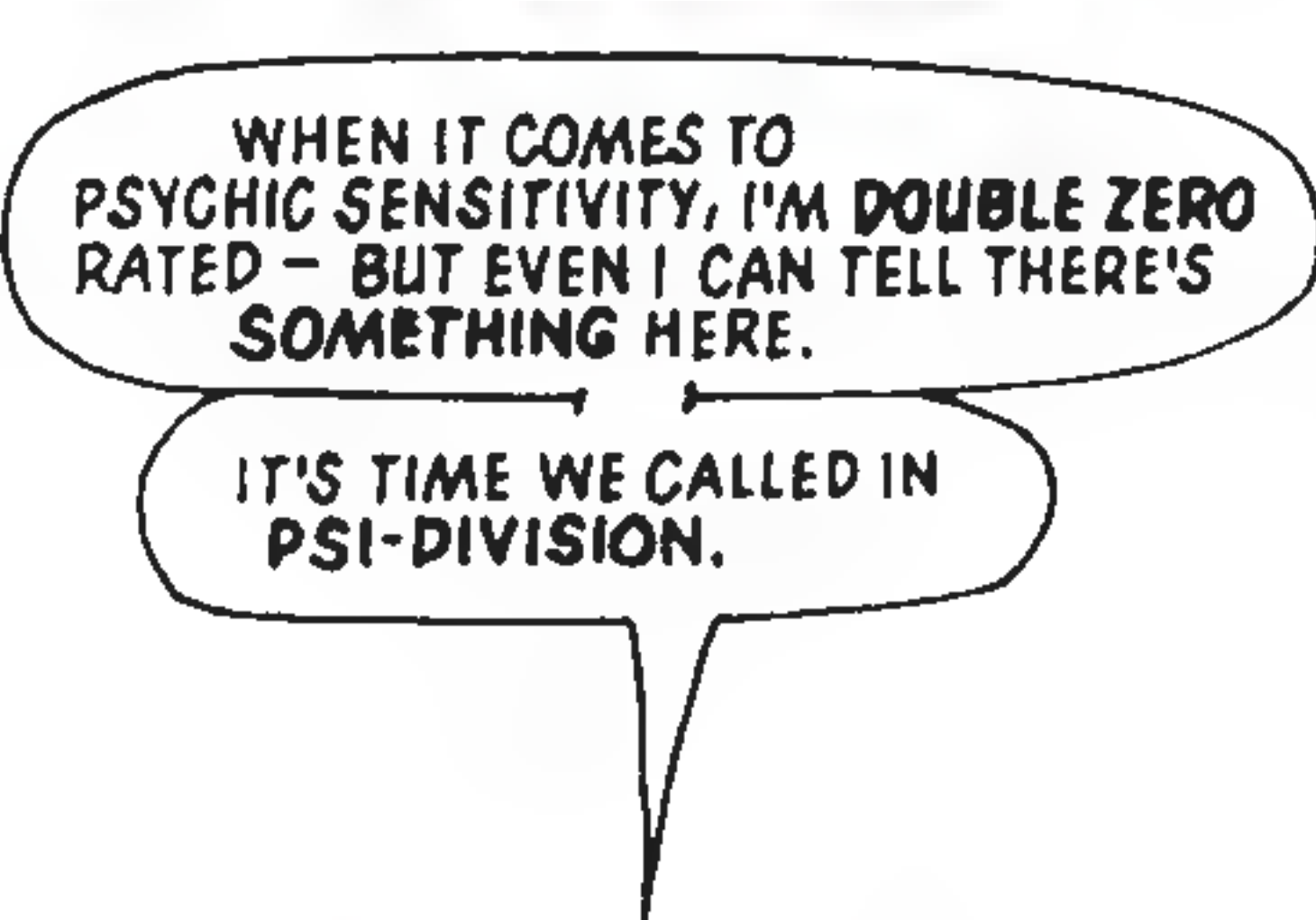


HMMM...THE BLOOD - LOW TEMPERATURE - THE STATE OF THIS ROOM - ALL STRONG SIGNS OF PARANORMAL INFLUENCE...



AND THERE WAS NO VID-SURVEILLANCE OF THE INCIDENT... PITY! I'D LIKE TO HAVE SEEN WHAT WENT ON IN HERE.

YOU RECKON WE'VE PICKED UP SOME KIND OF SPOOK?



WHEN IT COMES TO PSYCHIC SENSITIVITY, I'M DOUBLE ZERO RATED - BUT EVEN I CAN TELL THERE'S SOMETHING HERE.

IT'S TIME WE CALLED IN PSI-DIVISION.



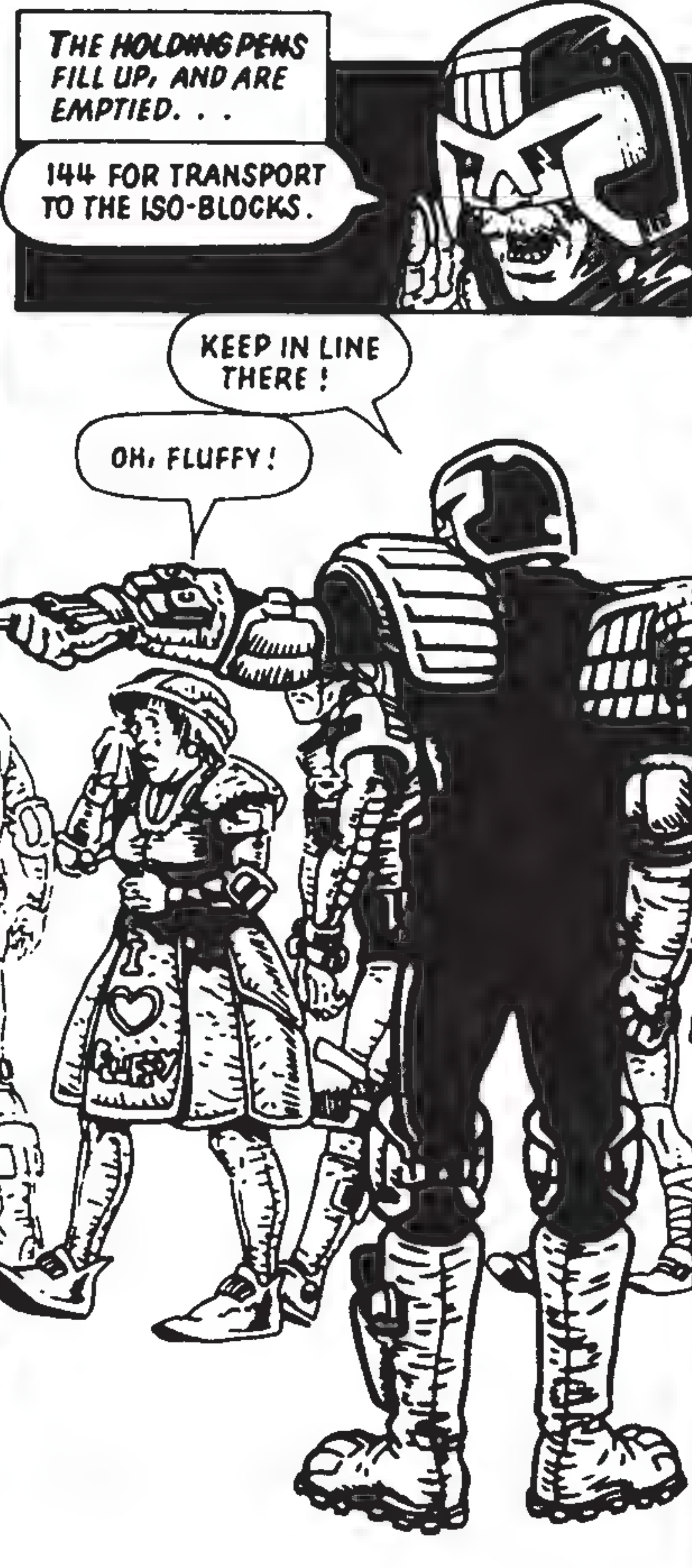
A PSI-DIVISION TELEPATH IS SOON ON THE SCENE -

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, GELLER?

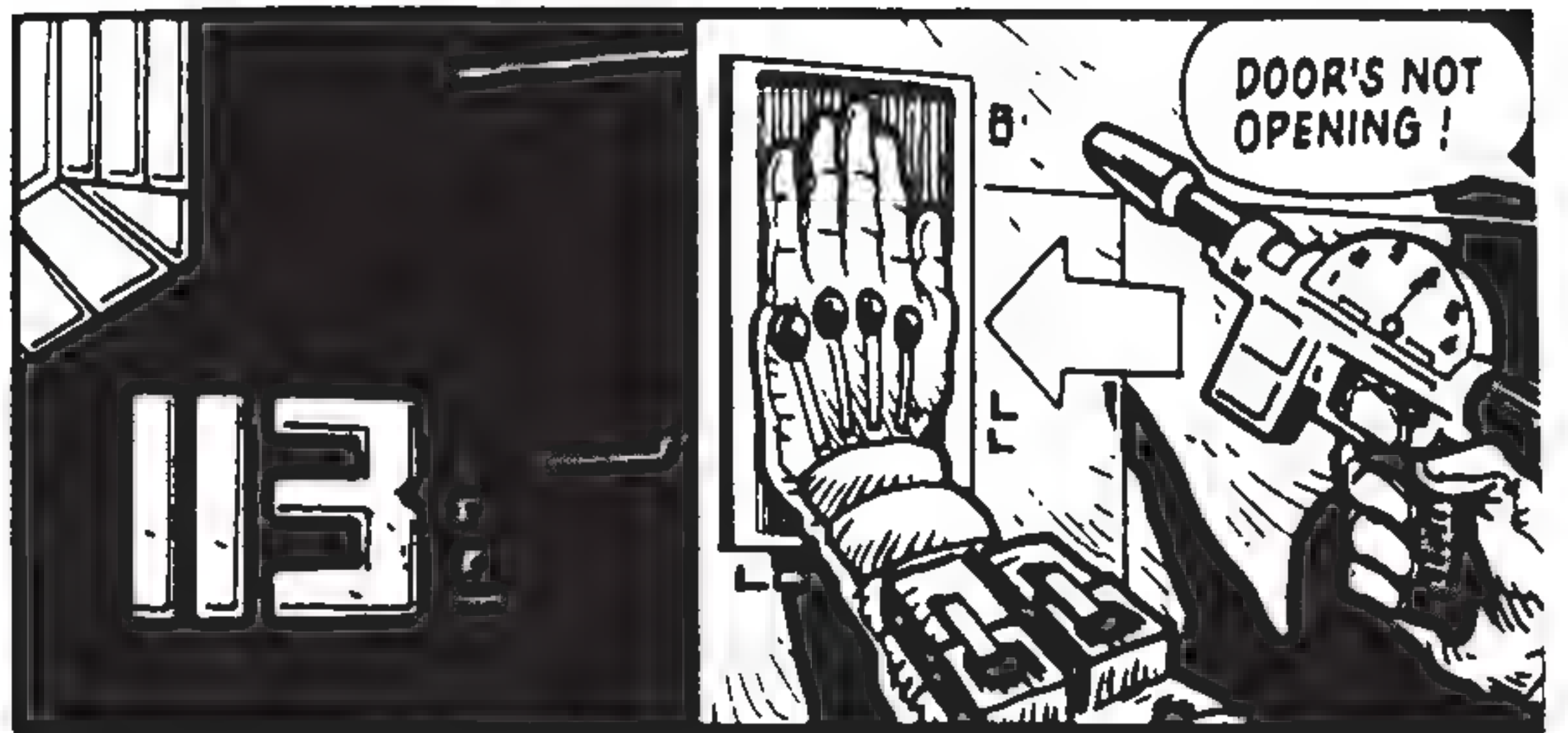
NASTY. REAL NASTY.



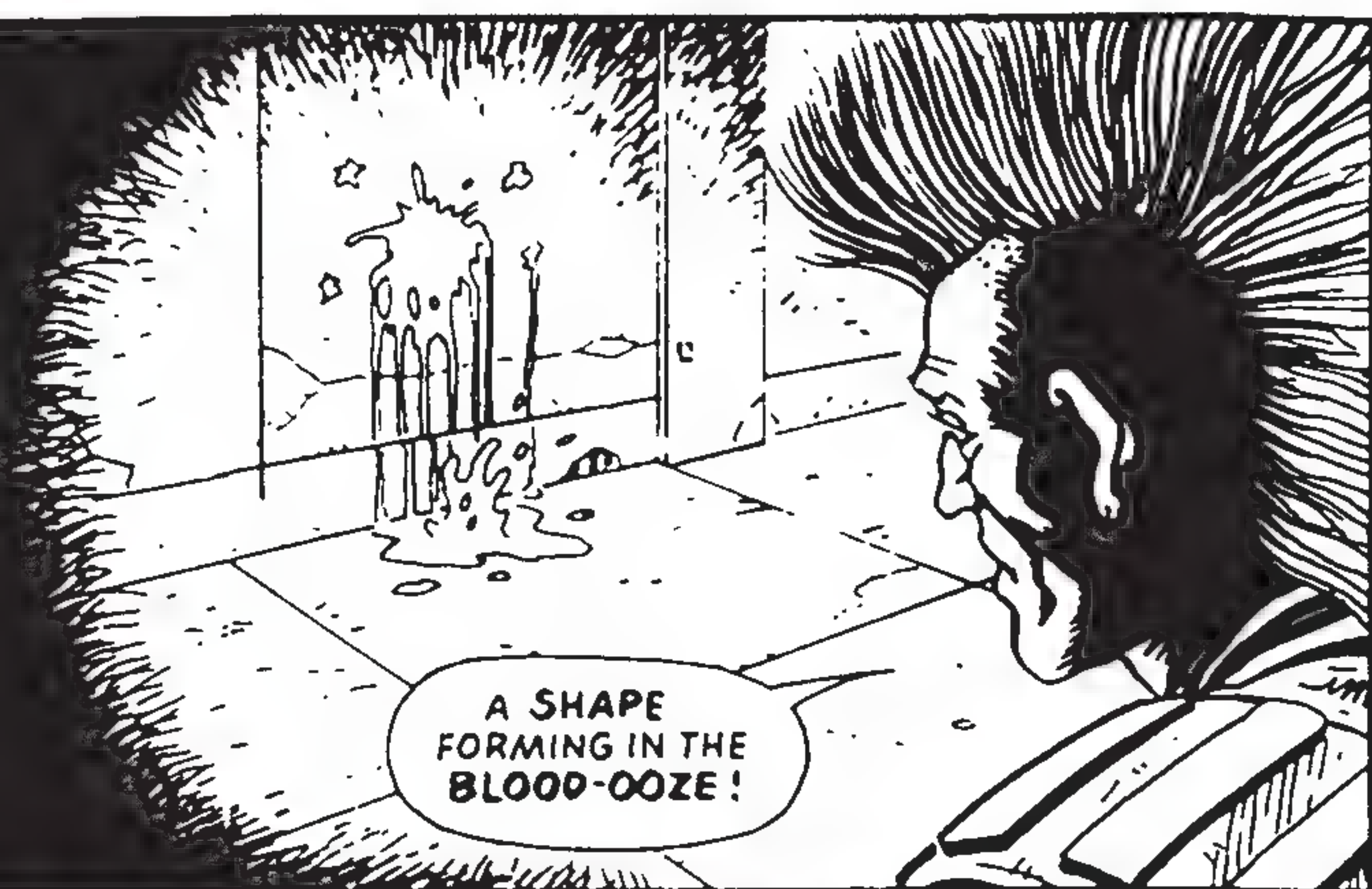
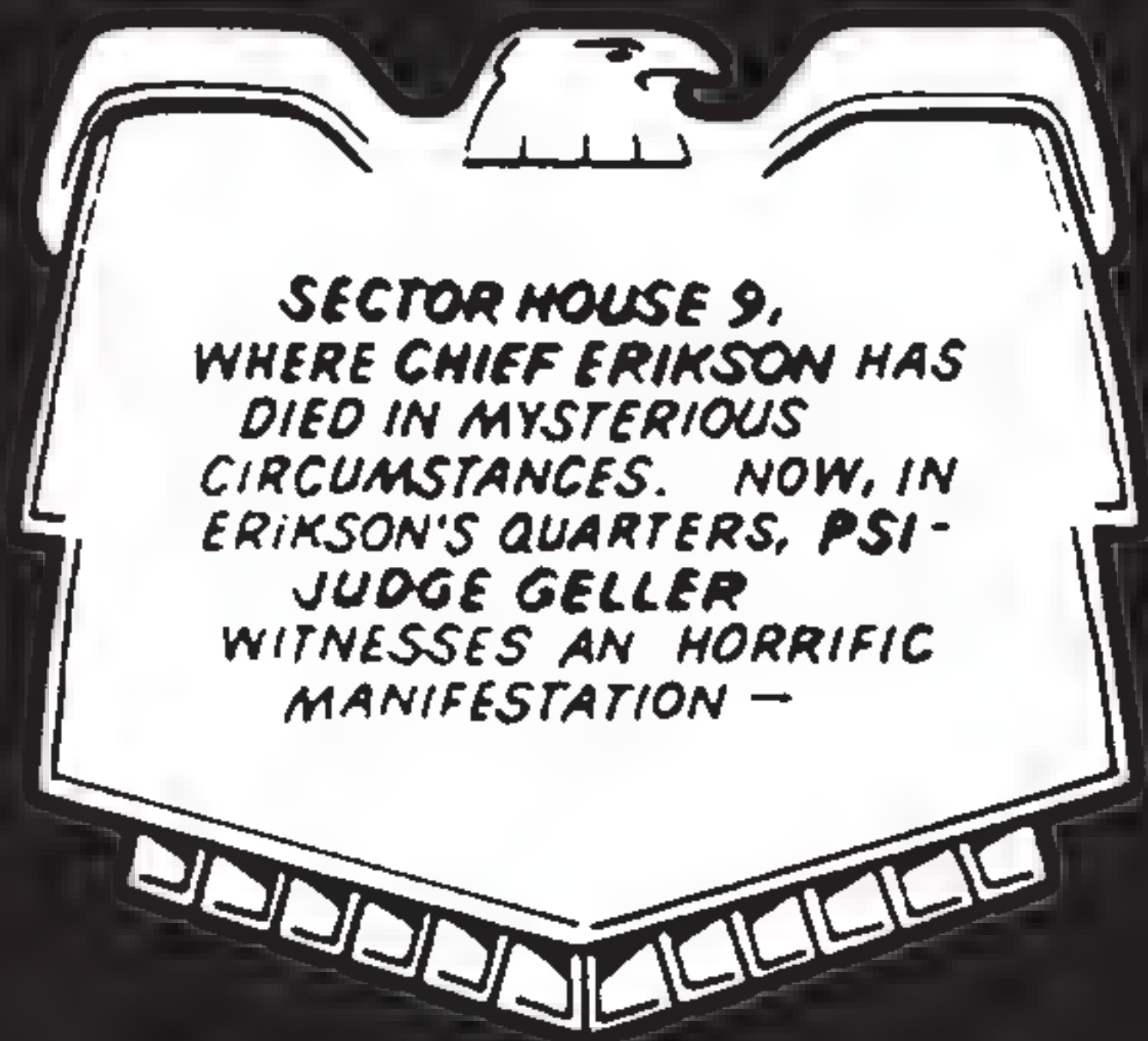
I GET AN IMPRESSION OF... A PRESENCE...





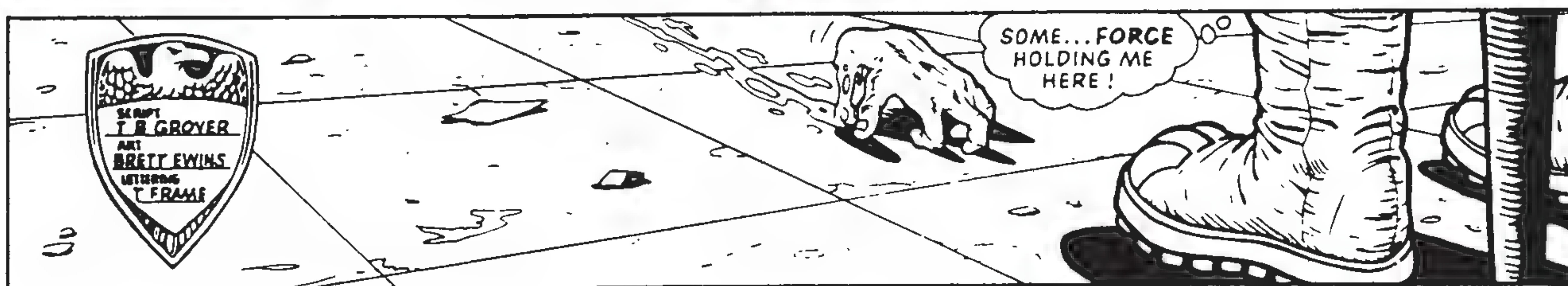
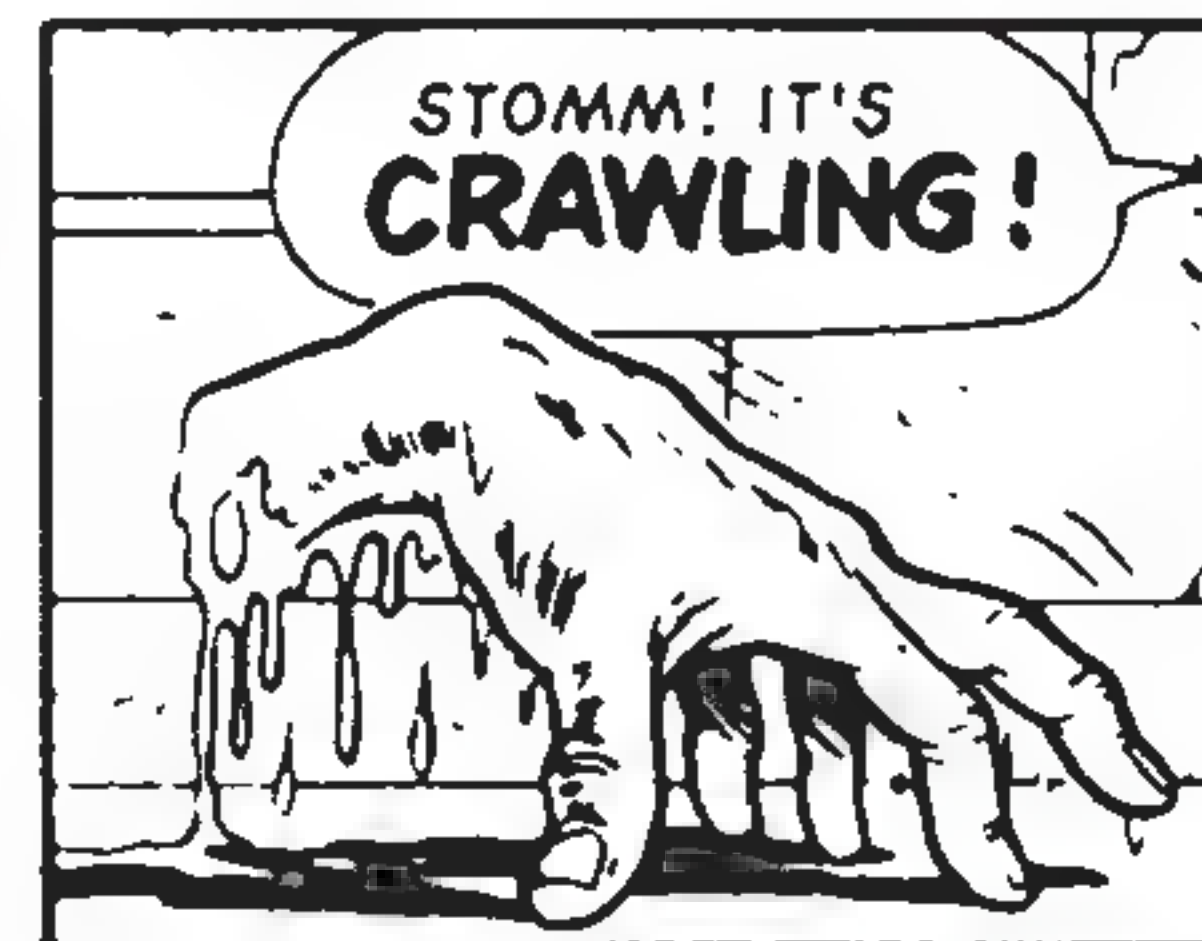
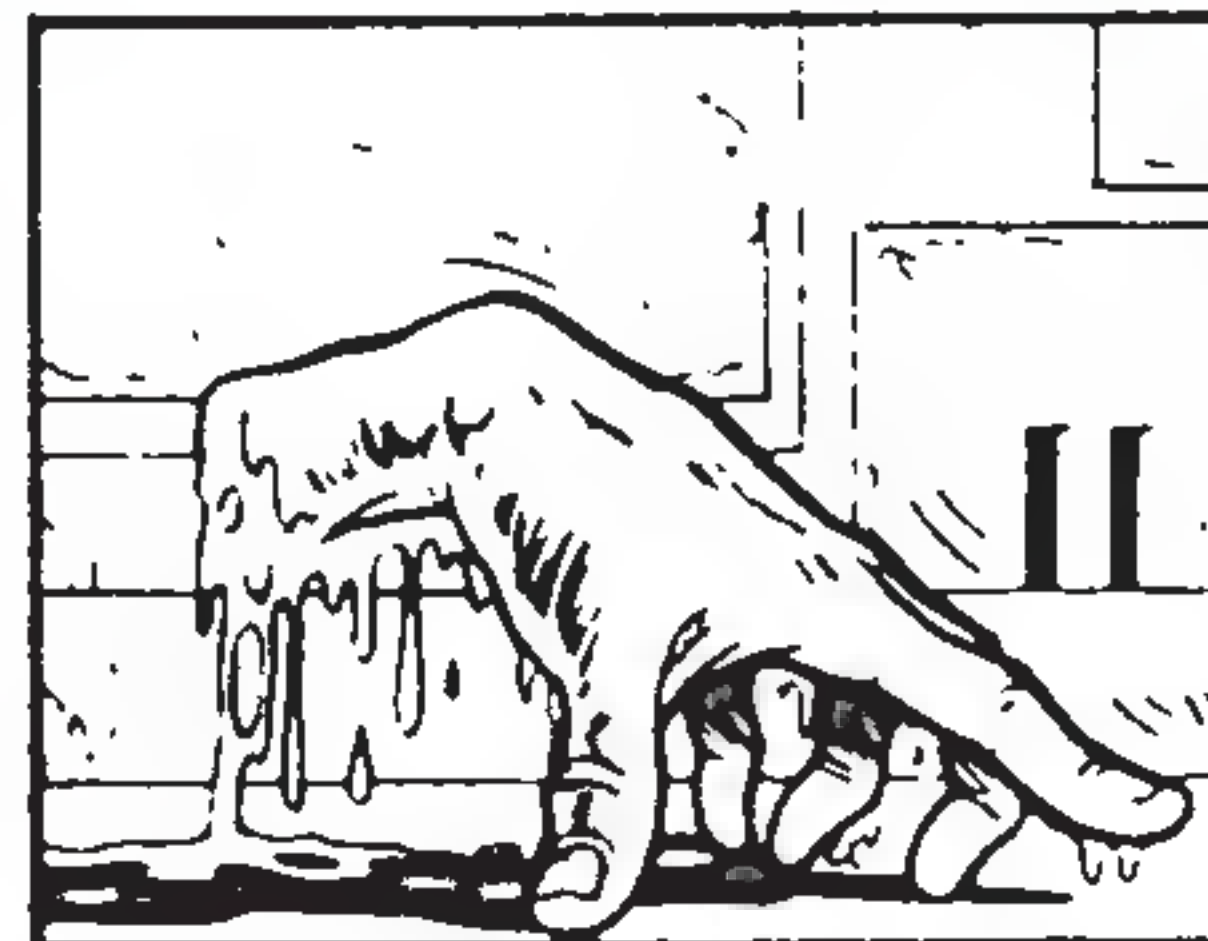
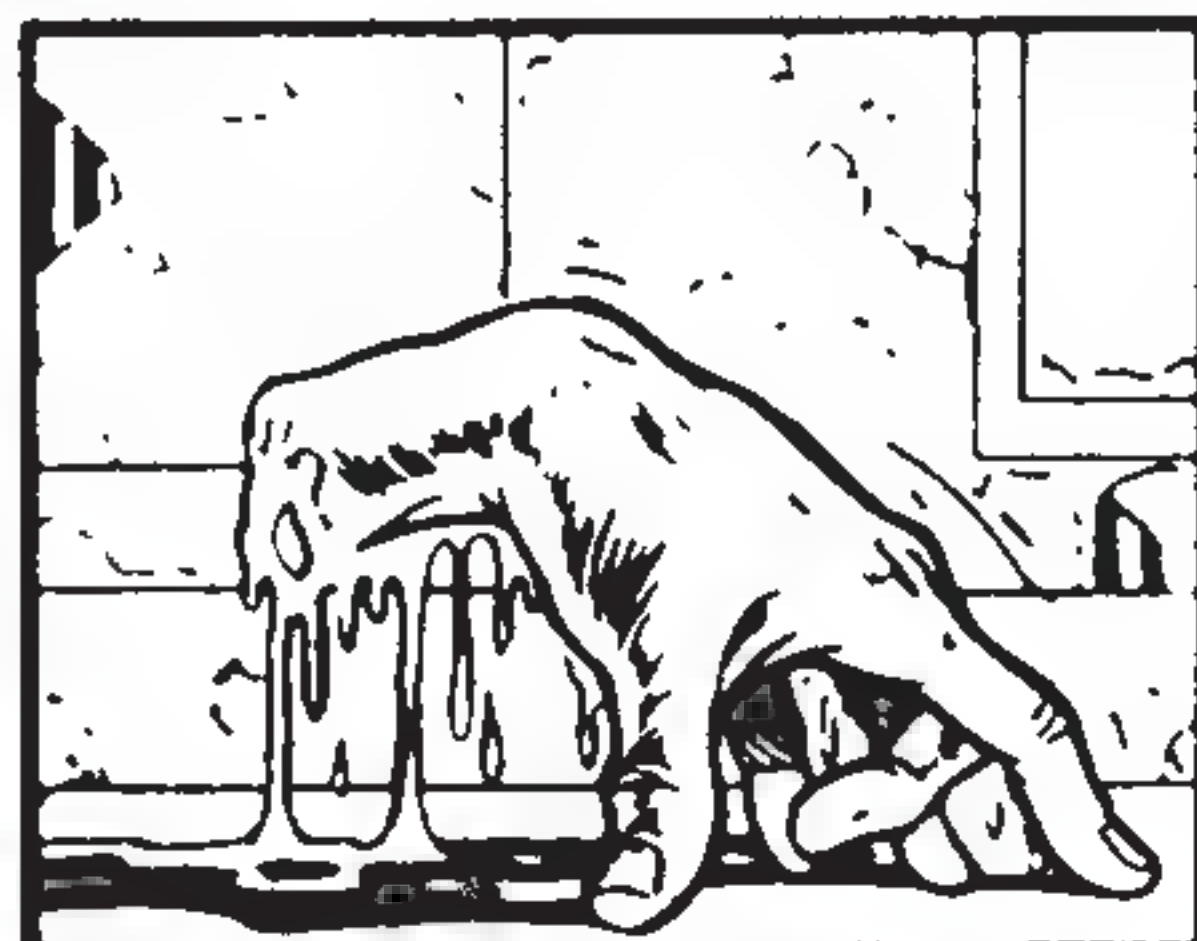
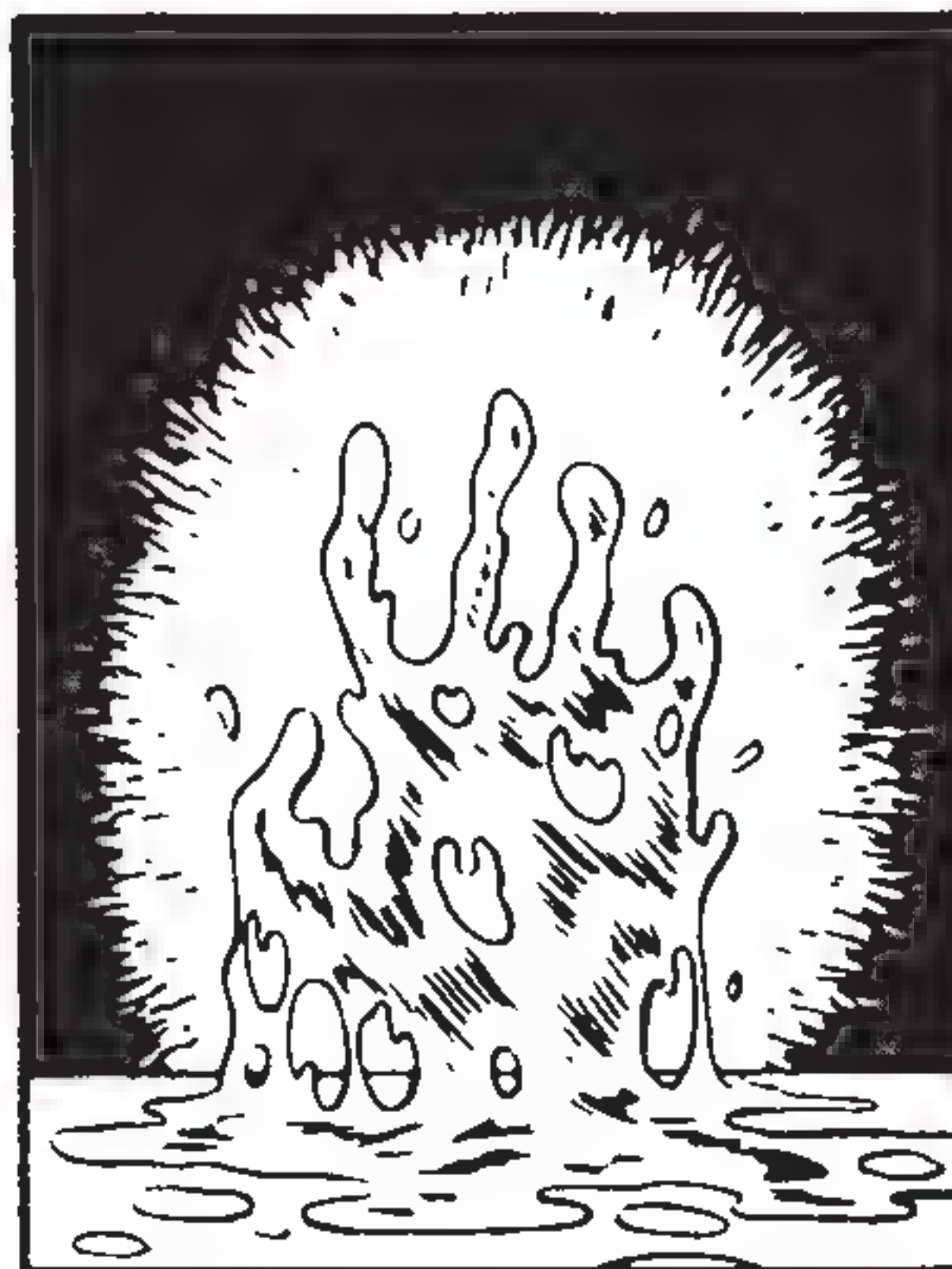


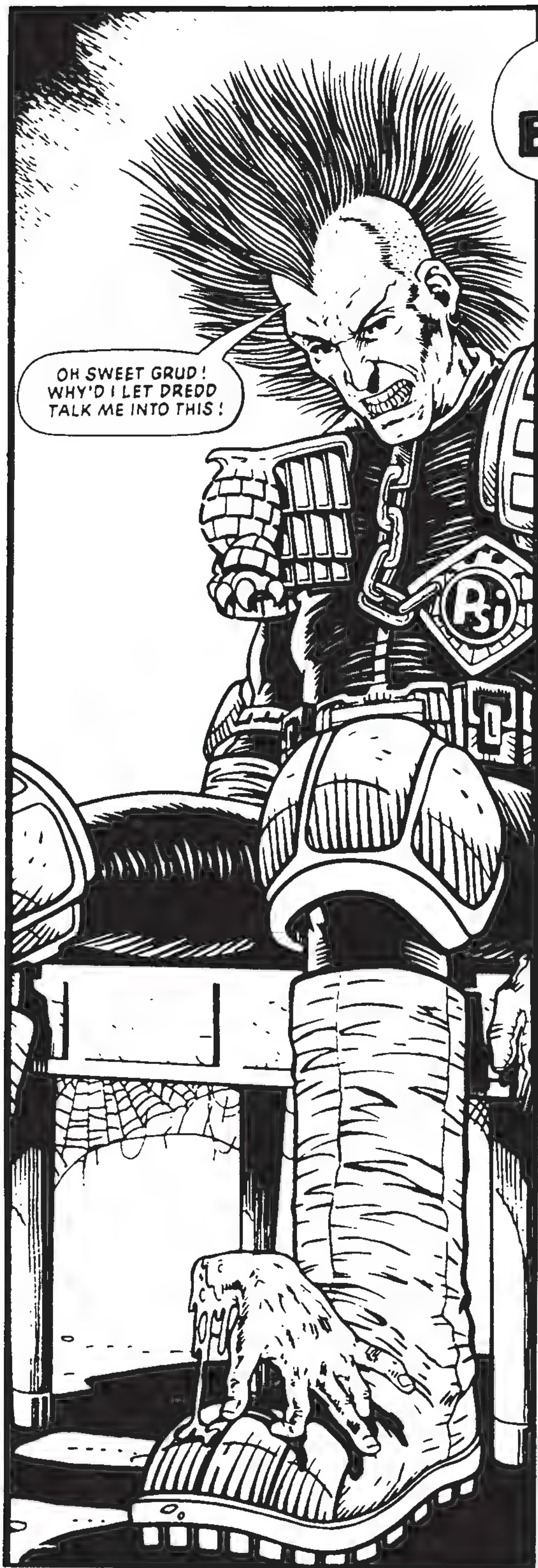




THE HAUNTING OF SECTOR HOUSE 9

PART 2



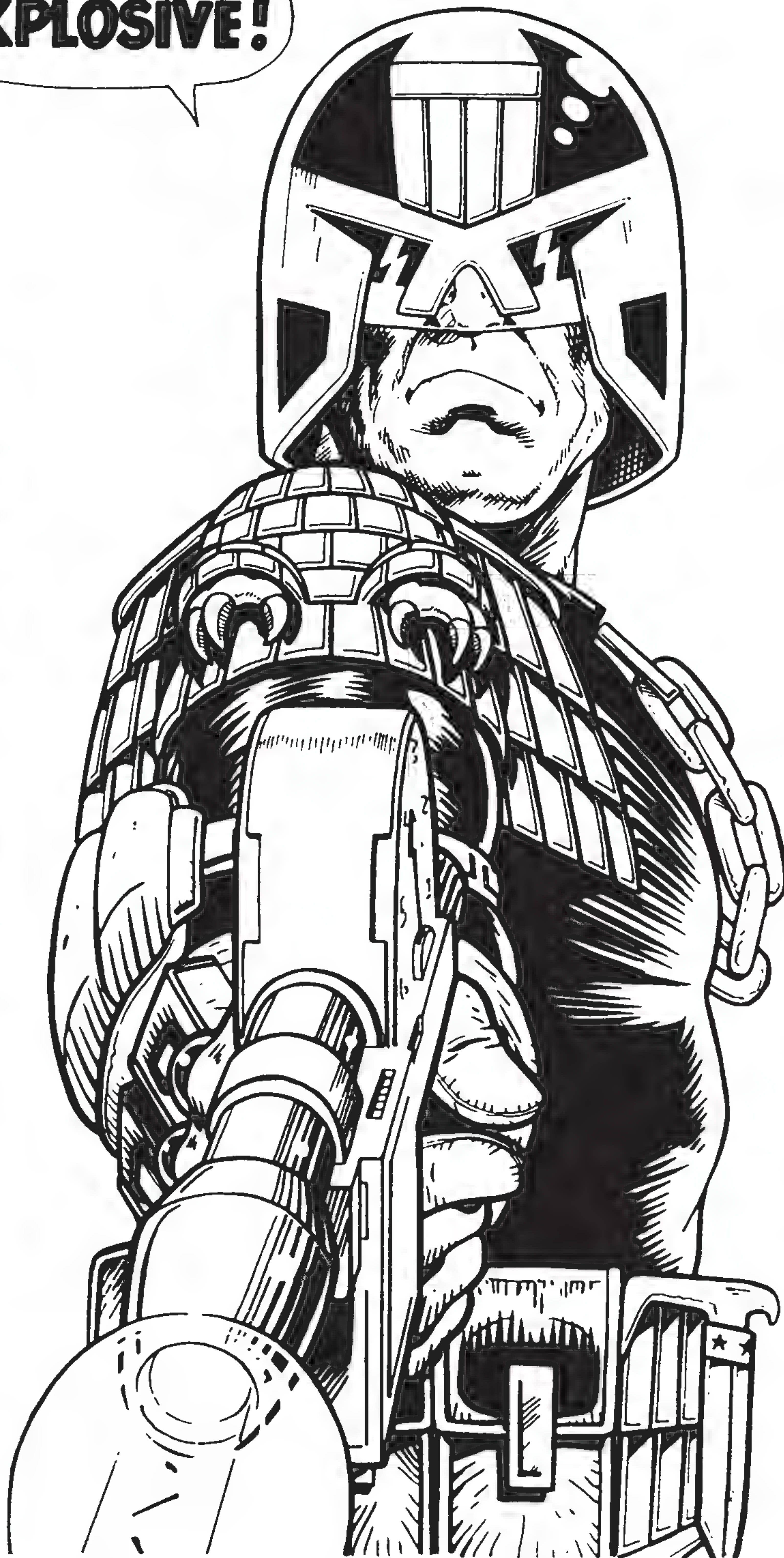


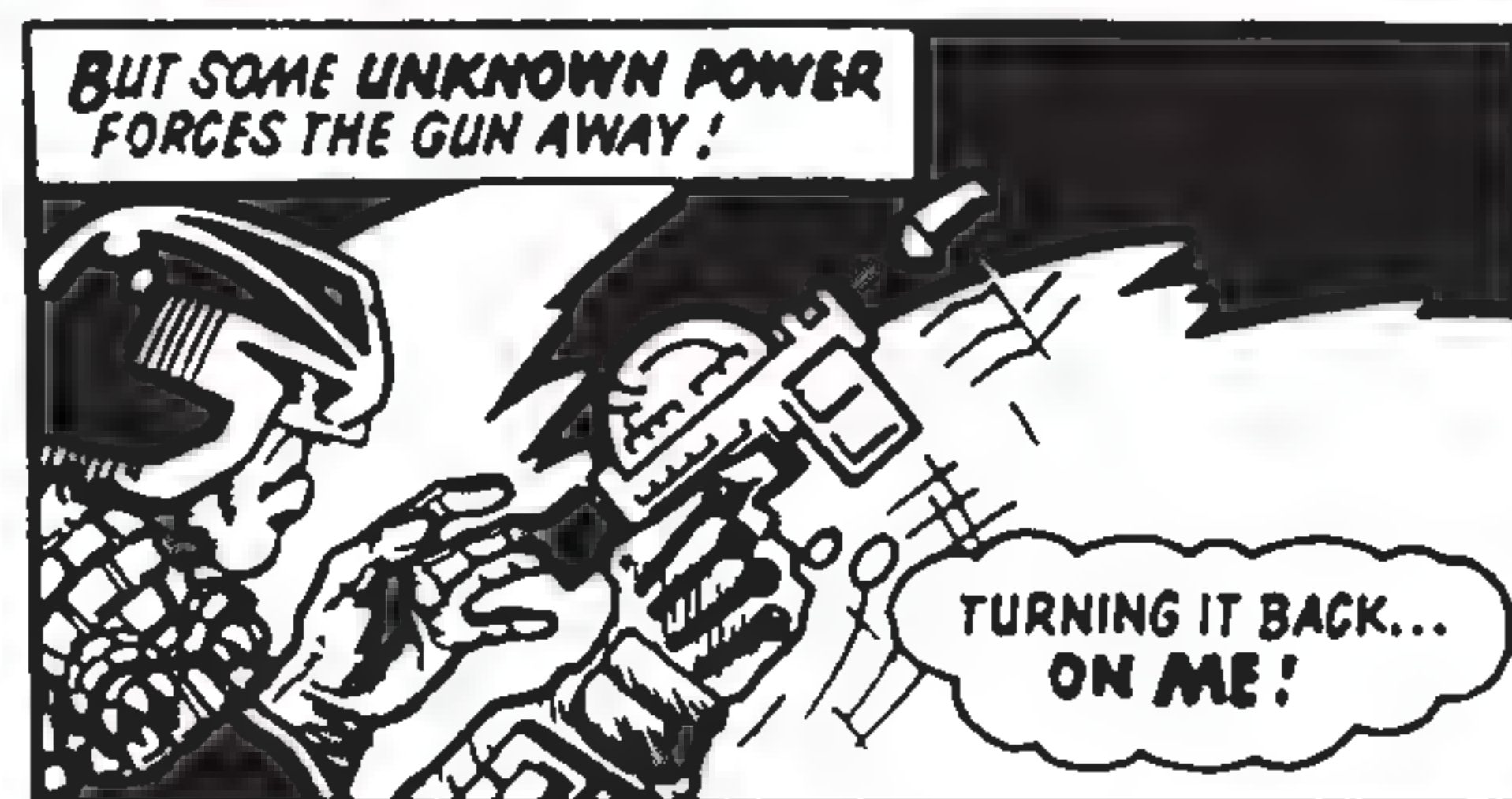
OH SWEET GRUD!
WHY'D I LET DREDD
TALK ME INTO THIS!

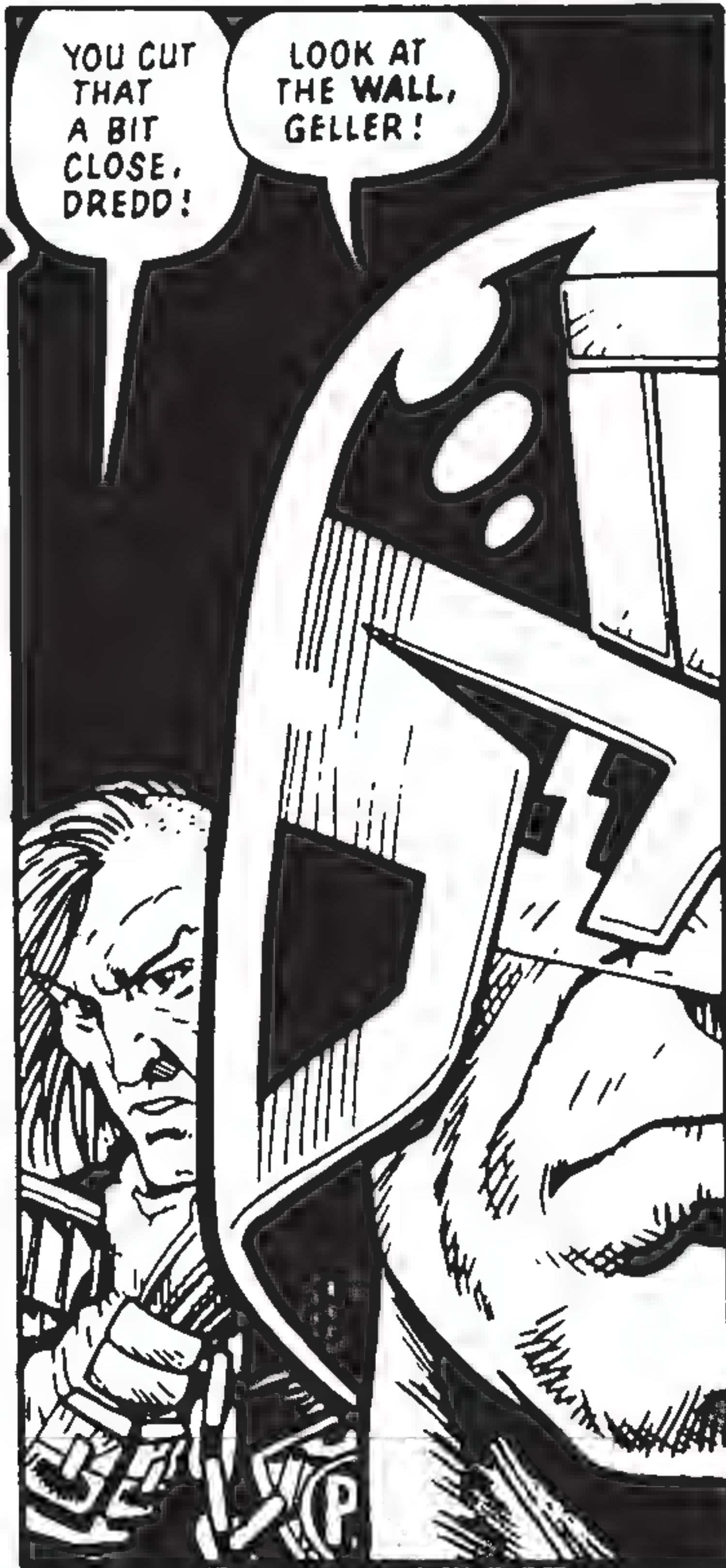
MEANWHILE -

DOOR WON'T OPEN!

**HIGH
EXPLOSIVE!**









YOU THINK YOU'RE SO SMART!

MR FANCY PANTS JUDGE!

MR BIG SHOT!

WELL YOU'RE WRONG, MEATHEAD! WRONG!

YOU'RE GONNA GET IT BUT GOOD!

YOU AN' THIS WHOLE SCUMBAG SECTOR HOUSE!



WATCHING IN THE MONITOR ROOM, JUDGE PATEL -

SCREENS HAVE CLEARED. ANYTHING HAPPEN DOWN THERE?

ANYTHING? JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING, PAL!

YOU LEARN ANYTHING FROM THE ENCOUNTER, GELLER?

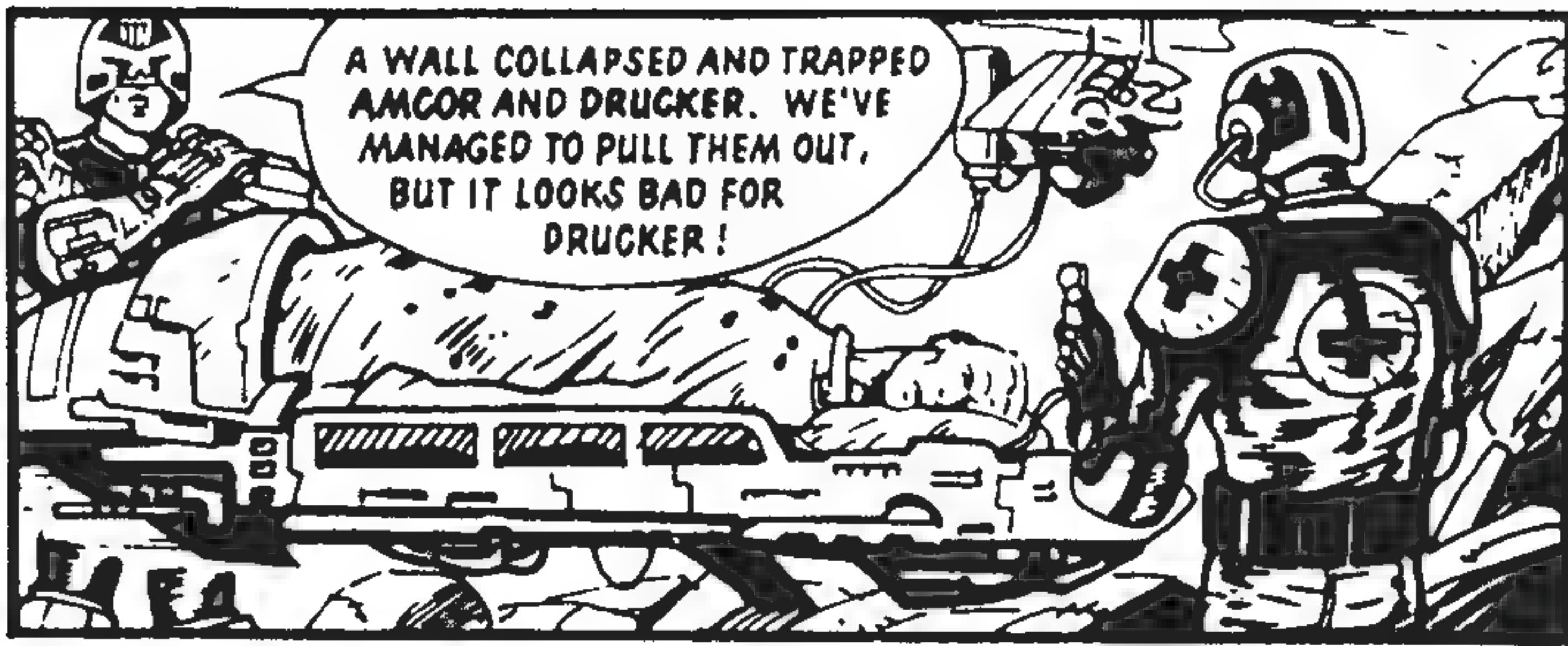
NO MORE THAN WE KNEW ALREADY. THE ENTITY - WHATEVER IT IS - RESISTED EVERY ATTEMPT TO MAKE CONTACT. IT'S STRONG, DREDD - STRONGER THAN ANYTHING I'VE EVER COME ACROSS.

SO ALL WE KNOW IS IT'S GOT SOME KIND OF GRUDGE AGAINST SECTOR HOUSE 9 - NOT TO MENTION AN INTERESTING COMMAND OF THE MEGA-CITY VERNACULAR!

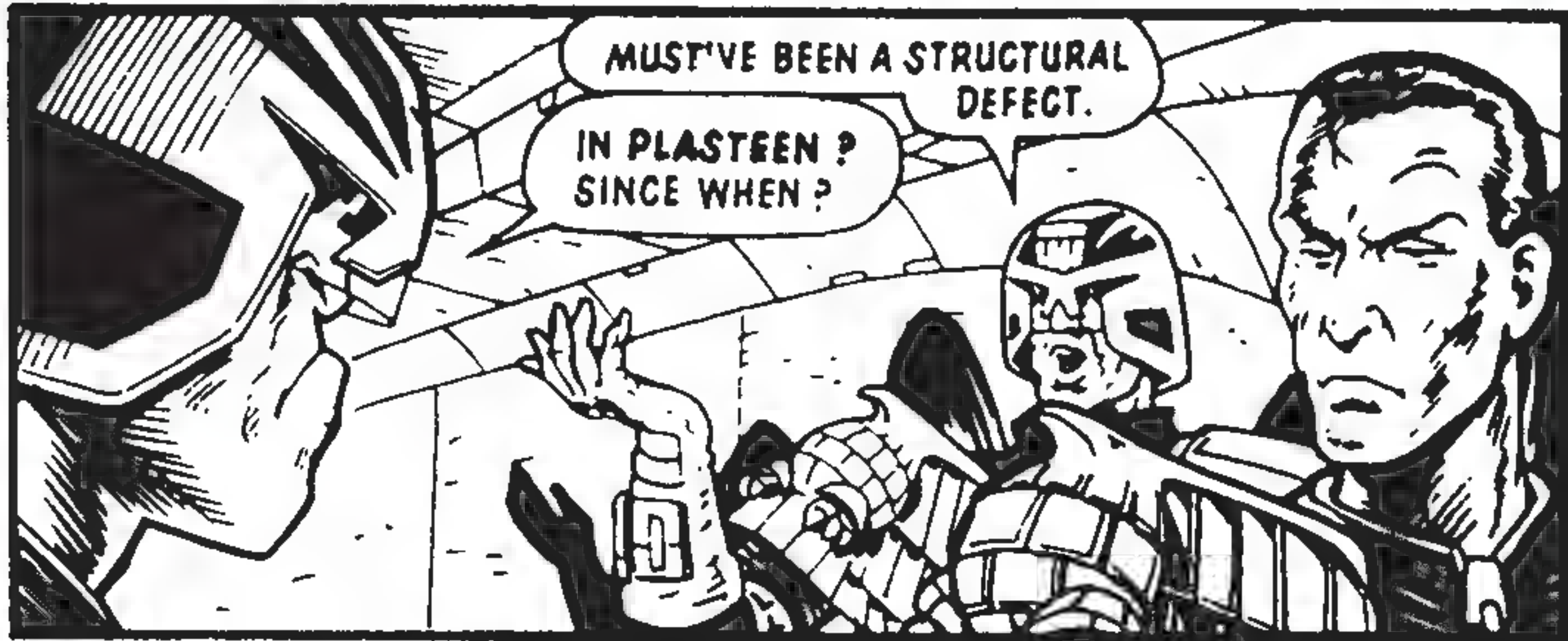
WE'LL HAVE THIS ROOM CHECKED FOR FINGERPRINTS. DON'T SUPPOSE WE'LL FIND ANYTHING, BUT IT'S WORTH A TRY.

ATTENTION, JUDGE DREDD!





A WALL COLLAPSED AND TRAPPED AMCOR AND DRUCKER. WE'VE MANAGED TO PULL THEM OUT, BUT IT LOOKS BAD FOR DRUCKER!



MUST'VE BEEN A STRUCTURAL DEFECT.

IN PLASTEEN? SINCE WHEN?



PATEL - COME WITH ME!



WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, DREDD LEADS THE WAY OUTSIDE SECTOR HOUSE 9 -

OKAY, IT SHOULD BE SAFE TO TALK OUT HERE!



SEEMS OUR SPOOK'S SPREADING ITS ACTIVITIES TO THE REST OF THE SECTOR HOUSE. UNTIL IT'S DEALT WITH, NO ONE IS SAFE IN THERE.



I WANT THE BUILDING EVACUATED. DO IT QUIETLY - NO FUSS.

IF THAT THING DISCOVERS WE'RE TAKING ITS VICTIMS AWAY, THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT IT'LL DO!

NEXT PROG: **THE SPECTRE HOUSE!**



A SINISTER PRESENCE IS HAUNTING SECTOR HOUSE 9. ALREADY CHIEF ERIKSON HAS DIED AND NOW, IN THE MORGUE —

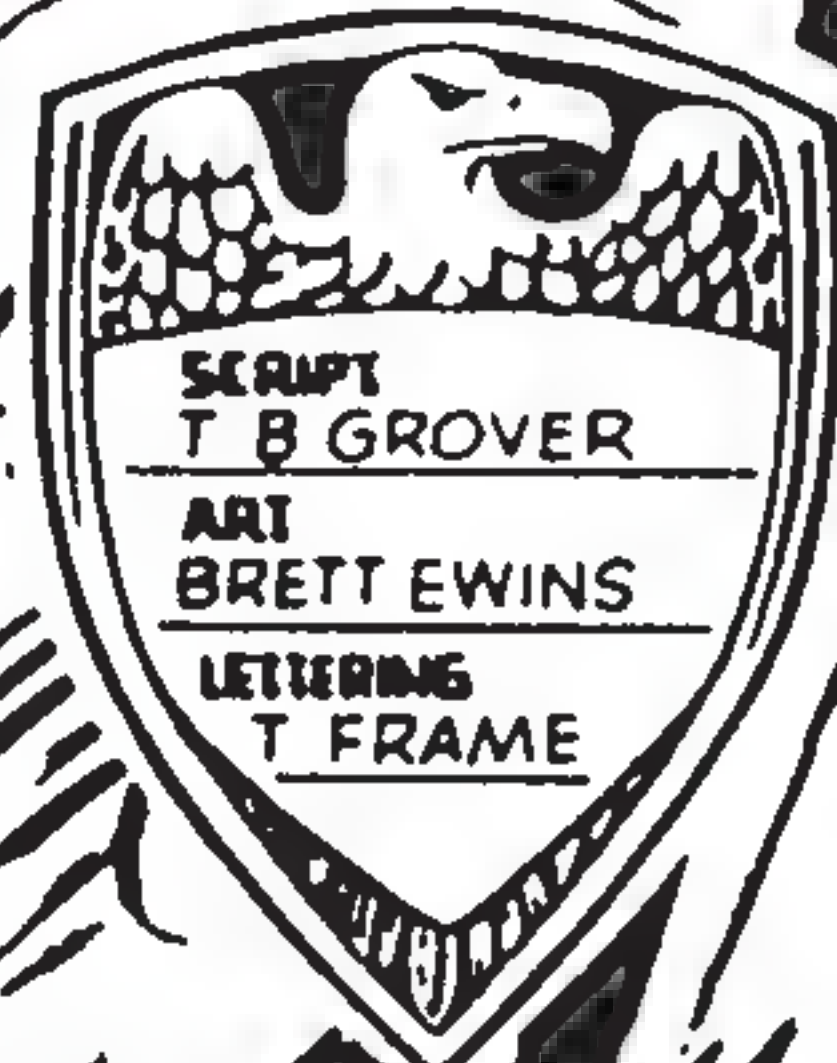
THEY'RE BRINGING IN DRUCKER'S BODY. ARCH COLLAPSED ON HIM.

SINCE THE SPOOK MOVED IN, NO-ONE'S SAFE.

TWO DEAD SO FAR...WHO'LL BE NEXT?

DRUCKER! BUT YOU'RE DEAD!

OH YEAH?





YOU'RE DEAD TOO,
SCUMBAGS!

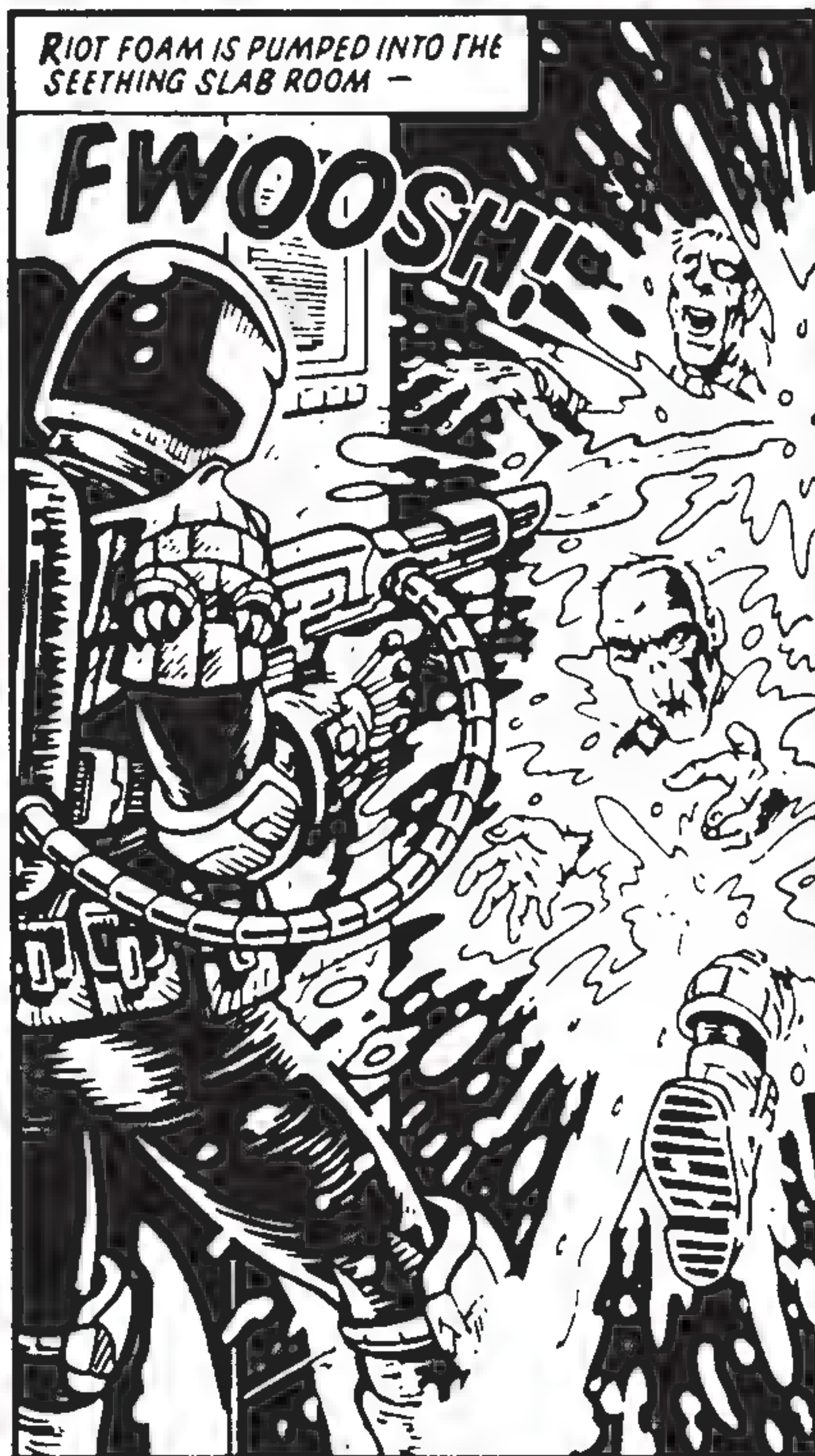
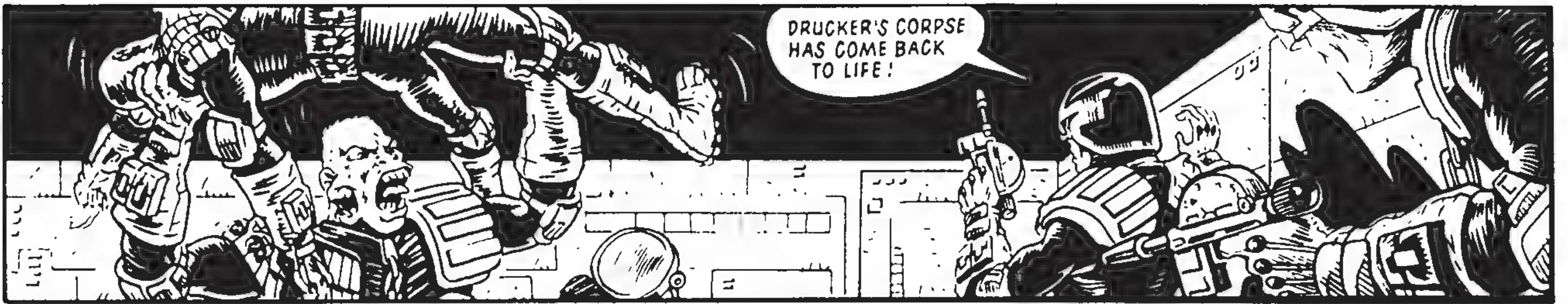


UNNN!

WHACK!

THE HAUNTING of SECTOR HOUSE 9

PART 3



MEANWHILE, IN A ROOM AT THE TOP OF THE BUILDING, JUDGE OMAR, HEAD OF PSI-DIVISION, HAS BEEN CALLED IN TO INVESTIGATE THE SINISTER PRESENCE -

YOU! WHOEVER YOU ARE!
I COMMAND YOU -
REVEAL YOURSELF!

SORRY, DREDD -
I'M DOING NO
BETTER THAN
GELLER. ALL I
FEEL IS AN
OVERWHELMING
HATRED FOR THIS
SECTOR HOUSE!

IF THE SOURCE OF THESE
HAPPENINGS IS ACTUALLY
DEAD, IT CAN'T BE LONG
DEAD. THE SECTOR HOUSE
HAS ONLY BEEN IN EXISTENCE
FOR THIRTY YEARS.

DREDD!

YOU SAY
IF IT'S
DEAD?

RIGHT. THE USE OF **PSYCHIC BLOCKS**
NORMALLY INDICATES A **LIVING SOURCE**.
YET THE IMAGES USED - THE BLOOD,
THE DISEMBODIED HAND, THE
CREEPING DECAY - ARE ALL
SYMBOLS OF **DEATH**.

DREDD!

GREAT!

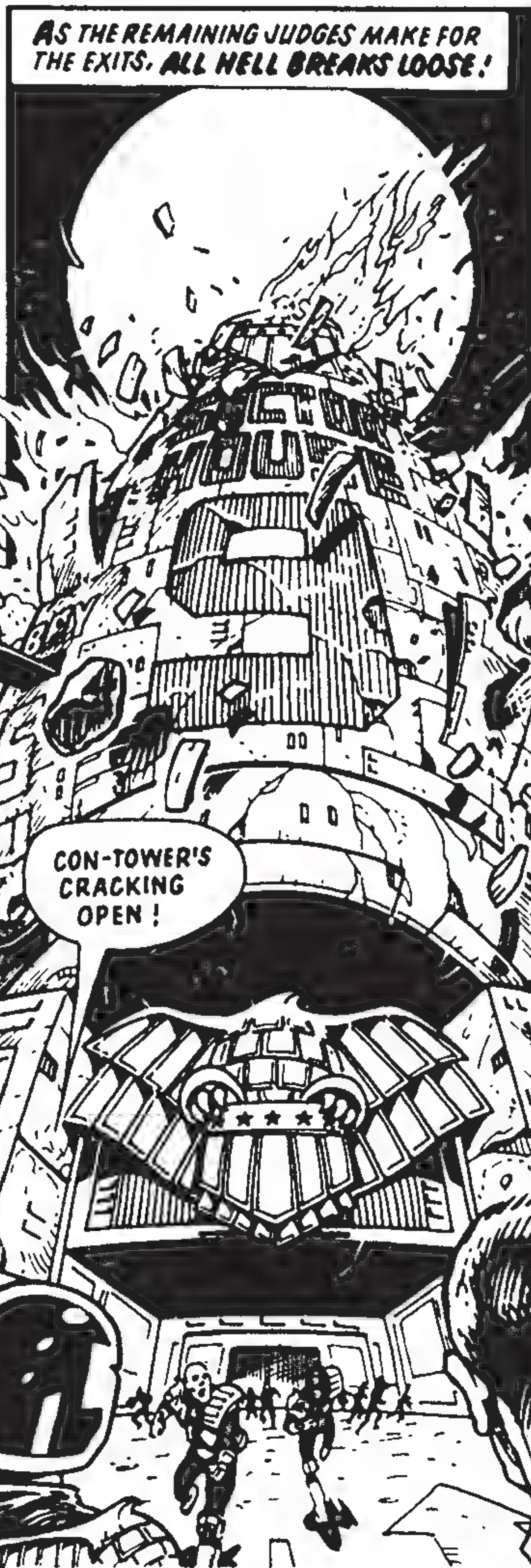
ON DREDD'S ORDERS, SECTOR
HOUSE 9 IS SURREPTITIOUSLY
EVACUATED. NOW, AS THE
HOLDING PENS GRADUALLY
EMPTY, NO NEW PRISONERS
ARE ADMITTED TO FILL THEM.

ON THE STREETS, ALL ROUTINE SECTOR 9
BUSINESS IS RE-ROUTED -

EMERGENCY RESCHEDULE, GOOBER.
RUN YOUR PERPS OVER TO SECTOR 10.

BRITT EVANS







NEXT PROG:

STRAIGHT
FROM THE
HORROR'S MOUTH!



JUDGE

A SINISTER PRESENCE IS WREAKING HAVOC IN SECTOR HOUSE 9 —

THE USE OF PSYCHIC BLOCKS INDICATES A LIVING SOURCE — YET THE IMAGES USED ARE ALL SYMBOLS OF DEATH.

I WOULD SUGGEST THE ENTITY IS SOMEWHERE IN BETWEEN — NEITHER LIVING NOR DEAD !



NOW THE HORROR HAS FORCED THE EVACUATION OF THE BUILDING —

AAAH!

AAAAAA



THE WHOLE PLACE IS CRUMBLING ROUND US !

RIDE!



SECTOR HOUSE



**SCRIPT: T. B. GROVER
ART: BRETT EWING
LETTERING: T. FRAME**

DAMNED IF I'LL LET SOME JUMPED-UP SPOOK KICK US OUT OF OUR OWN SECTOR HOUSE !

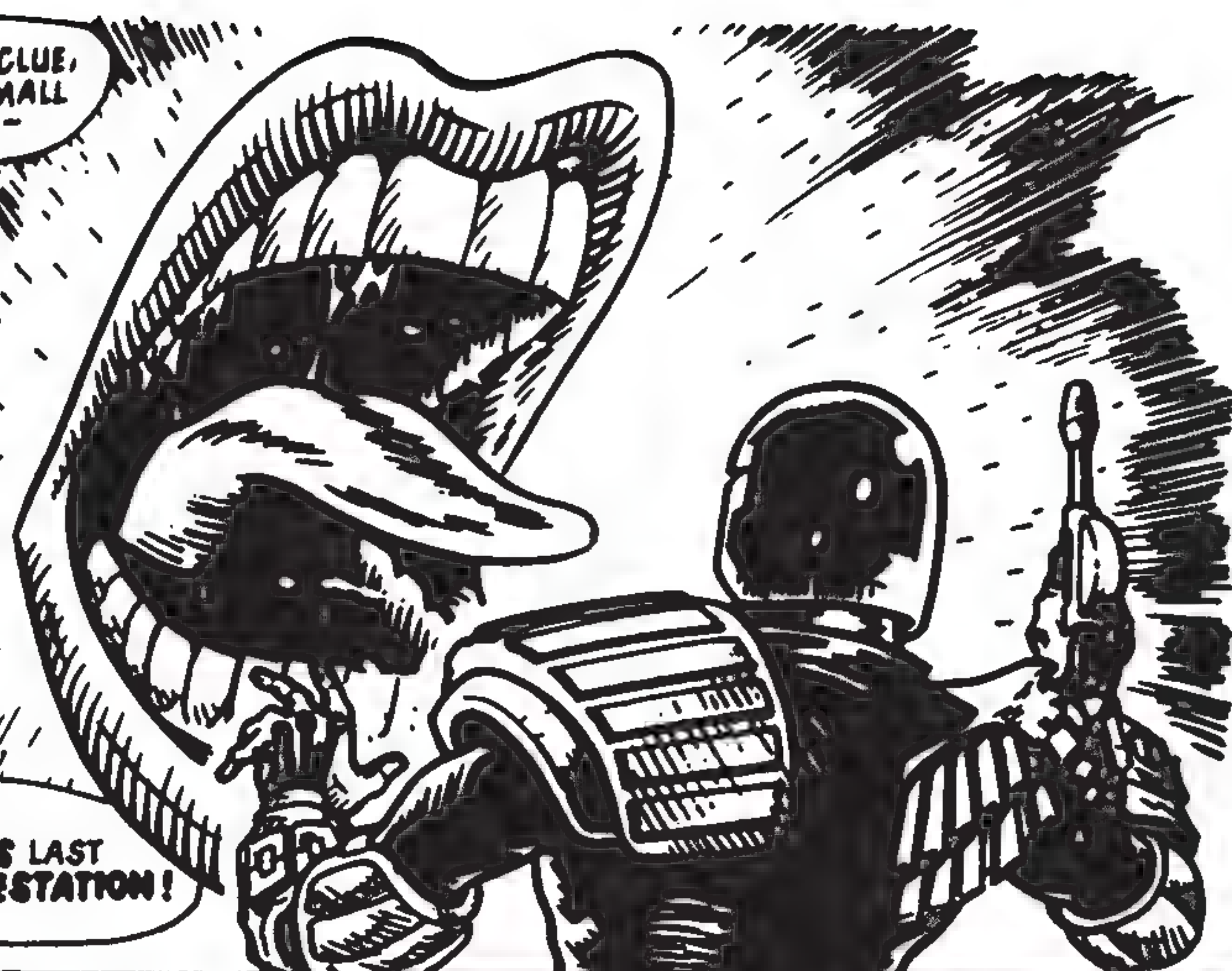
WE ARE THE LAW IN THIS CITY !



THE HAUNTING OF
SECTOR HOUSE 9
PART 4



THE THING'S LAST MANIFESTATION!



LOWER JAW, RIGHT SIDE -
PLASTEEN FILLINGS THIRD
AND FIRST MOLARS,
SECOND BICUSPID;
SECOND MOLAR MISSING;
MOKK GOLD IMPLANTS
LATERAL AND CENTRAL...

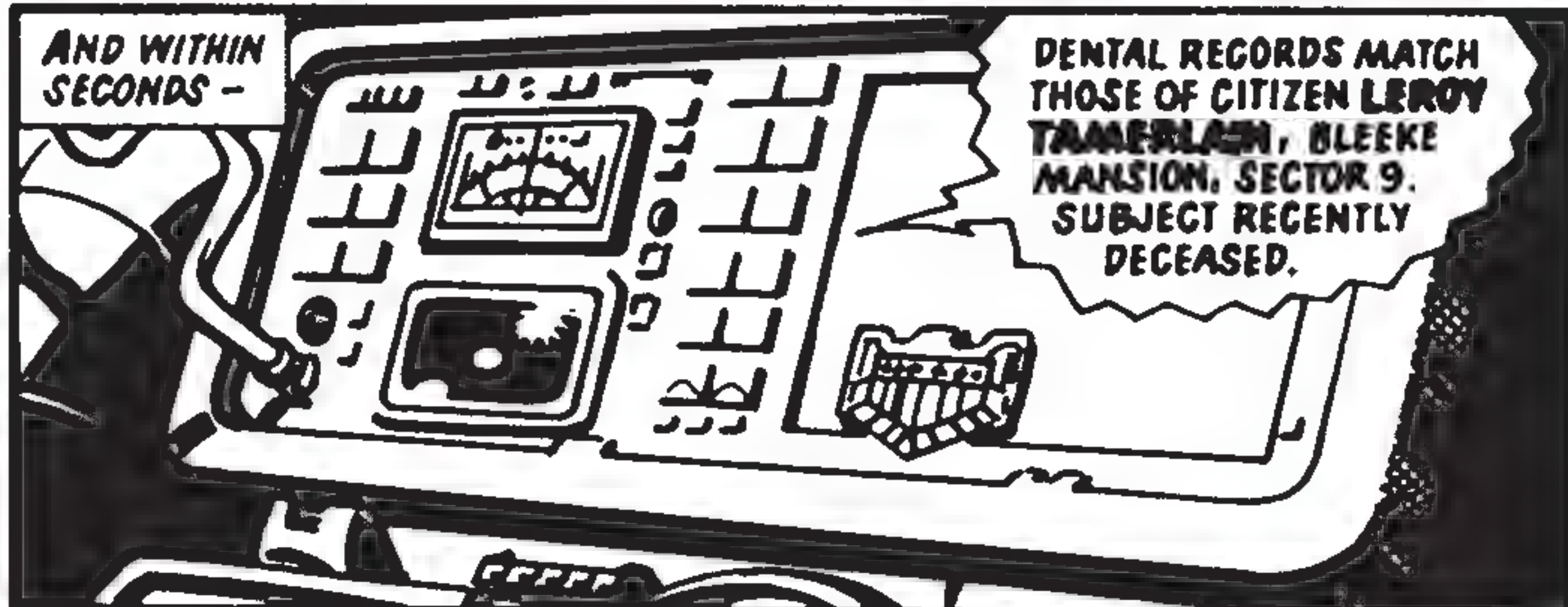


A JUDGE'S TRAINING
ENSURES THAT HE IS
CAPABLE OF NEAR-TOTAL
RECALL OF EVEN THE
MOST TRIVIAL DETAILS.

IN THE VAST DATA
BANKS AT THE GRAND
HALL OF JUSTICE -



AND WITHIN
SECONDS -



TAMERLAIN -
YES, HE WAS
KILLED TWO
DAYS AGO.
GUN BATTLE
WITH JUDGE
BERGER.

PSI-DIVISION KNOW
HIM WELL - A TOP RANK
PSI-CRIMINAL. BUT
TAMERLAIN NEVER HAD
THE KIND OF POWER
THAT THING IN THE
SECTOR HOUSE IS
PUTTING OUT!

WE BETTER HAVE
A WORD WITH
BERGER.



JUDGE BERGER -

TAMERLAIN MOVED INTO SECTOR 9 A COUPLE OF MONTHS BACK. WE KNEW HIS REP. CHIEF ERIKSON DECIDED INTIMIDATION WAS THE BEST POLICY. WE CAME DOWN ON HIM HARD.



BUT YOU KNOW HOW IT IS WITH A PSI - DIFFICULT TO ACTUALLY PIN ANYTHING ON HIM. UNTIL A COUPLE OF DAYS AGO...



...IT WAS DRUCKER WHO CAME UP WITH THE TAX EVASION CHARGE - ENOUGH TO PUT TAMERLAIN AWAY FOR TEN!



"I WAS ASSIGNED TO MAKE THE ARREST. TAMERLAIN TRIED TO SHOOT HIS WAY OUT -"



"FORENSIC CHECKED HIM OVER AND BAGGED HIM UP -"

WE'RE FINISHED WITH HIM, BERGER. YOU CAN CALL RESYK.



SO I LEFT HIM IN HIS HOUSE FOR A FEW HOURS, THEN CALLED IN RESYK.



YOU LEFT HIM? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU LEFT HIM?



I... JUST LEFT HIM. COME TO THINK OF IT, WHY DID I...? IT'S... AGAINST ALL PROCEDURE...

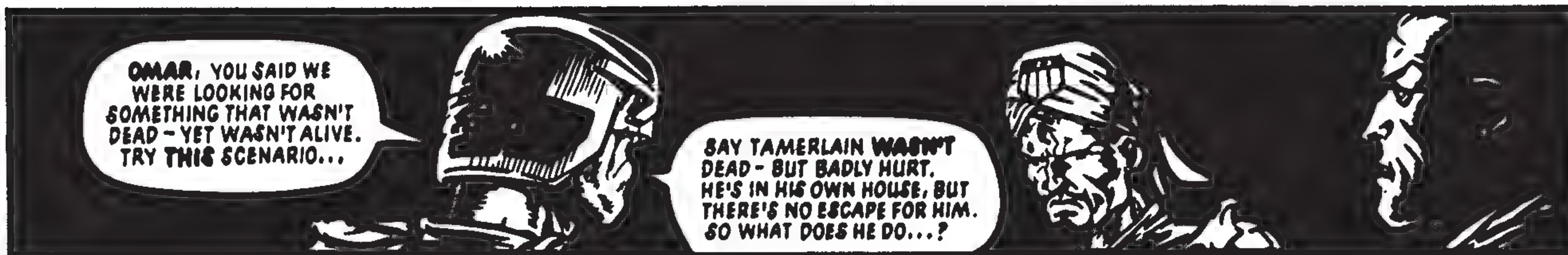


I'LL TELL YOU WHY - TAMERLAIN MADE YOU!



WHAT?





OMAR, YOU SAID WE WERE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING THAT WASN'T DEAD - YET WASN'T ALIVE. TRY THIS SCENARIO...

SAY TAMERLAIN WASN'T DEAD - BUT BADLY HURT. HE'S IN HIS OWN HOUSE, BUT THERE'S NO ESCAPE FOR HIM. SO WHAT DOES HE DO...?



"HE USES HIS PSI-POWER TO MAKE BERGER AND FORENSIC THINK HE'S DEAD!"



HE HAD ENOUGH POWER TO DO THAT, DIDN'T HE?

YES, EASILY - EVEN IN A WOUNDED STATE.



"TAMERLAIN HAD TO GET BERGER OUT OF THE HOUSE - SO HE COULD CARRY OUT HIS ESCAPE PLAN..."



"TAMERLAIN WAS ANGRY - HE WANTED REVENGE!"

"REVENGE ON THE JUDGES WHO'D BEEN HOUNDING HIM - ON SECTOR HOUSE 9!"



"FIRST THING HE NEEDED WAS SOMEBODY TO TAKE HIS PLACE IN THE BODY-BAG. SO HE PUTS THE WHAMMY ON SOME PASSING SAP. ANYBODY - IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO..."



"THE VICTIM ENTERS TAMERLAIN'S MANSION - TO HIS DEATH!"

YOU... SENT FOR ME?



POISON - DRINK IT!



NOW, GET INTO
THAT BODY-BAG...
AND DIE!



GRUD!
SO SOME
OTHER MUG
TOOK THE
TRIP TO
RESYK!



IT'S AN INCREDIBLE
THEORY, DREDD -
BUT, DROKK IT! IT
MAKES SENSE!



IT STILL DOESN'T EXPLAIN
THE SECTOR HOUSE.
TAMERLAIN DIDN'T HAVE
THAT KIND OF POWER.

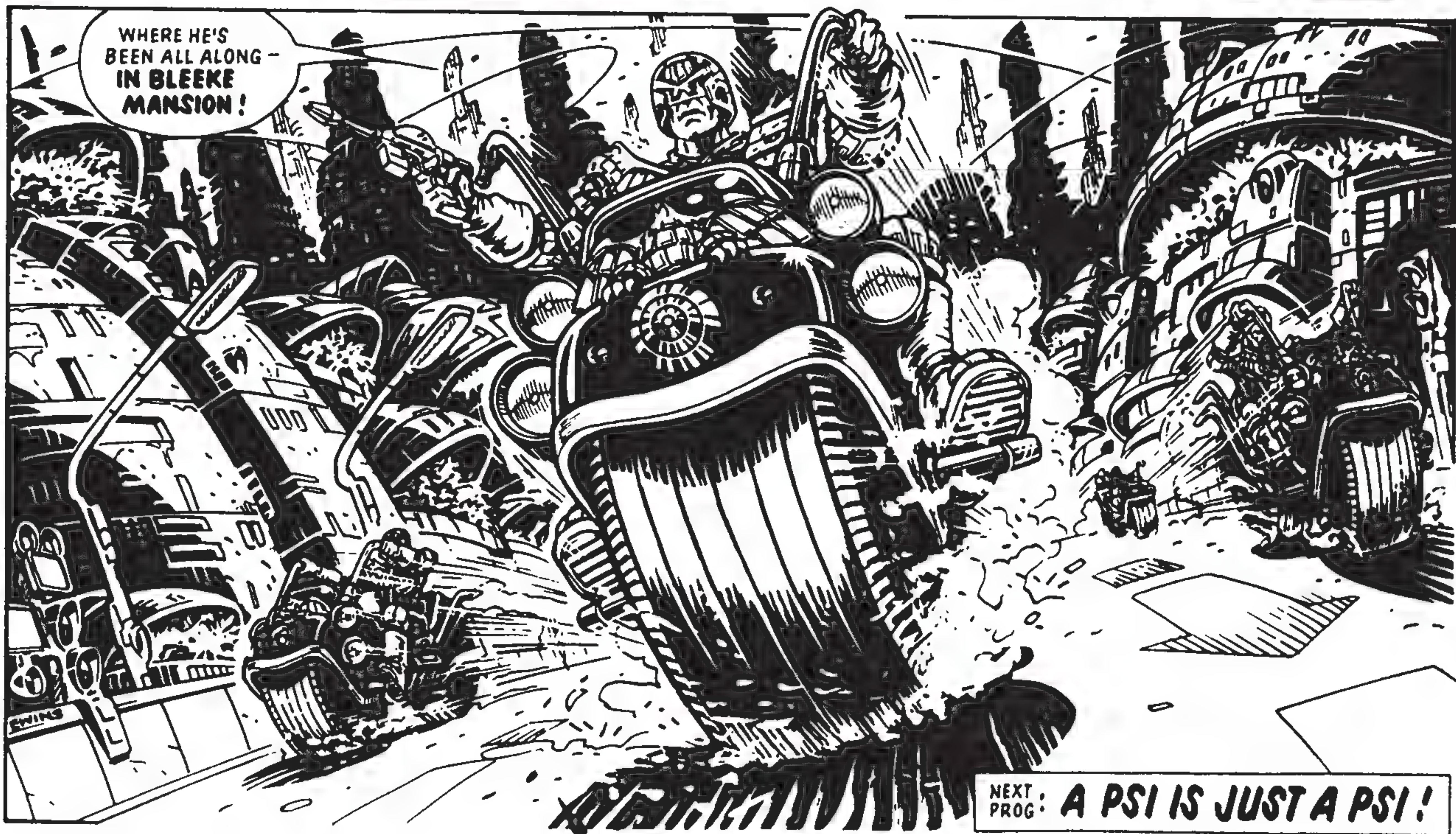


HE'S GOT IT NOW.
MAYBE WE'LL
LEARN HOW
WHEN WE
FIND HIM!

WHERE
IS HE?



WHERE HE'S
BEEN ALL ALONG -
IN BLEEKE
MANSION!



NEXT:
PROG. A PSI IS JUST A PSI!

THE MACABRE EVENTS AT
SECTOR HOUSE 9 HAVE BEEN
TRACED TO SUPPOSEDLY-
DECEASED PSI-CRIMINAL,
LEROY TAMERLAIN. NOW
DREDD AND THREE OTHERS
ARRIVE AT TAMERLAIN'S
HOME —

BLEEKE MANSION!
YOU PICKING UP ANY
VIBES, OMAR?

YES... I SENSE
SOMETHING NOW.
A POWER... TOO
GREAT FOR ANY PSYCHIC
BLOCK TO HIDE!

BLEEKE MANSION

KEEP ON
BY ORDER
JUSTICE DE

SHINK!

WHATEVER'S IN
THERE, DREDD—IT'S
DANGEROUS.

SO AM I. AND
THAT THING'S
GOT A LOT TO
ANSWER
FOR!

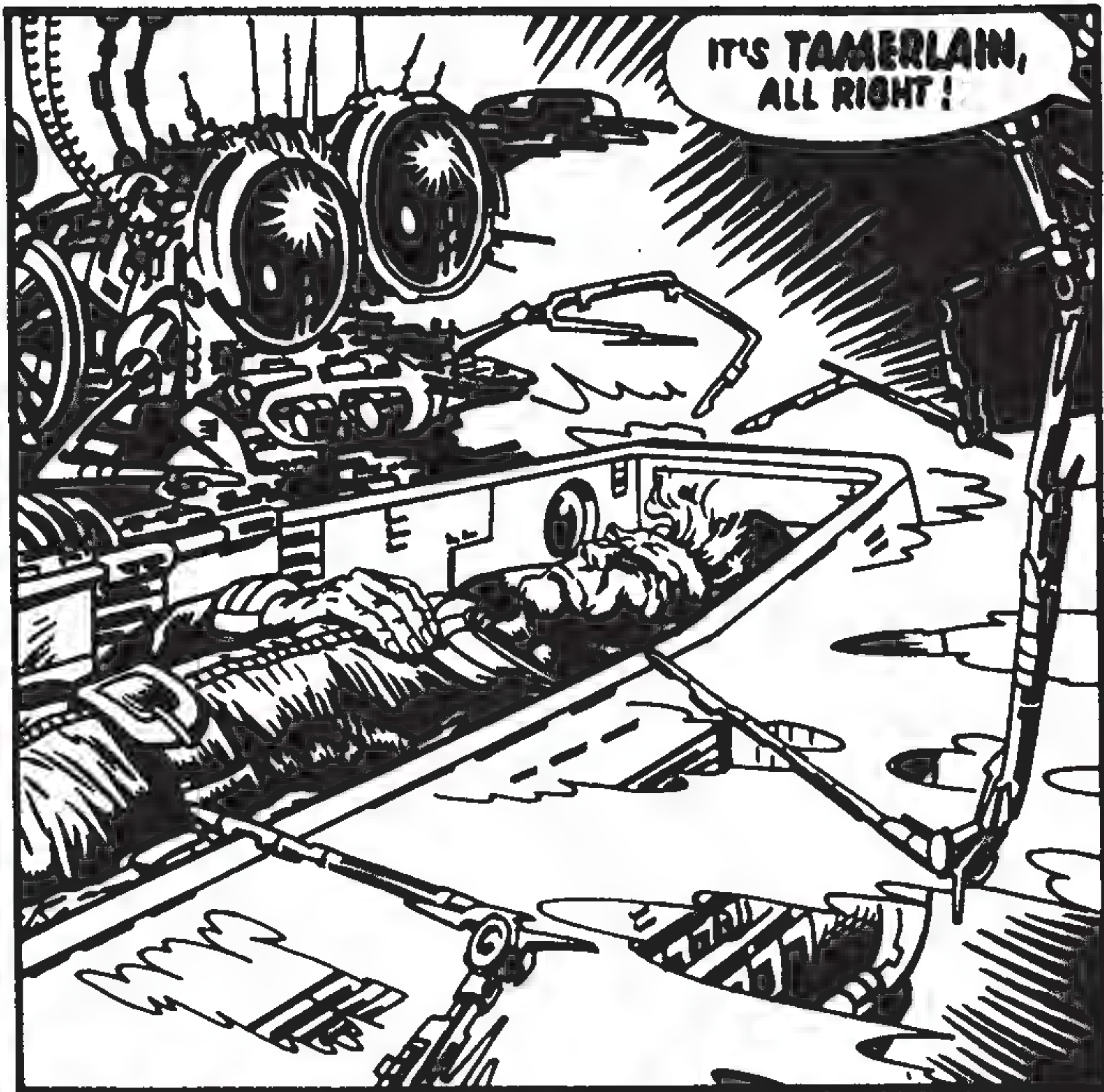
CREEK!

THE HAUNTING OF
SECTOR
HOUSE 9

PART 5

SCRIPT
J.B. GROVER
ART
B. EWINS
LETTERING
T. FRAME





IT'S TAMERLAIN,
ALL RIGHT!

DROKK!



WHAT'S THAT GIZMO HE'S IN?

PSIONIC AMPLIFIER —
CAPABLE OF MAGNIFYING AN
OPERATOR'S POWER A
THOUSANDFOLD! SO THAT'S
HOW TAMERLAIN WAS ABLE
TO TERRORISE THE
SECTOR HOUSE!



HIS
TERRORISING
DAYS ARE
OVER! I'M
GONNA
FINISH THE
JOB I
STARTED!

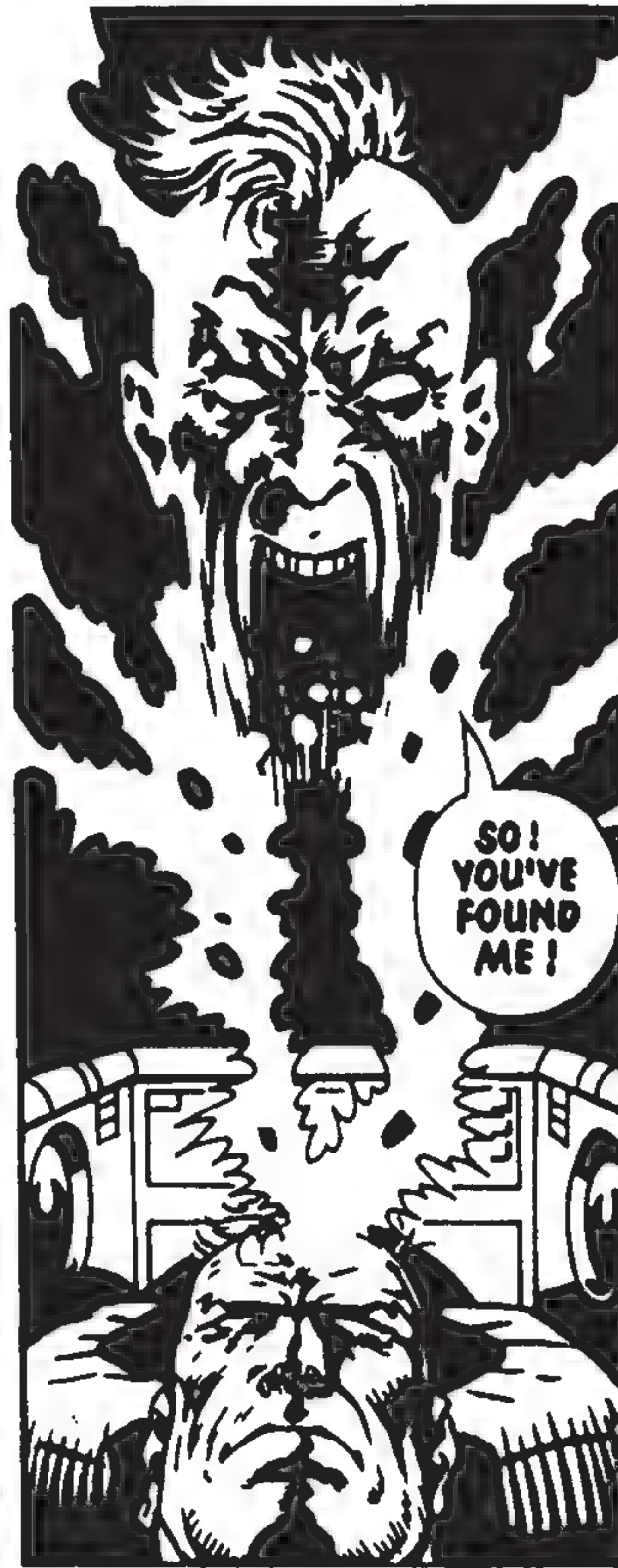


NO, BERGER!

YOU CAN'T SHOOT
THROUGH A PSIONIC
SHIELD!

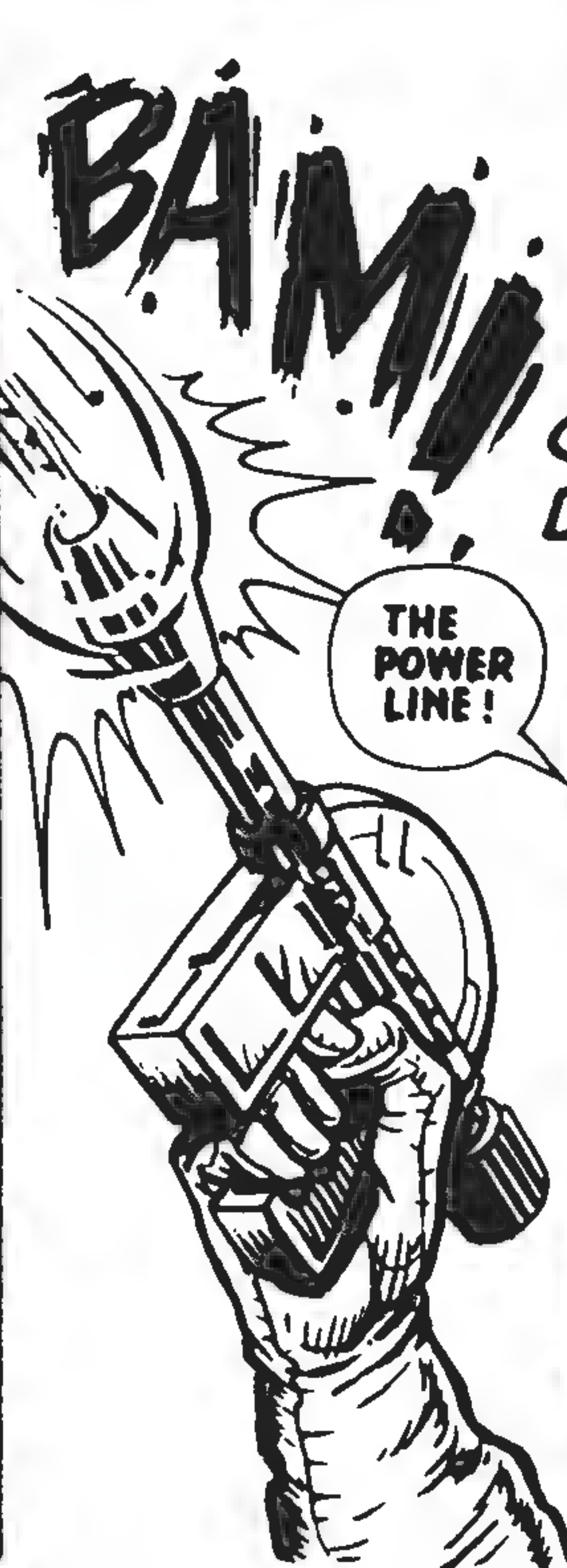


ZANG!



SO!
YOU'VE
FOUND
ME!









OVER 22,000 MILES ABOVE EARTH, IN GEO-STATIONARY ORBIT OVER MEGA-CITY ONE, FLOATS THE NEW NELSON ROCKEFELLER ORBITAL SUBURB, A LUXURY HOUSING DEVELOPMENT FOR THE CITY'S FILTHY RICH.

HERE THE PRICE OF THE HUMBLEST BACHELOR HAB PAD STARTS AT ONE MILLION CREDITS. IF YOU CAN AFFORD TO LIVE IN NELSON ROCKEFELLER, YOU KNOW YOU'RE MIXING WITH...

HIGH SOCIETY!

THE
NELSON ROCKEFELLER
ORBITAL SUBURB
CONSTRUCTION BY
MARPLES
SPACEHAB
FINISHED 6 MONTHS
EARLY!

SLUM CLEARANCE ACT

2103.

WHEREAS the said slum is situated in the city of Mega-City One, and is a nuisance to the public health, safety and morals, and it is the duty of the City Council to provide for the removal of the same, and for the improvement of the land upon which the same is situated, and for the better use of the same, and for the benefit of the people of the city, and for the purpose of the said Act, the City Council has caused this Act to be passed, and the same shall have effect as if it had been passed by the City Council.

By Order of the City Council
The Mayor

OWNER AND
MASTERMIND
OF THE ORBITAL
SUBURB,
BAXTER
PARKES III -

WE'VE SOLD EIGHT HUNDRED HAB UNITS ALREADY - AND ONLY TO THE VERY BEST PEOPLE. WE GUARANTEE YOU NO MEGA-CITY RIFF-RAFF - NO NOISE - NO POLLUTION - NO VIOLENCE!

AT NELSON ROCKEFELLER,
YOU LEAVE THE SORDID
CITY BEHIND!

THINK
AGAIN,
CITIZEN!

I'M HERE TO BRING THE
SORDID CITY
TO YOU!

SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
EMBERTON
LETTERING
T FRAME



UNDER THE **SLUM CLEARANCE ACT OF 2105**, SUBSECTION 12, ALL NEW PRIVATE HOUSING DEVELOPMENTS **MUST** PROVIDE A **29 PER CENT DONATION** TO THE **PUBLIC SECTOR**.

WHY HAVEN'T WE HEARD FROM **YOU**, **PARKES**?



B-BUT WE'RE OUT IN **SPACE**! SURELY THAT DOESN'T COUNT?

YOU'RE LOCKED IN ORBIT IN **MEGA-CITY SPACE**. THAT PUTS THIS PLACE UNDER OUR **DIRECT JURISDICTION**.



NOW... LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT OUR **29 PER CENT**.



RIGHT, WE GET THE **CLORE BLOCK**, **CARNEGIE COURT** AND THE **VESTEV WING**. OUR TENANTS WILL, OF COURSE, ENJOY **FULL USE** OF ALL **ROCKEFELLER FACILITIES**.

OUT OF THE QUESTION! WE CAN'T HAVE **SLUMMIES** MIXING WITH **PRIVATE TENANTS**!



WHAT ELSE WOULD YOU SUGGEST? KEEP 'EM LOCKED IN THEIR HOUSES ALL DAY? PUSH THEIR FOOD UNDER THE DOOR?

WHY, YES! THAT'S A FINE IDEA!



IT'S A **BAD IDEA**, **PARKES**! CITY TENANTS GET **EQUAL TREATMENT**.

14 PER CENT OF OUR POPULATION LIVE IN CONDITIONS UNFIT FOR **RATS**. IT'S EVERY CITIZEN'S DUTY TO ASSIST IN REHOUSING THEM... **UNDERSTOOD?**

Y-YES, SIR!



B-BUT, **JUDGE DREDD**, IT'LL **LOWER THE TONE** OF THE WHOLE DEVELOPMENT!

MY HEART BLEEDS FOR YOU.

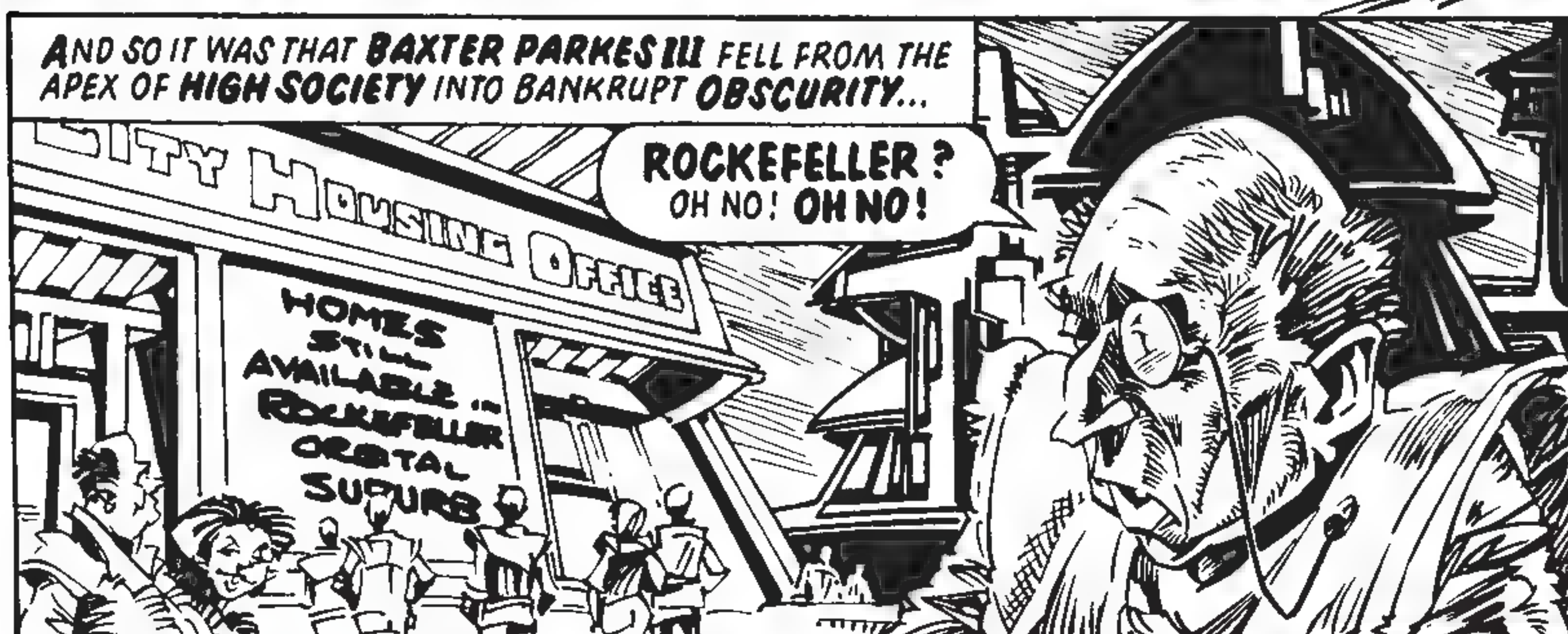


DREDD ACCOMPANIES THE FIRST SHUTTLE IN -

OH GRUD! THEY'RE WORSE THAN I IMAGINED! A SCABROUS HORDE!



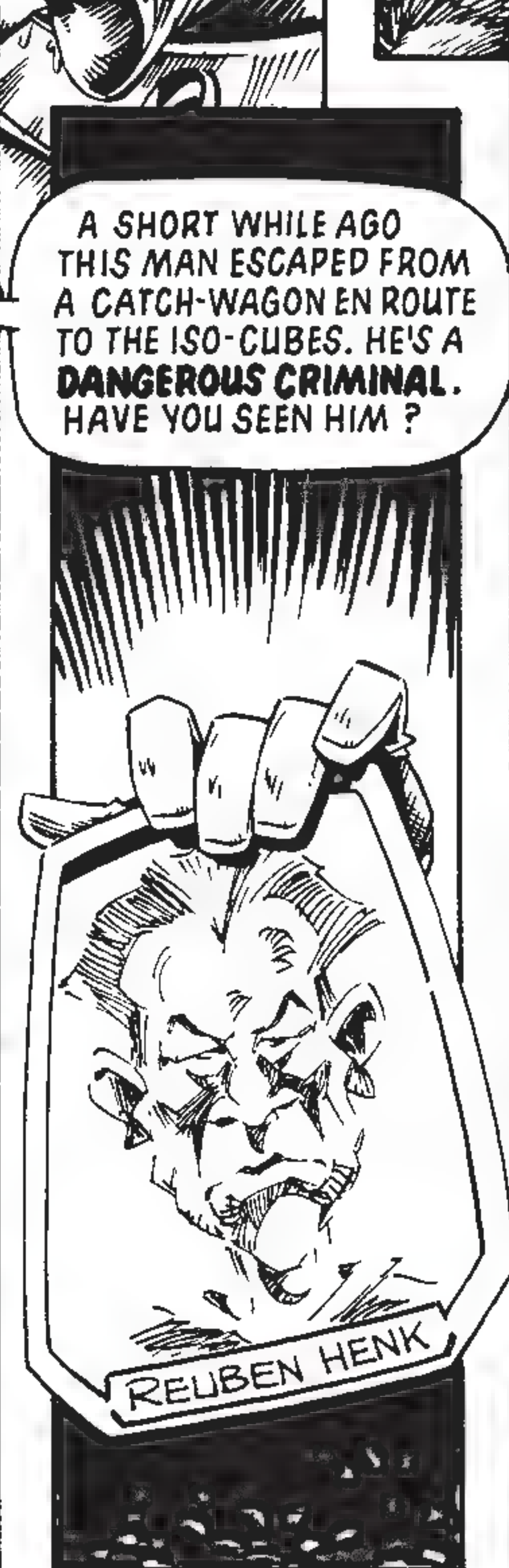
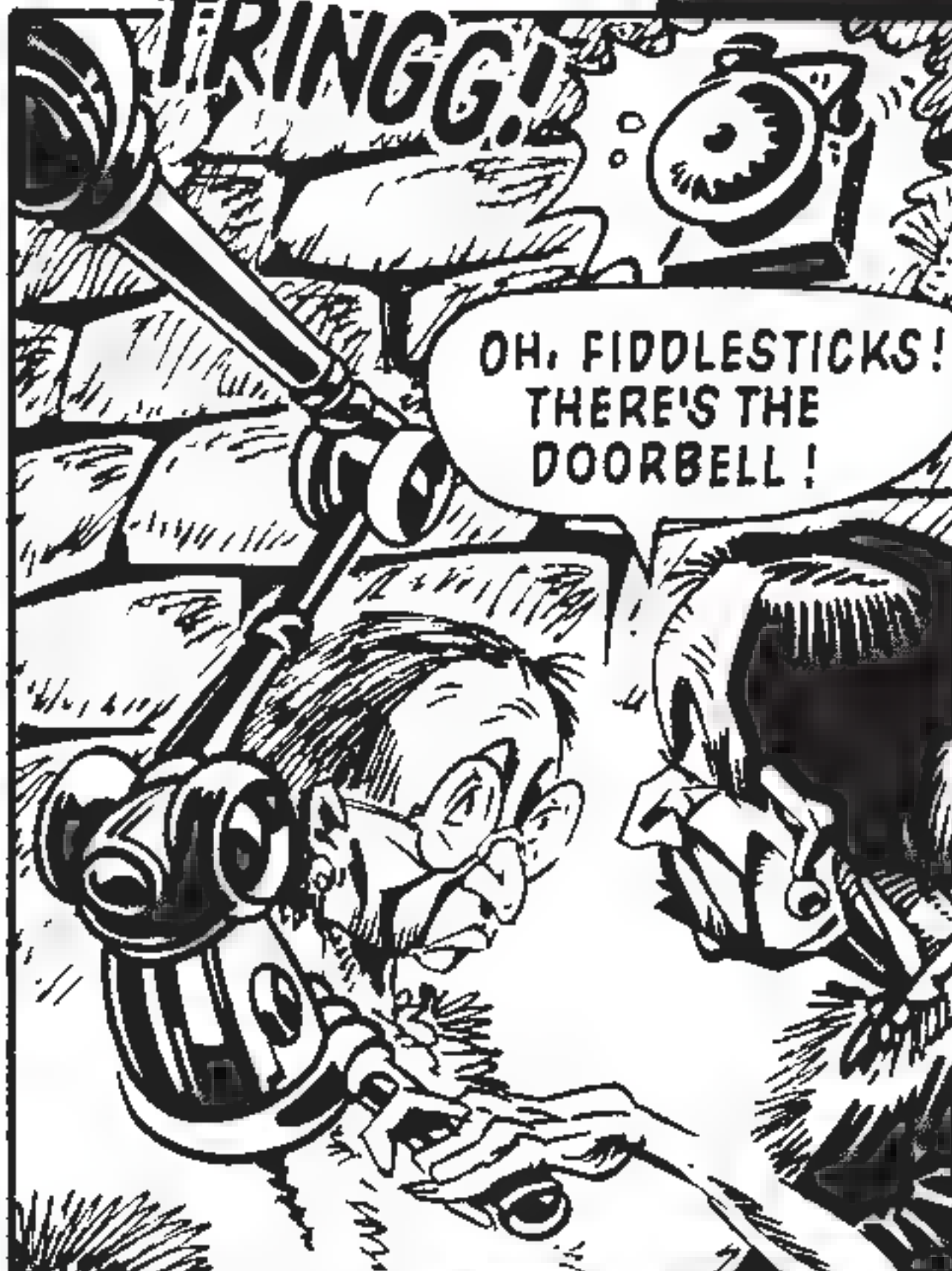


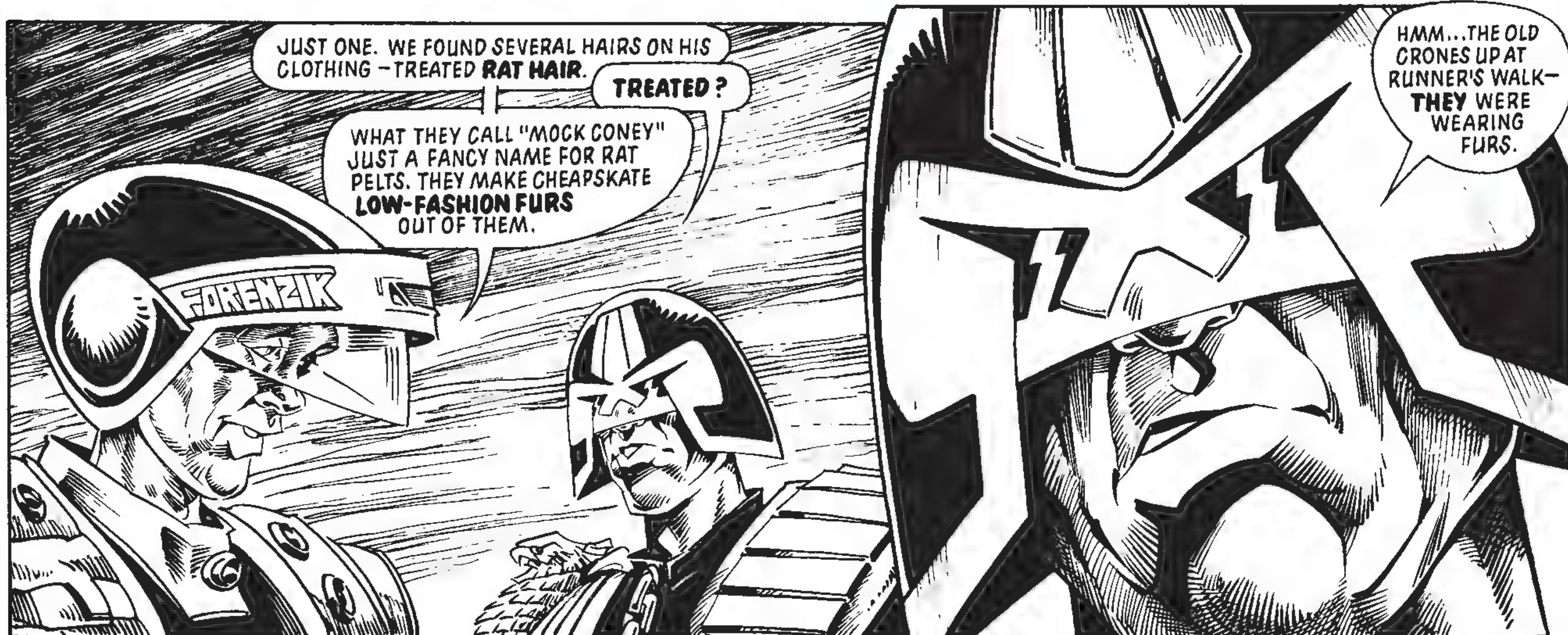


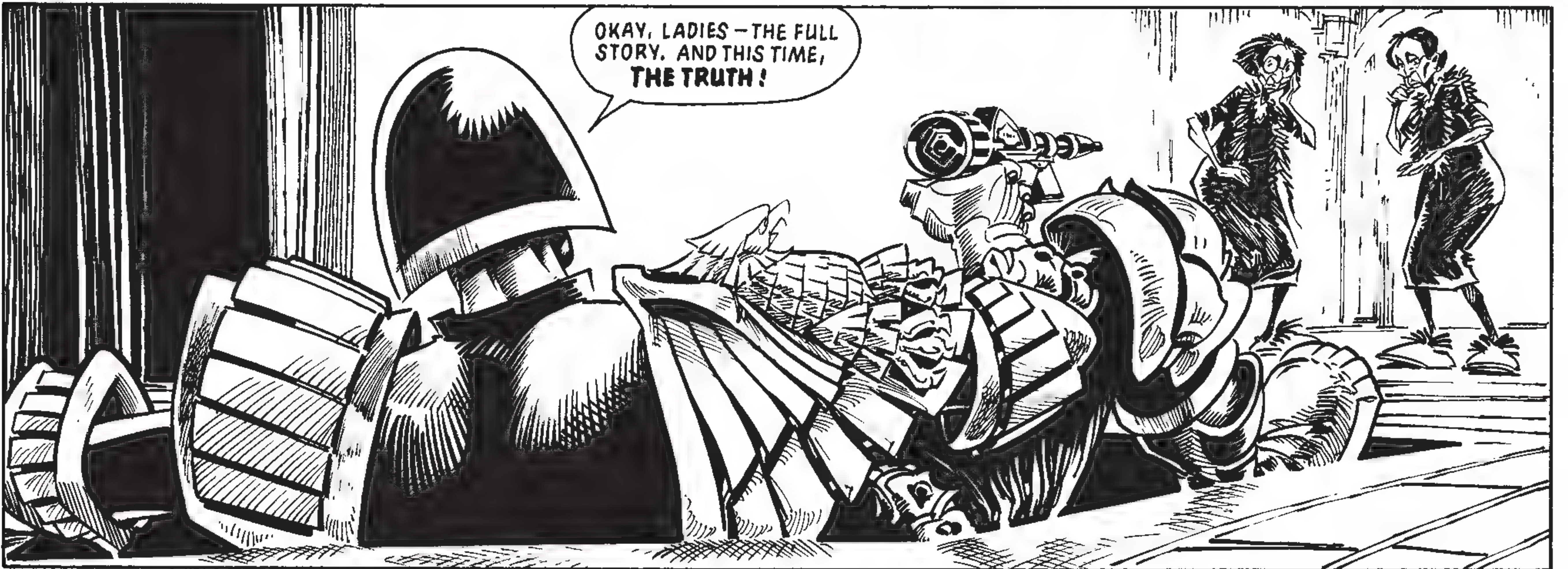
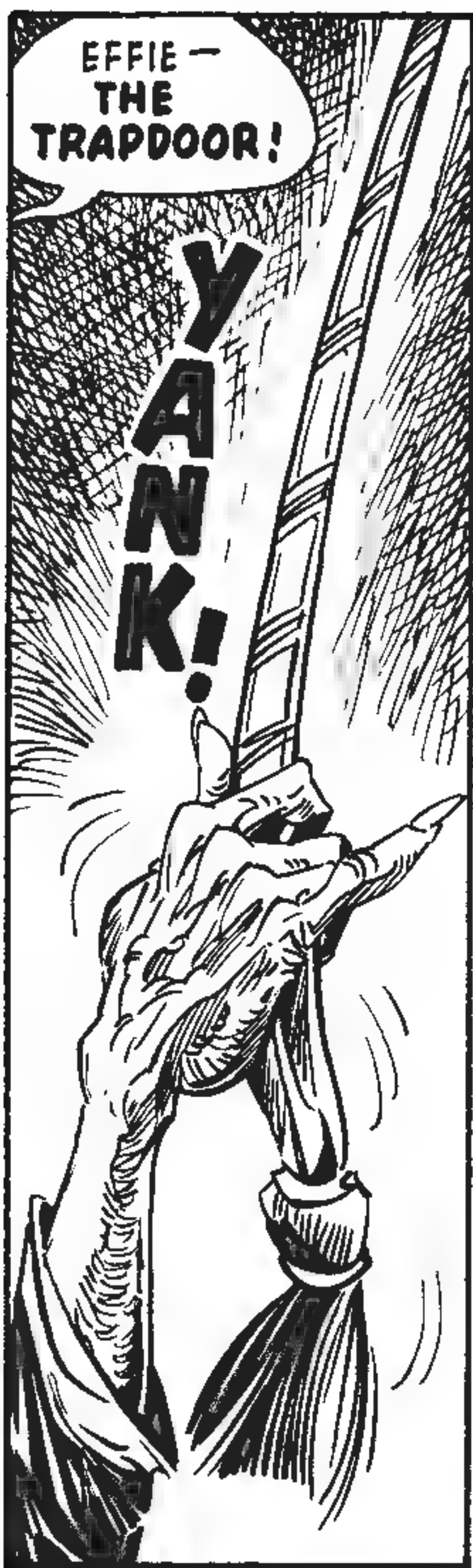
AND BAXTER'S BRAINCHILD, THE NELSON ROCKEFELLER ORBITAL SUBURB, BECAME MEGA-CITY ONE'S FIRST ORBITAL SLUM.

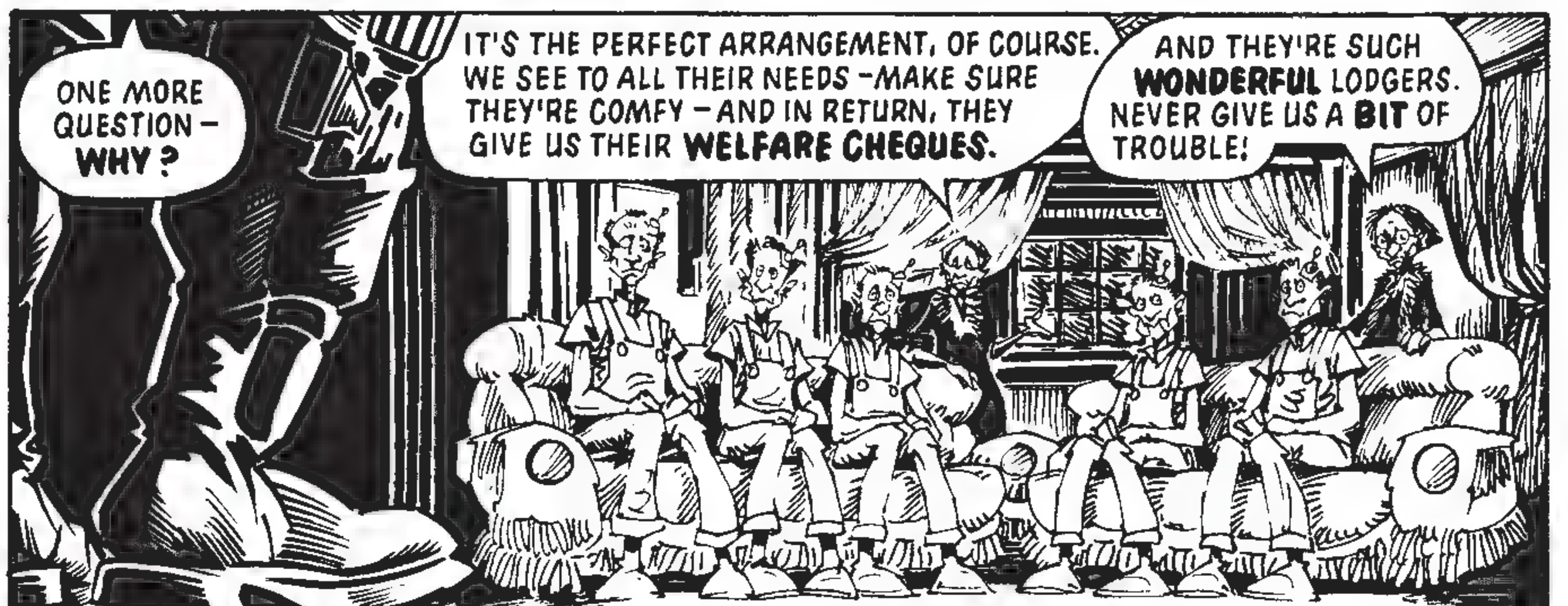
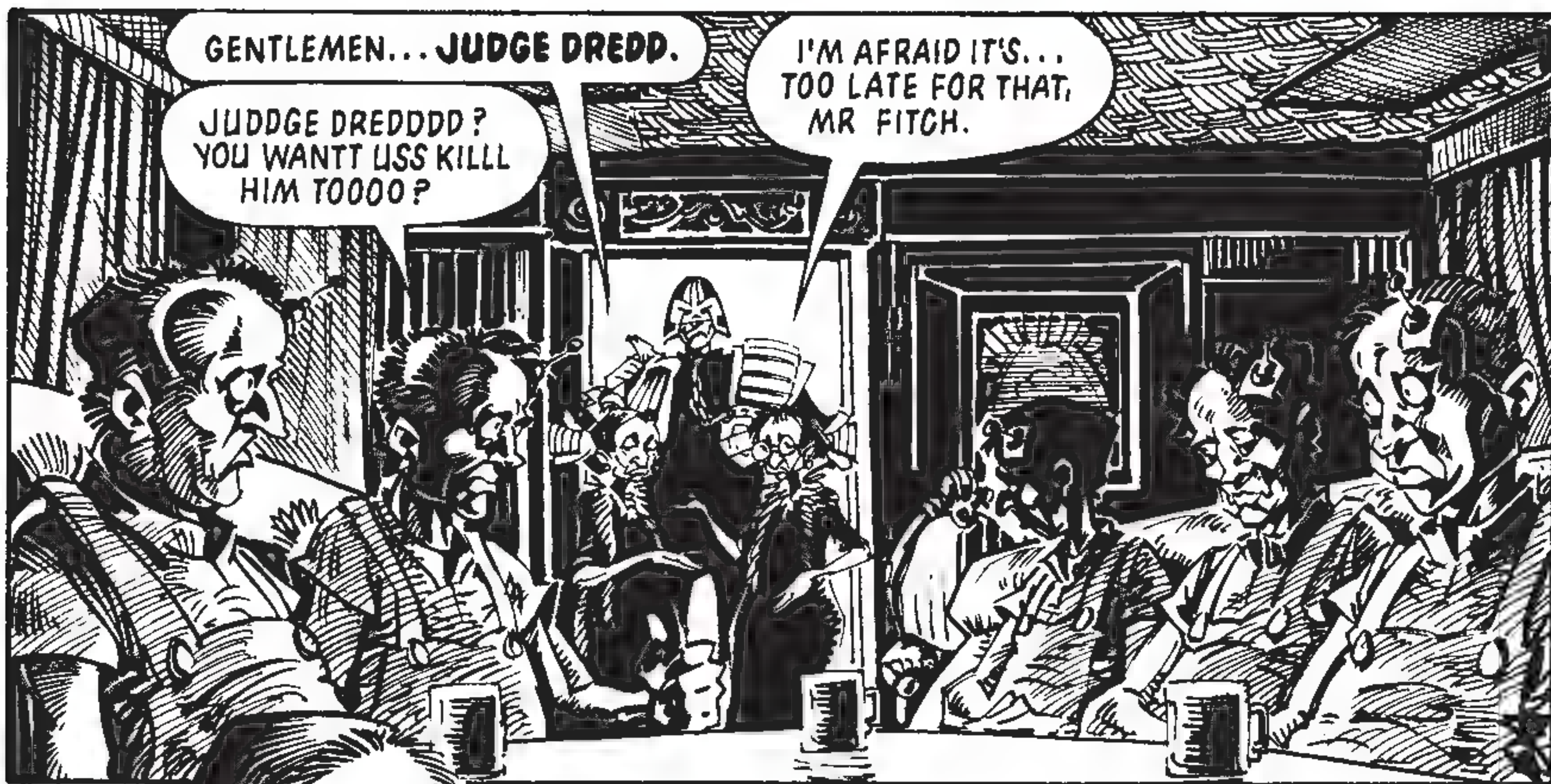












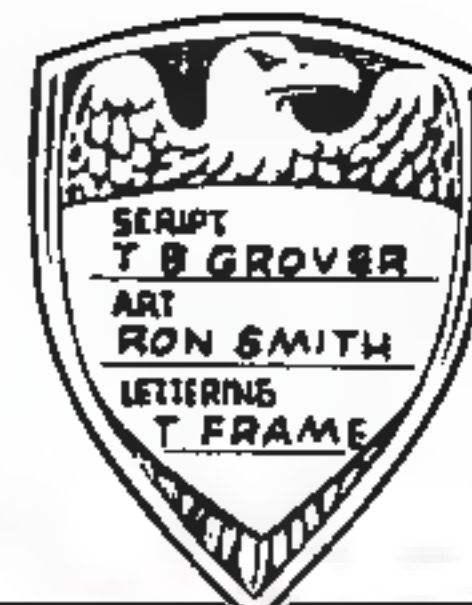


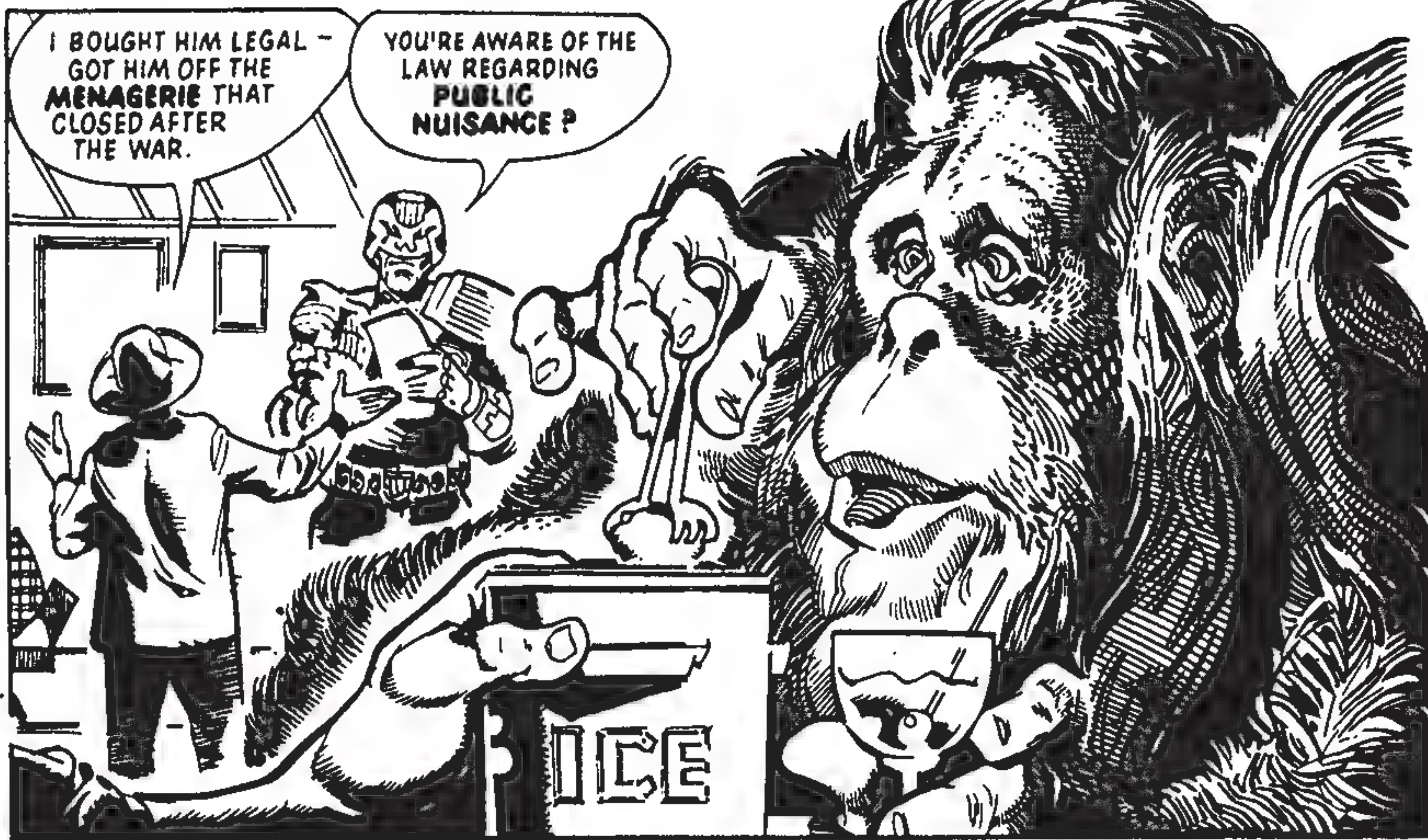
THE JUDGE

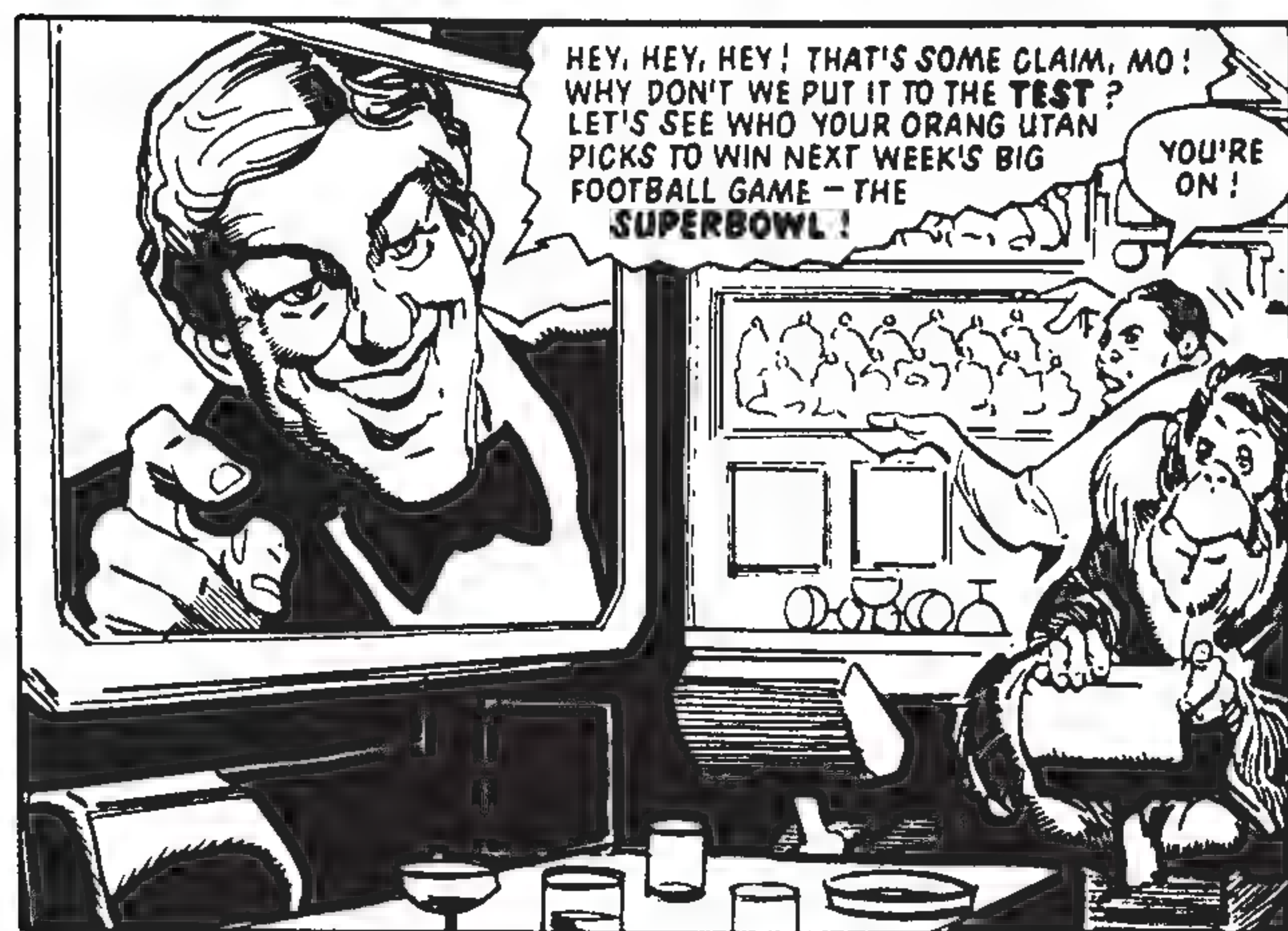
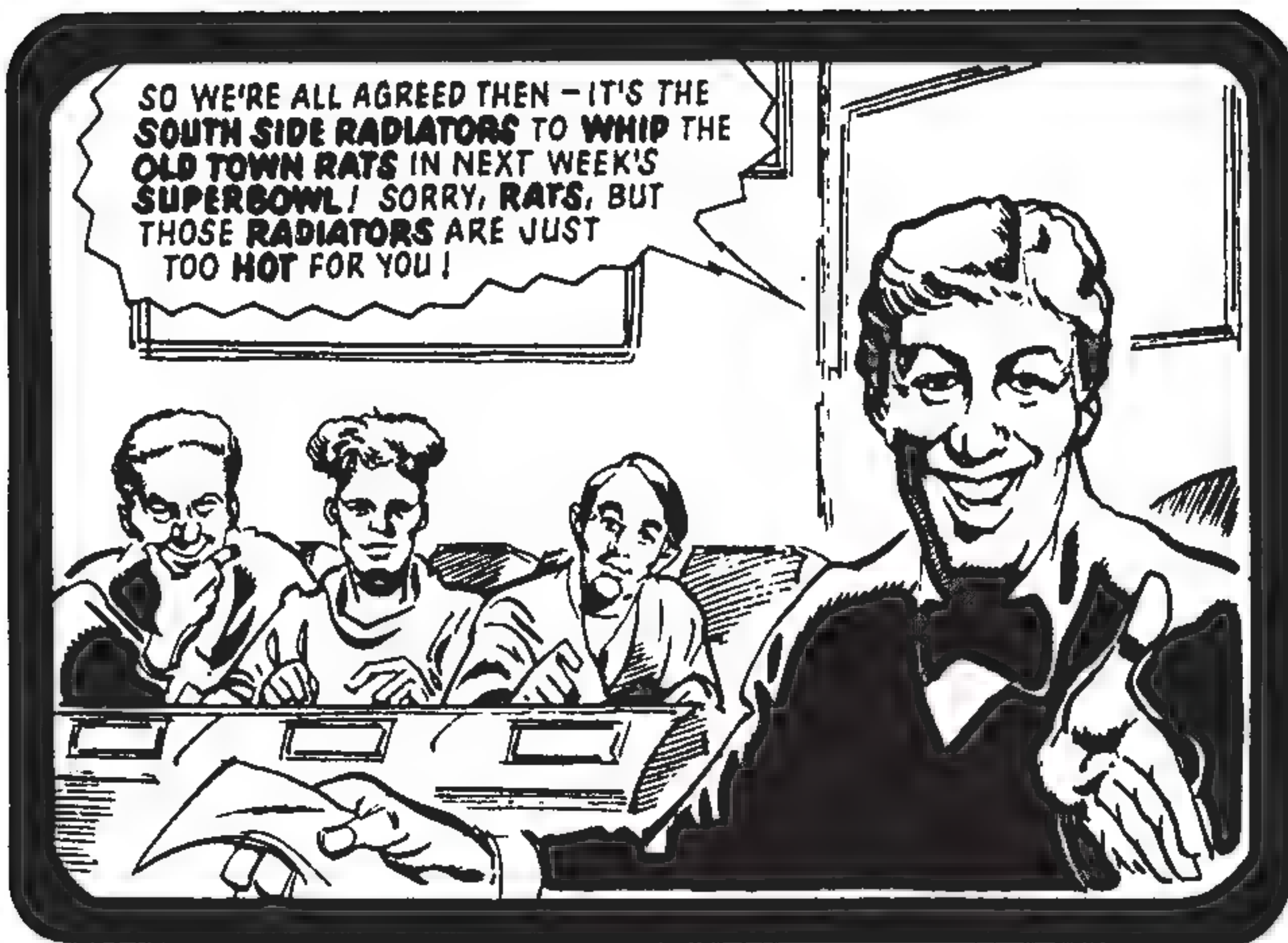


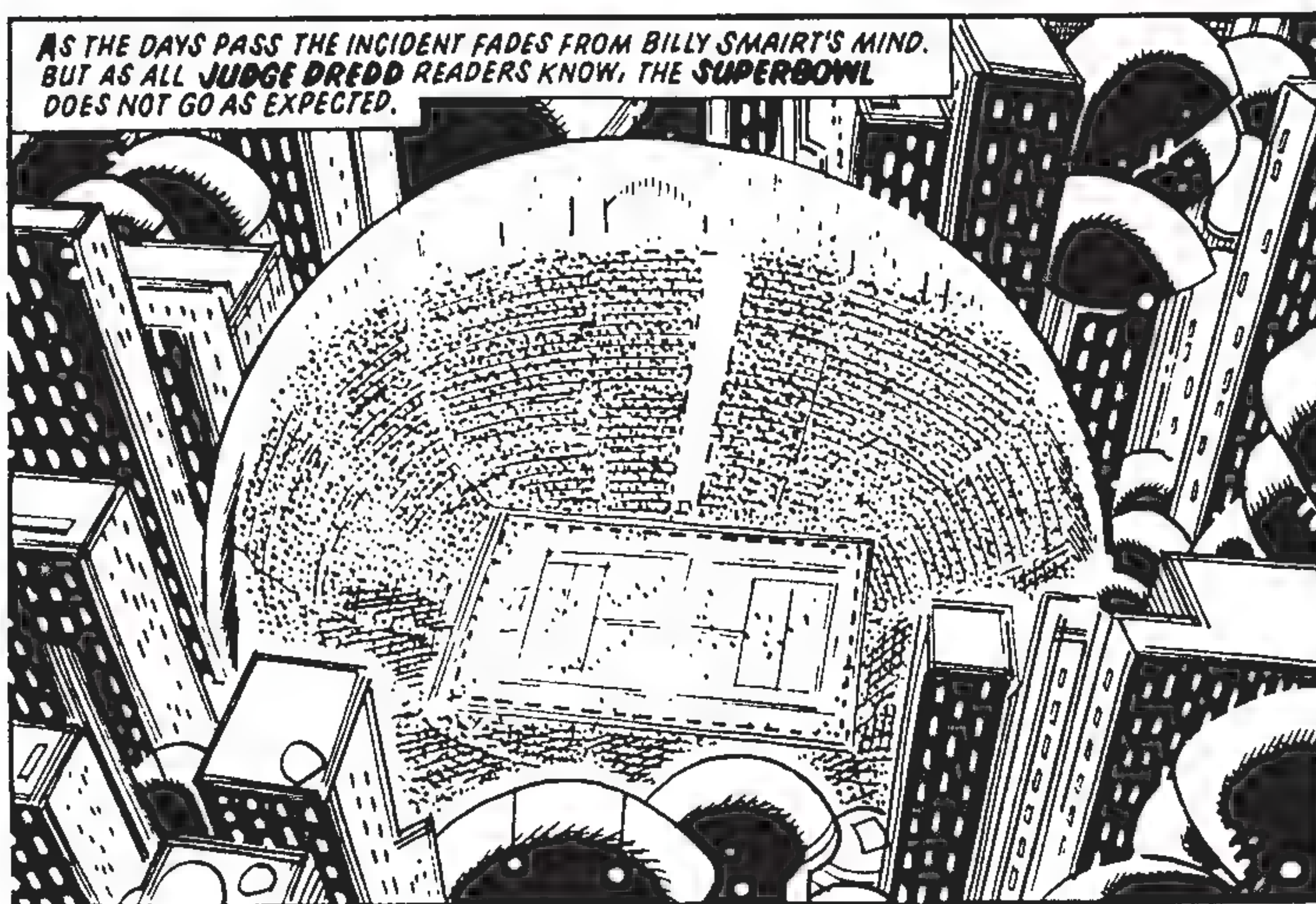
DAVE

PORTRAIT of a POLITICIAN Part 1









IN FACT, THE OLD TOWN RATS
ROMP TO A LANDSLIDE VICTORY
AGAINST A DEPLETED AND
DISPIRITED RADIATORS SQUAD.

RATS 94
RADIATORS 00

FOR BILLY SMAIRT AND DAVE,
THE VICTORY BRINGS ONLY A
MOMENT'S SATISFACTION.

WHADDYA KNOW!
YOU WAS RIGHT, DAVE!
YOU SHOWED THEM
SO-CALLED TIPSTERS!

BUT IN THE OFFICES
OF CHANNEL 9'S
"TIPSTERS TONITE" -

SO ALL OUR EXPERTS
GOT IT WRONG - AND
THIS MONKEY GETS
IT RIGHT!

ORANG UTAN, P.J.

ORANGYTANG,
THEN!

THE POINT IS, WE'RE THE LAUGHING-STOCK OF THE
SPORTS WORLD! OUR TIPSTERS CAN'T DO BETTER
THAN A DUMB APE! WHAT ARE WE
GOING TO DO?

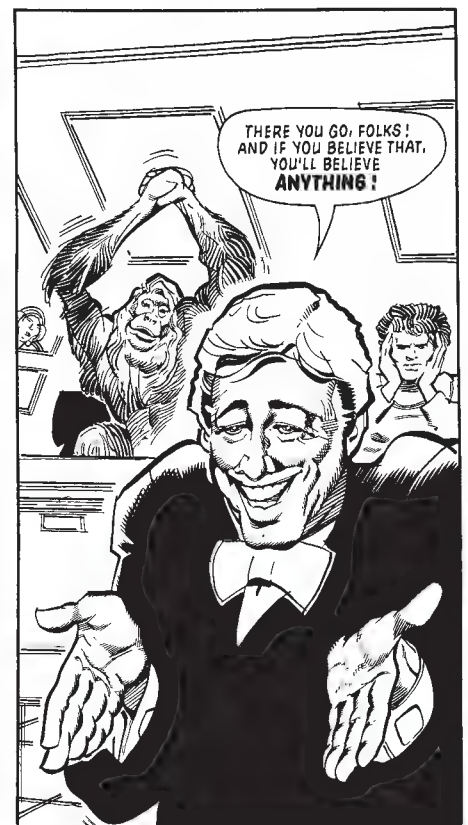
ONLY ONE
THING WE
CAN DO,
P.J.

WE HIRE
THE MONKEY!

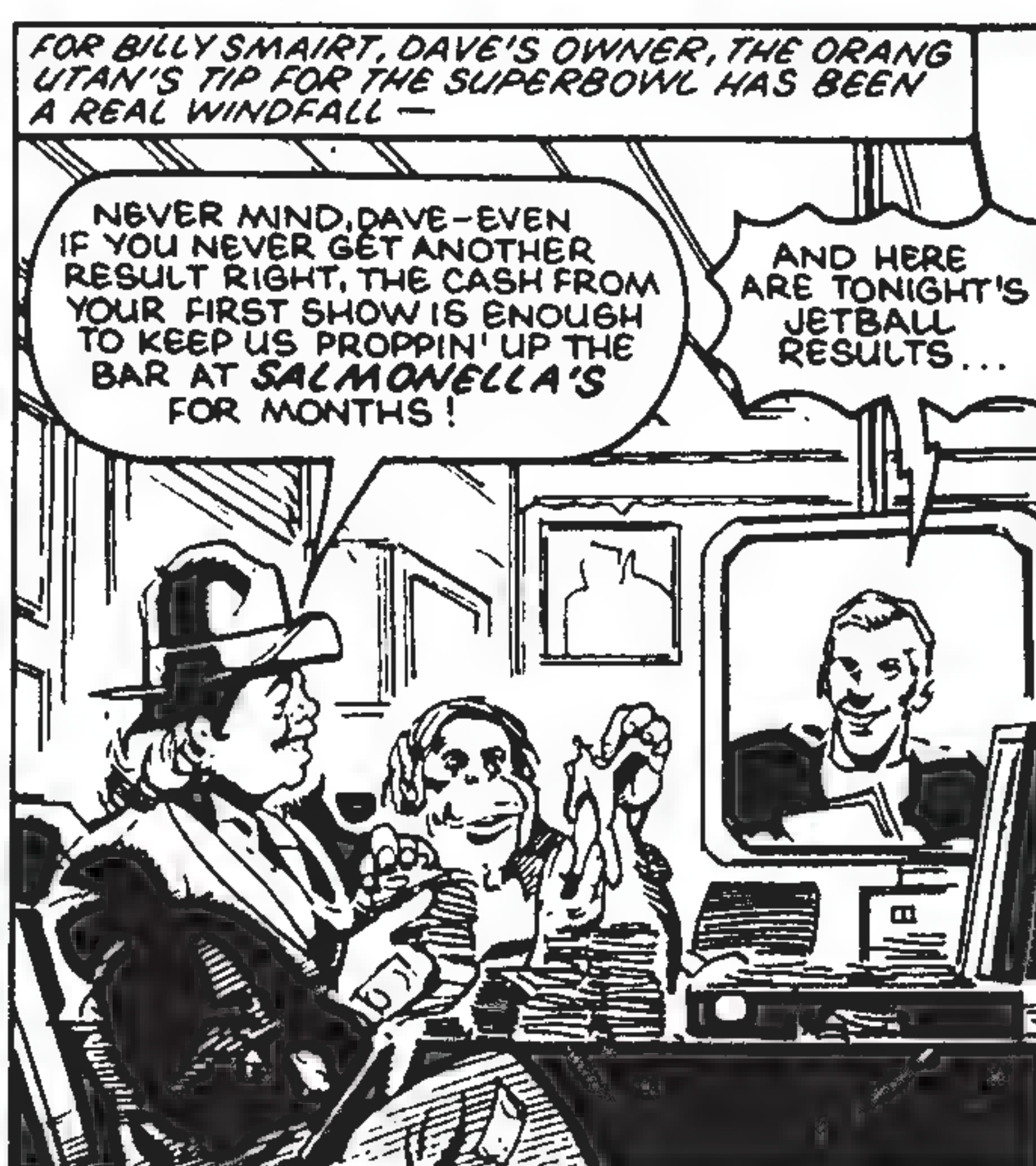
NEXT PROG:

DAVE:
TIP FOR THE TOP!

PORTRAIT of a POLITICIAN Part 2



THE "TIPSTERS TONITE" PANEL OF EXPERTS HAS ITS SAY—

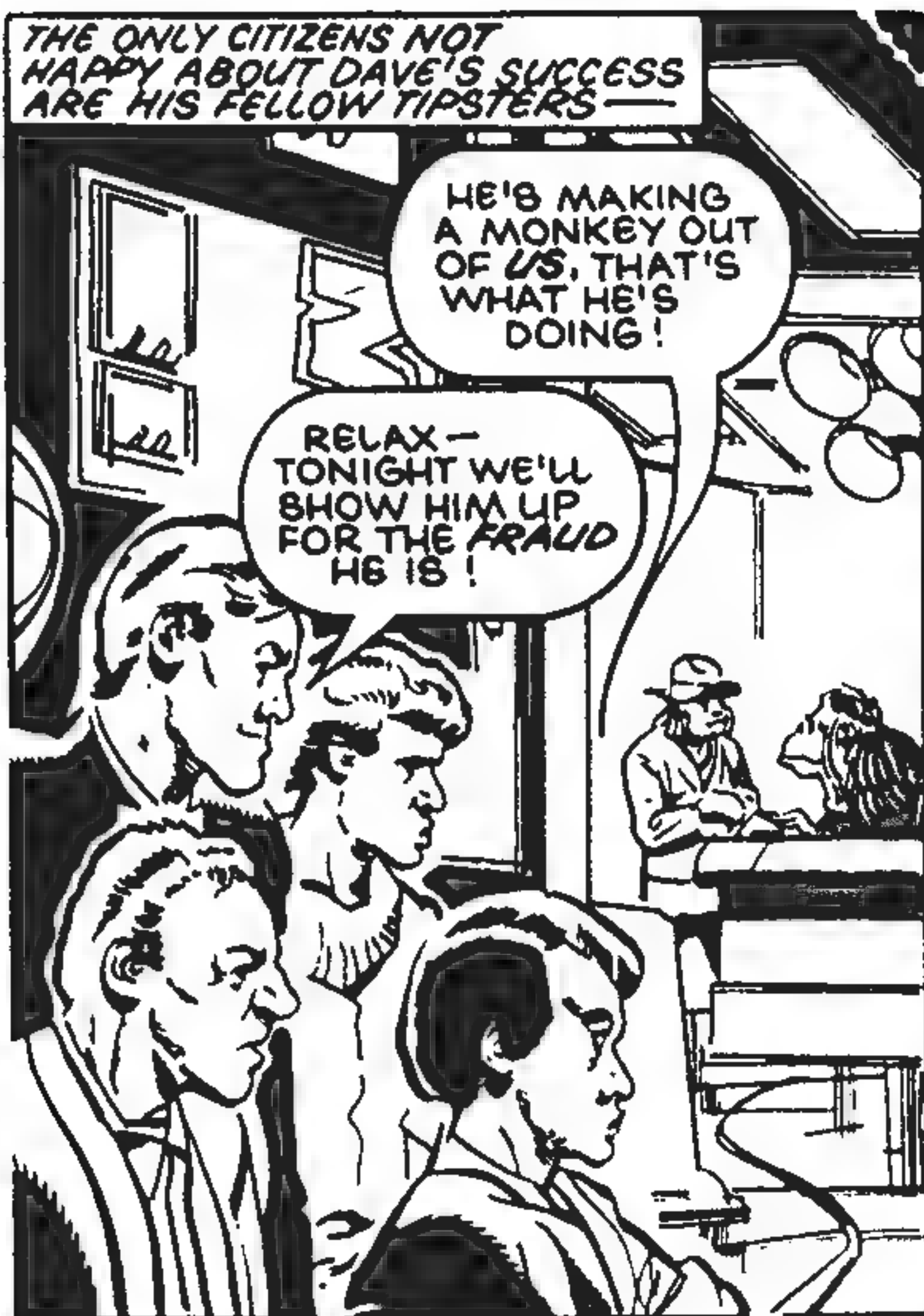


TORNADOS	11-REDS	4
SKANKERS	3-ERASMUS	17
METEORS	7-FLIERS	6
CREATORS	2-BLOCKBUSTERS	6
LYNNARD SKYNYRD	7-TYRANNOSAURS	34

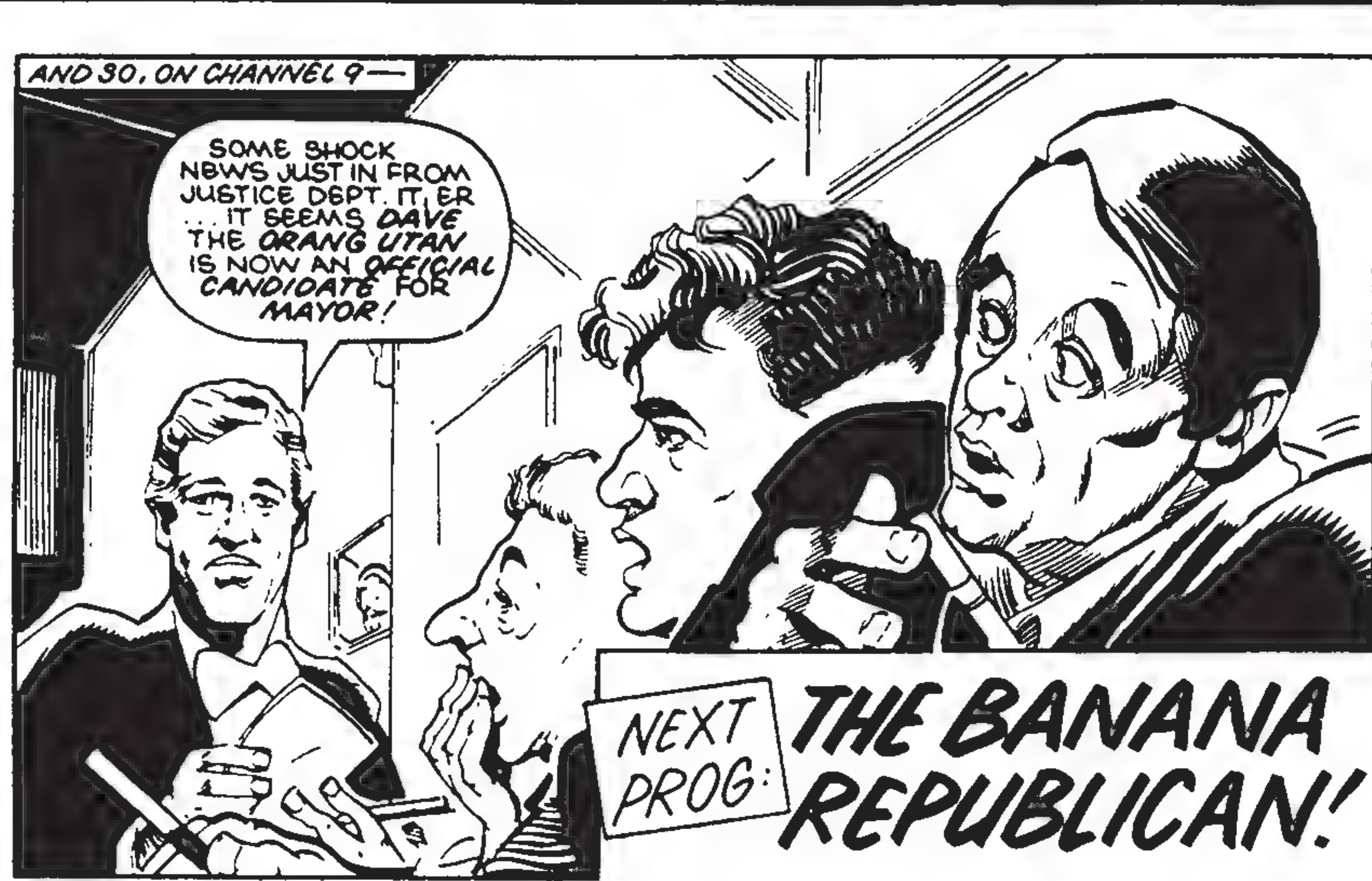
HOLY ZOOT, DAVE! YOU GOT FOUR OUTTA FIVE SO FAR!













PORTRAIT of a POLITICIAN Part 3



WOULD YOU BUY A USED POD FROM THIS APE?

VOTE YES FOR SANITY ✓
VOTE NO TO DAVE ✗



FOLLOWING HIS STARTLING SUCCESS AS A FORECASTER ON "TIPSTERS TONITE", DAVE THE ORANG UTAN HAS BEEN NOMINATED TO RUN FOR MAYOR OF MEGA-CITY ONE —

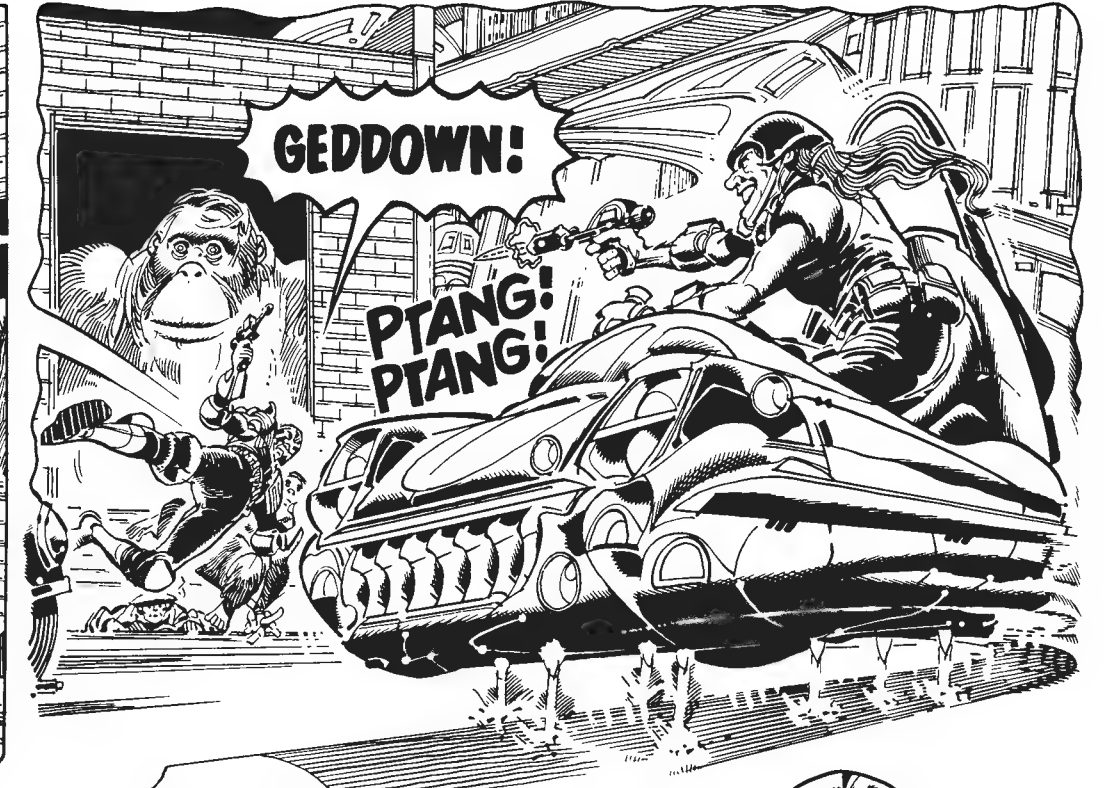
PAY NO HEED TO THEIR SMEAR CAMPAIGN, DAVE! AFTER YOU'RE ELECTED YOU'LL MAKE A MONKEY OUTTA THEM!



CITIZEN SMAIRT - I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO GUARD THE CANDIDATE UNTIL AFTER THE ELECTION.

DAVE? HE DON'T NEED NO BODYGUARD! EVERYBODY LOVES DAVE!

SEZ WHO - ?



GEDDOWN!

PTANG! PTANG!



ODDBALL FACTION ACTIVIST - TRYING TO SWING THE ODDS IN HIS CANDIDATE'S FAVOUR.

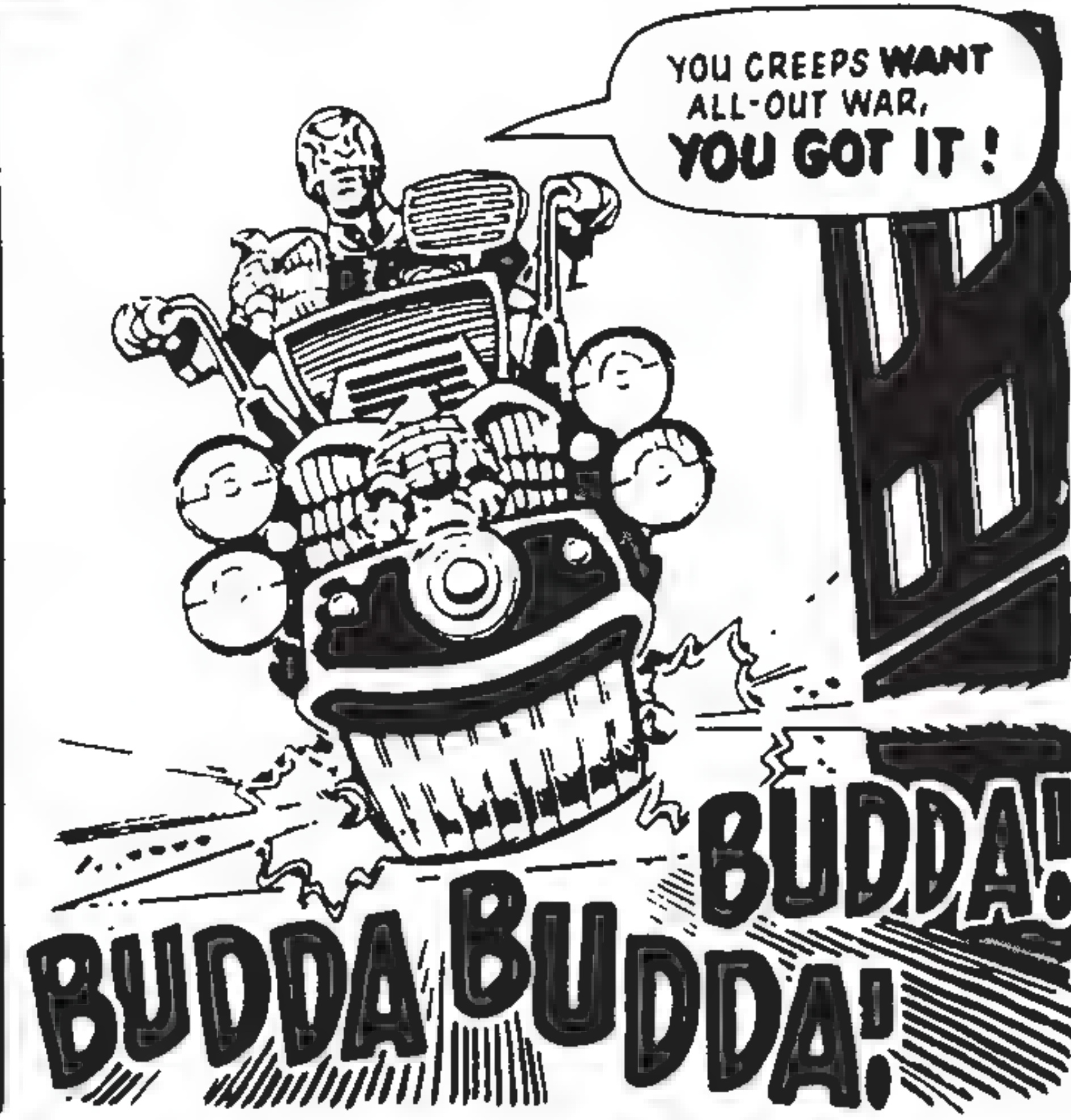
WHO'DA THUNK IT!

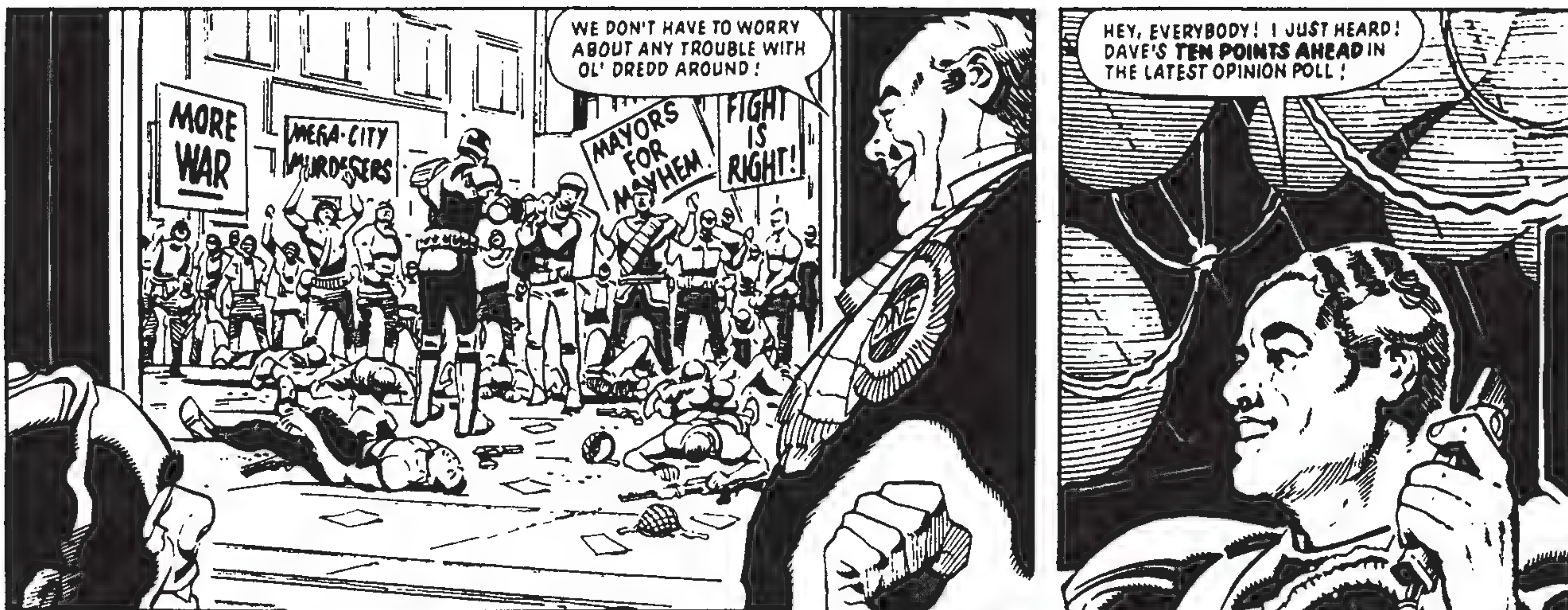


BELIEVE ME, SMAIRT. I DON'T ENJOY PLAYING NURSEMAID TO A MONKEY. BUT UNTIL THE VOTES ARE IN, EVERY CANDIDATE NEEDS A BODYGUARD.

AS EVER IN MEGA-CITY ONE, ELECTION TIME IS VIOLENT. ALL OVER THE CITY, RIVAL SUPPORTERS CLASH IN THE STREETS -

WE GOT A THREE-WAY CONFRONT, STALLONE SQUARE! UGLIES AND YOUNG NORMS ATTACKING A LIB-LAB FLAB RALLY!









YOUR VOTES ARE FLOODING IN NOW. IN JUST A FEW MOMENTS WE'LL KNOW WHO IS THE NEXT **MAYOR OF MEGA-CITY ONE!**



THE VOTES ARE COUNTED NOW. AND THE WINNER - BY A **LANDSLIDE MARGIN -**



DAVE THE ORANG UTAN!

YEEHAAA! WE DONE IT!

WHOO WHOO WHOO!

HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN!



DAVE SURE SHOWED THEM EXPERTS! HE PICKED THE WINNER AGAIN!



THE CHIEF JUDGE PRESENTS THE TRAPPINGS OF OFFICE -

CONGRATULATIONS, MR. ER, MAYOR. MAY YOU, AH... PRESIDE WISELY.

I SUPPOSE MY CONGRATULATIONS ARE IN ORDER, TOO.

ON THE MAYOR'S BEHALF I THANK YOU, JUDGE DREDD.



YOU KNOW, DREDD, I'M NOT SURE WE DID THE RIGHT THING, LETTING THAT APE RUN FOR MAYOR.

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN. STILL, LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE -



JUDGING BY HIS PREDECESSORS, DAVE COULD BE A DEFINITE IMPROVEMENT!

THE END.



A JUDGE ACCIDENTALLY STUMBLES UPON A ROBBERY—AND PAYS THE PRICE!

DREDD TO CONTROL!
POSSIBLE ARV IN
PROGRESS. CITY
CREDIT. AM
INVESTIGATING!

ARV—ARMED ROBBERY
WITH VIOLENCE.

TURBO
BOOST!

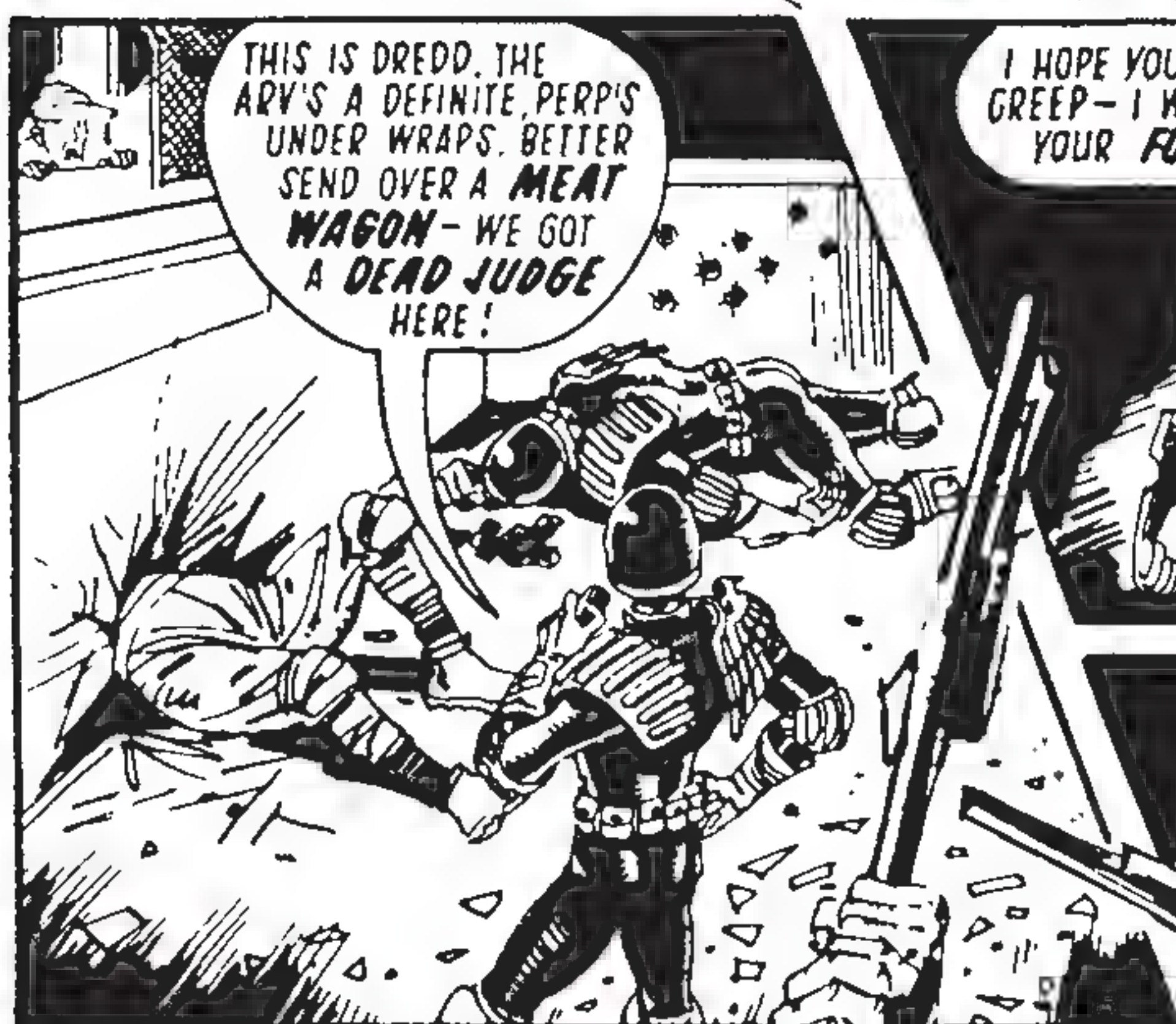
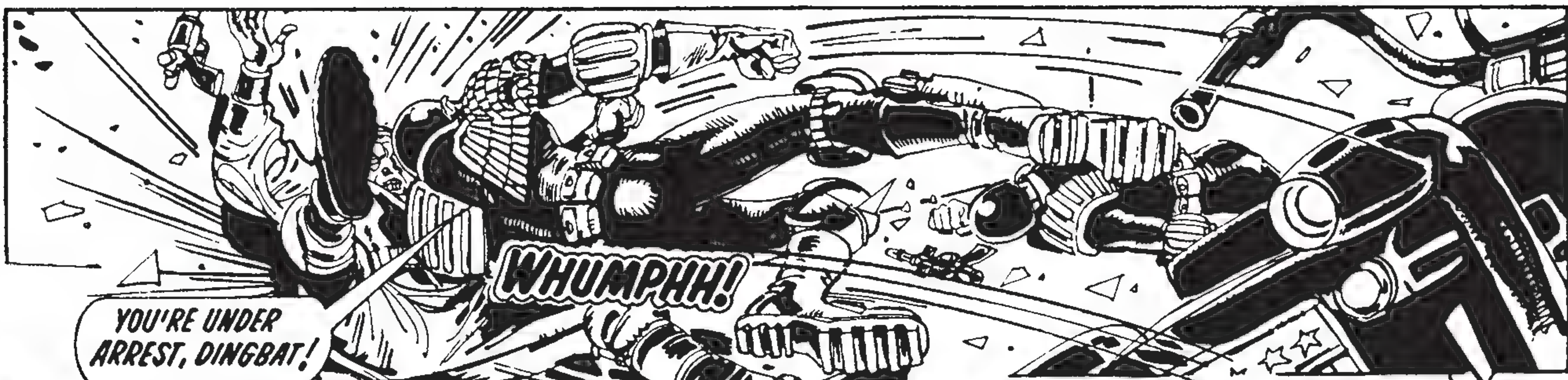
DROKK!

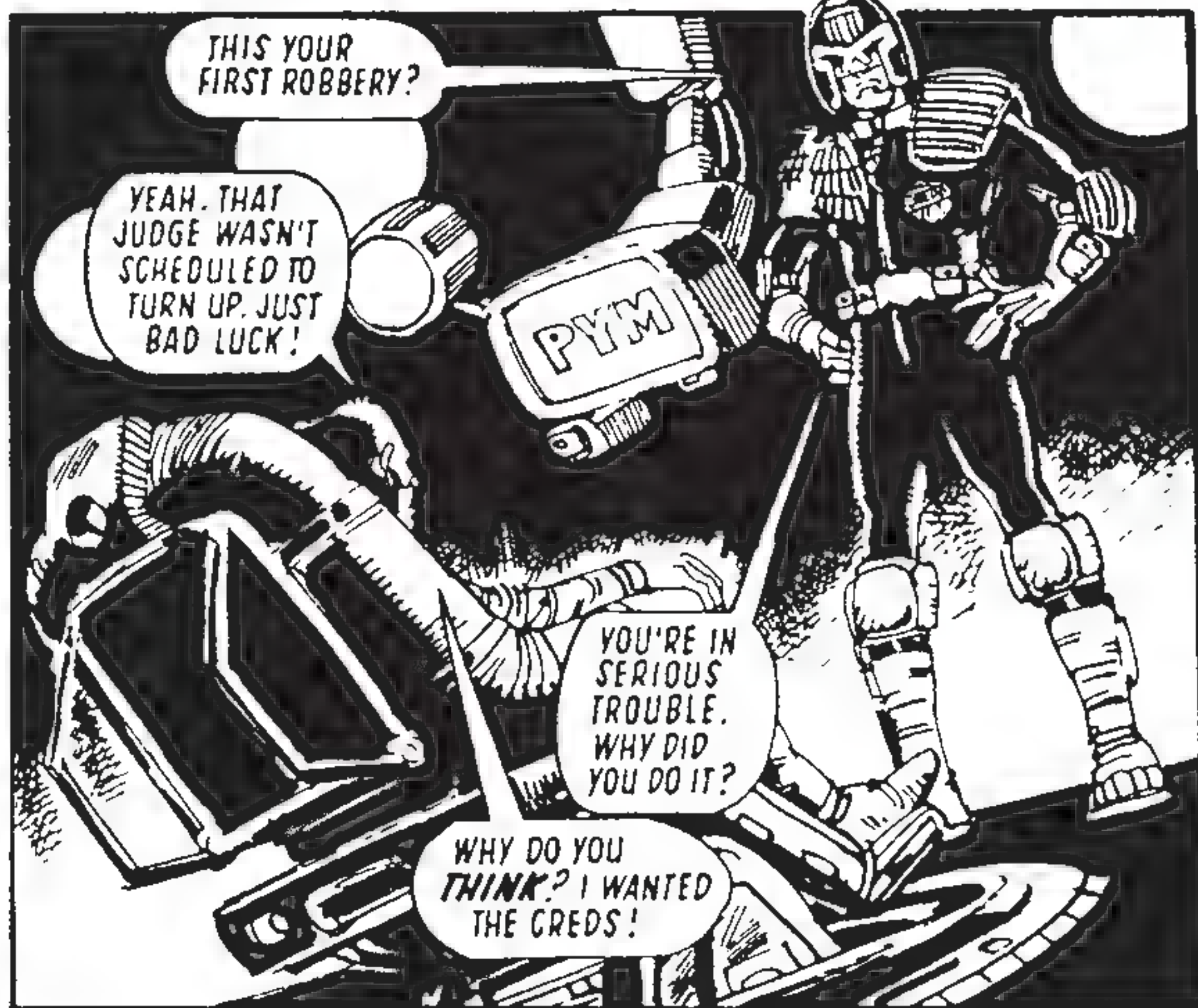
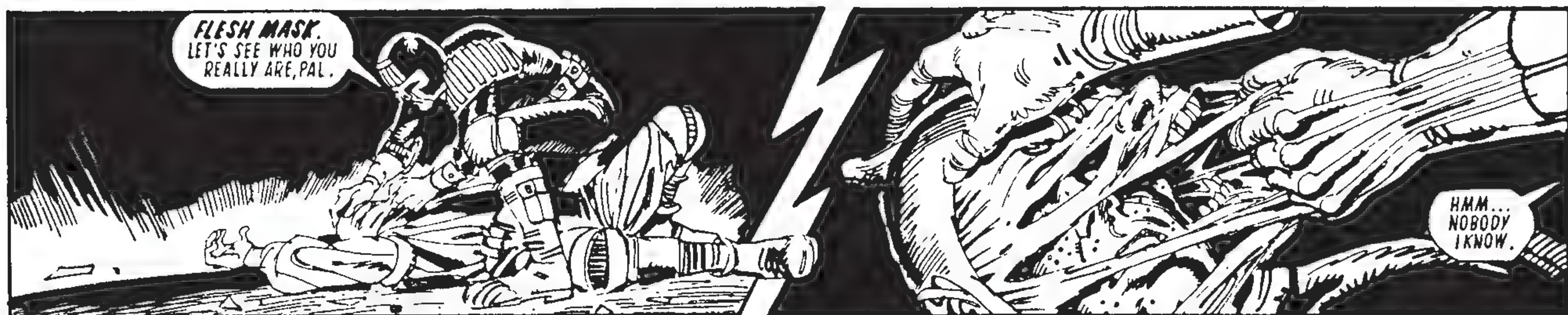
BARADA
NICHYO ARCH!

GORT
KLAAT!

THE
SWITCH

SERIES
T. B. GROVER
ART
JIM BAIKIE
LETTERING
P. KNIGHT







MAYBE... BUT SOMETHING BOTHERS ME ABOUT YOU, HUCK. I LOOK AT YOUR FILE AND WHAT DO I SEE...?

NOTHING. A NOBODY. JUST ANOTHER JOE CITIZEN WHO'S NEVER DONE ANYTHING WORTH MENTIONING.

THEN SUDDENLY YOU DECIDE TO PULL A ROBBERY. YOU NOT ONLY DO IT, YOU DO IT LIKE A PRO. YOU OUTGUN ONE JUDGE, AND NEAR AS DAMMIT MARK MY CARD. NOT EXACTLY YOUR AVERAGE JOE CITIZEN. SO LET'S HAVE IT, CREEP—

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

I—I'M HUCKLEBERRY PYM!

TRUTH

YOU'RE LYING!

I WANT THE TRUTH!

AFTER A LENGTHY INTERROGATION—

WE'RE NOT GOING TO GET ANYTHING OUT OF HIM THIS WAY. PUT HIM IN A CUBE AND TRANQ HIM.

AND CALL IN THE DREAM POLICE.

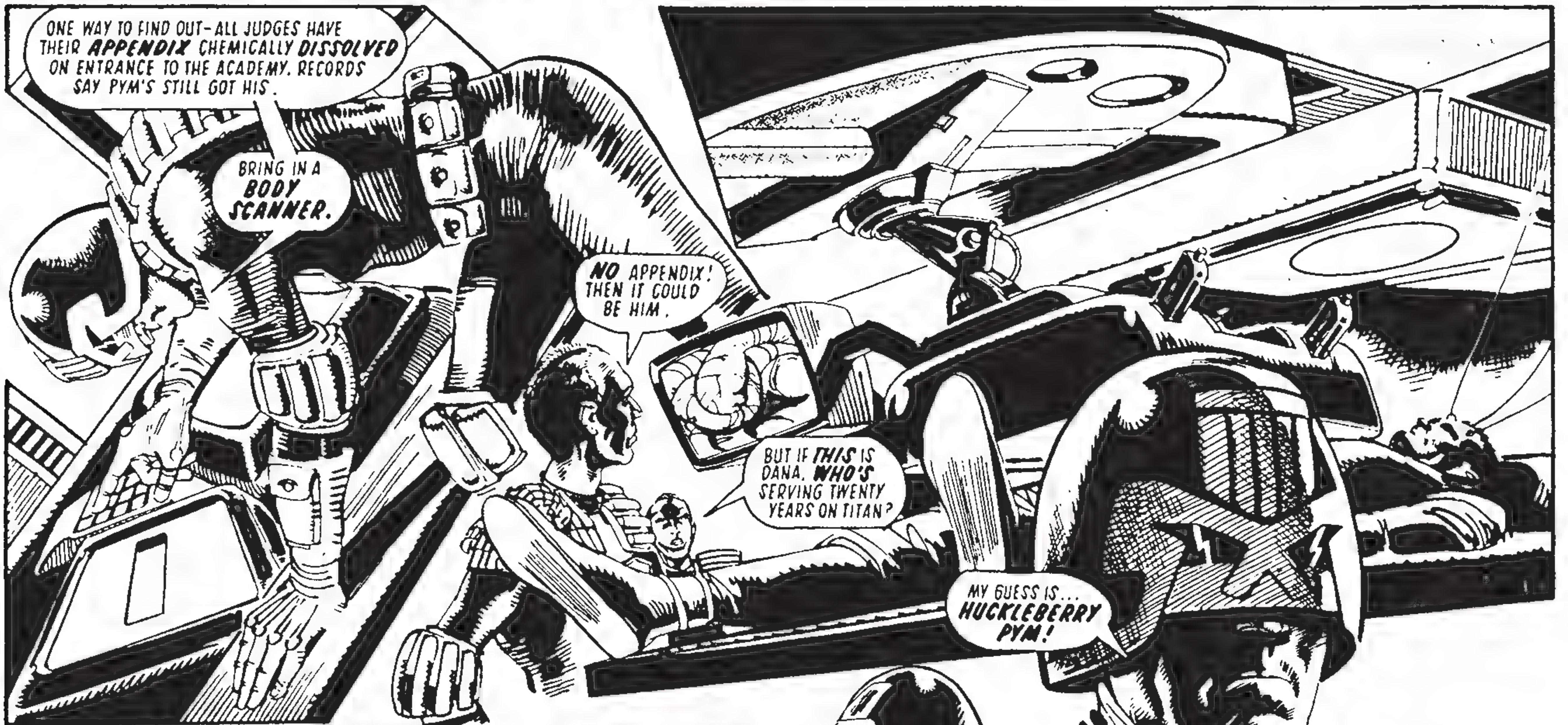
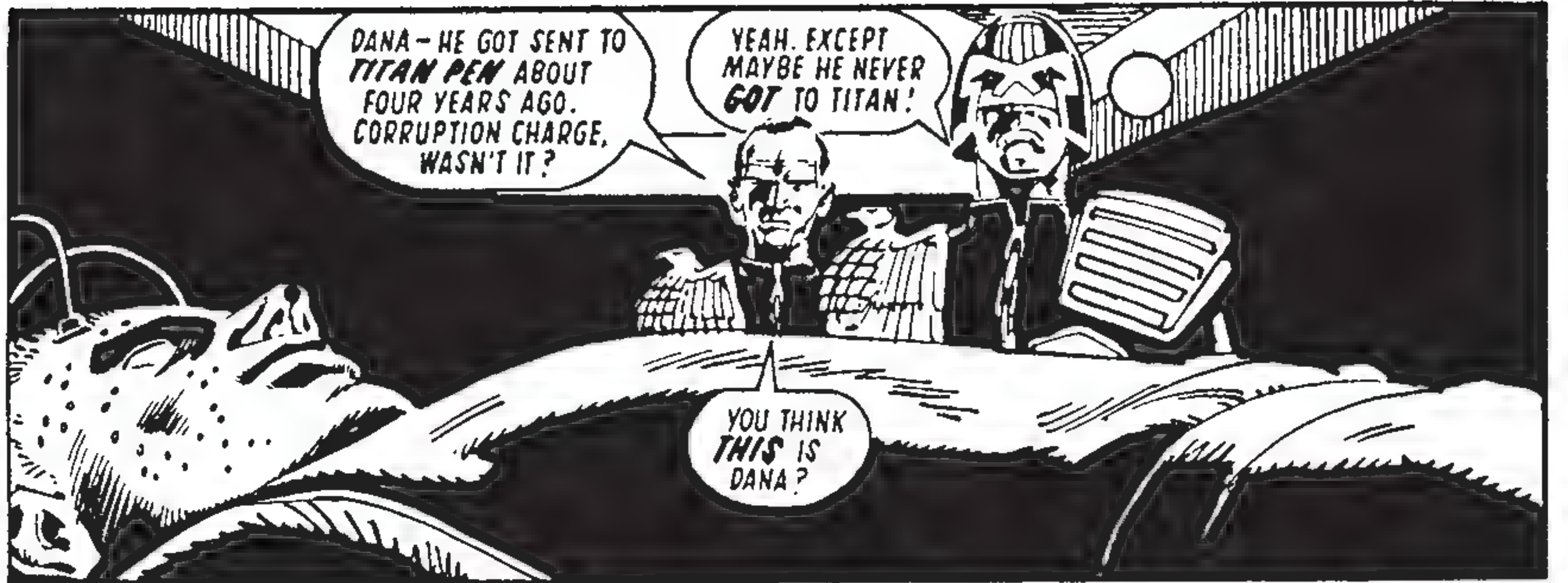
THE DREAM POLICE— A SPECIAL CORPS OF JUDGES AUTHORISED TO PRY INTO A LAWBREAKER'S SUBCONSCIOUS—

CONNECTING HIM UP. SHOULD BE GETTING VISUAL ANY SECOND.

ON THE DREAM MACHINE THE SUBJECT'S BRAINWAVES ARE TRANSLATED INTO IMAGES—

HE'S DREAMING ABOUT A JUDGE. CAN YOU GET SOME CLARITY ON THAT BADGE?

SURE.



THE **PENAL COLONY** ON **TITAN**, ONE OF SATURN'S BLEAK MOONS, IS RESERVED FOR **JUDGES**. HERE, THEY SEAL UP THEIR **MOUTHS** AND **NOSES**, ADAPTING THEIR BODIES TO WORK IN A VACUUM.



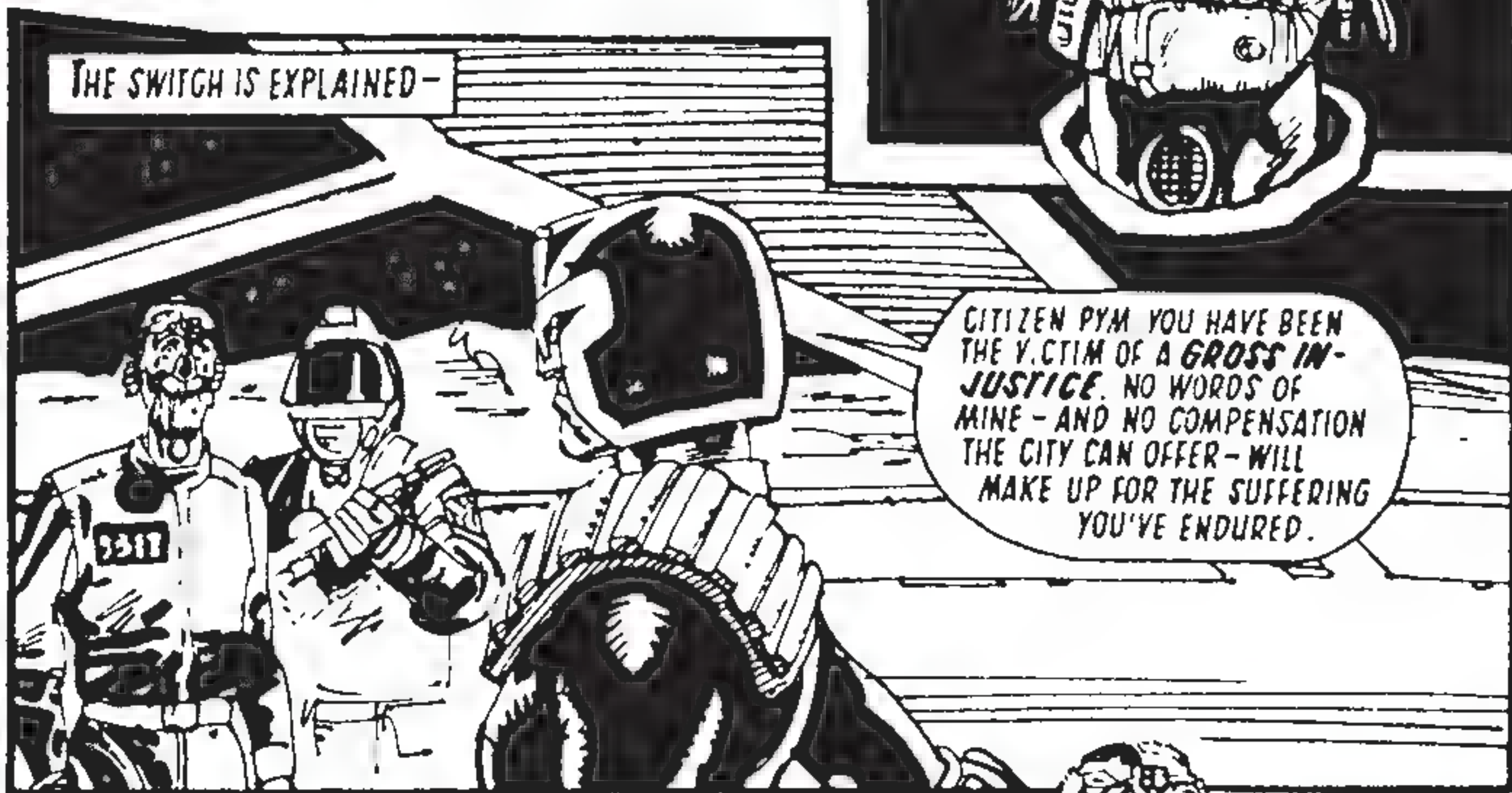
IT IS A CRUEL AND UNUSUAL PUNISHMENT, AS BEFITS THOSE SERVANTS OF THE LAW WHO BREAK THEIR VOWS OF JUSTICE.



TAKE THE PRISONER AWAY. BRING ME THE ONE WHO HAS BEEN KNOWN AS **DANA**.

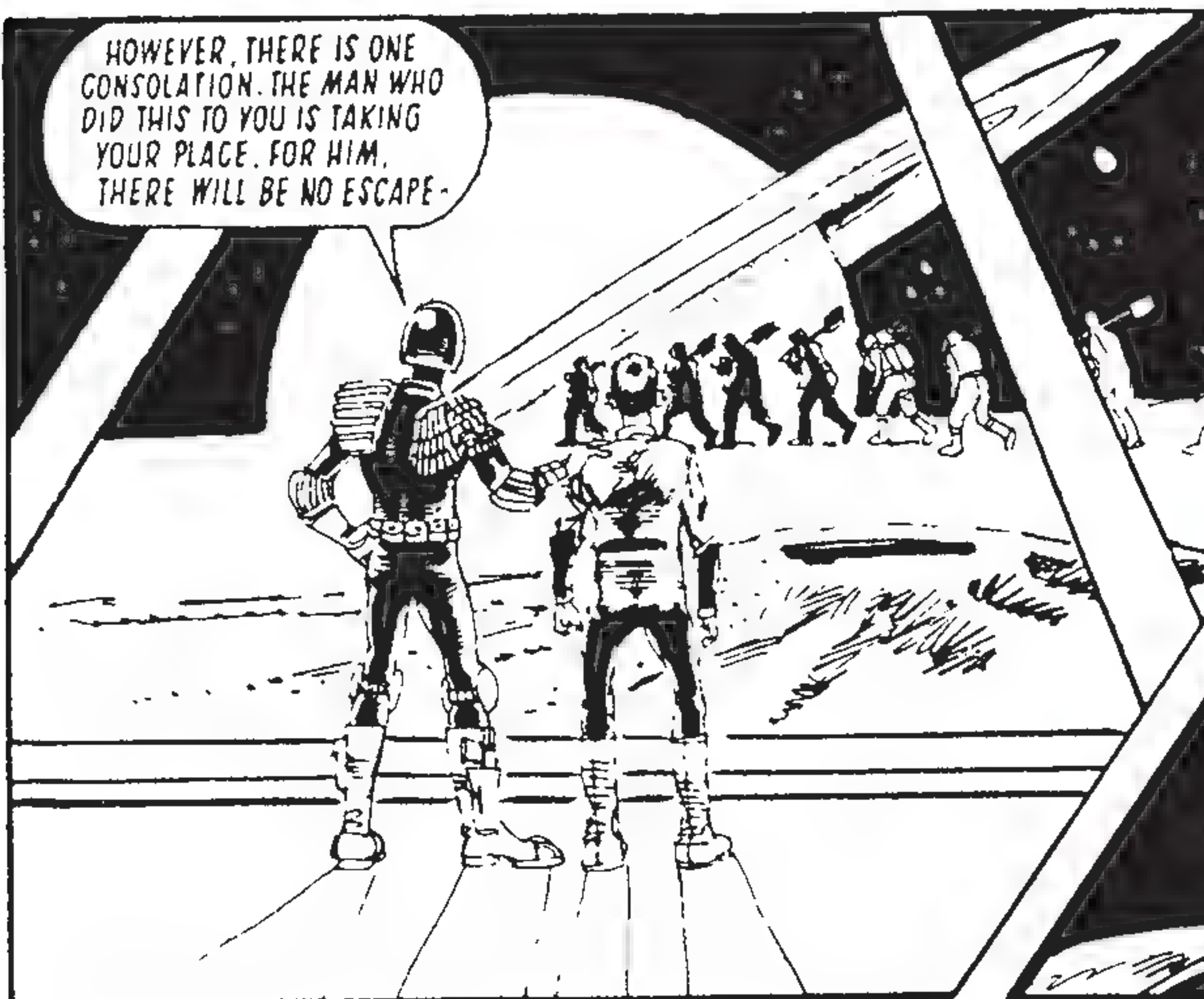


THE SWITCH IS EXPLAINED -

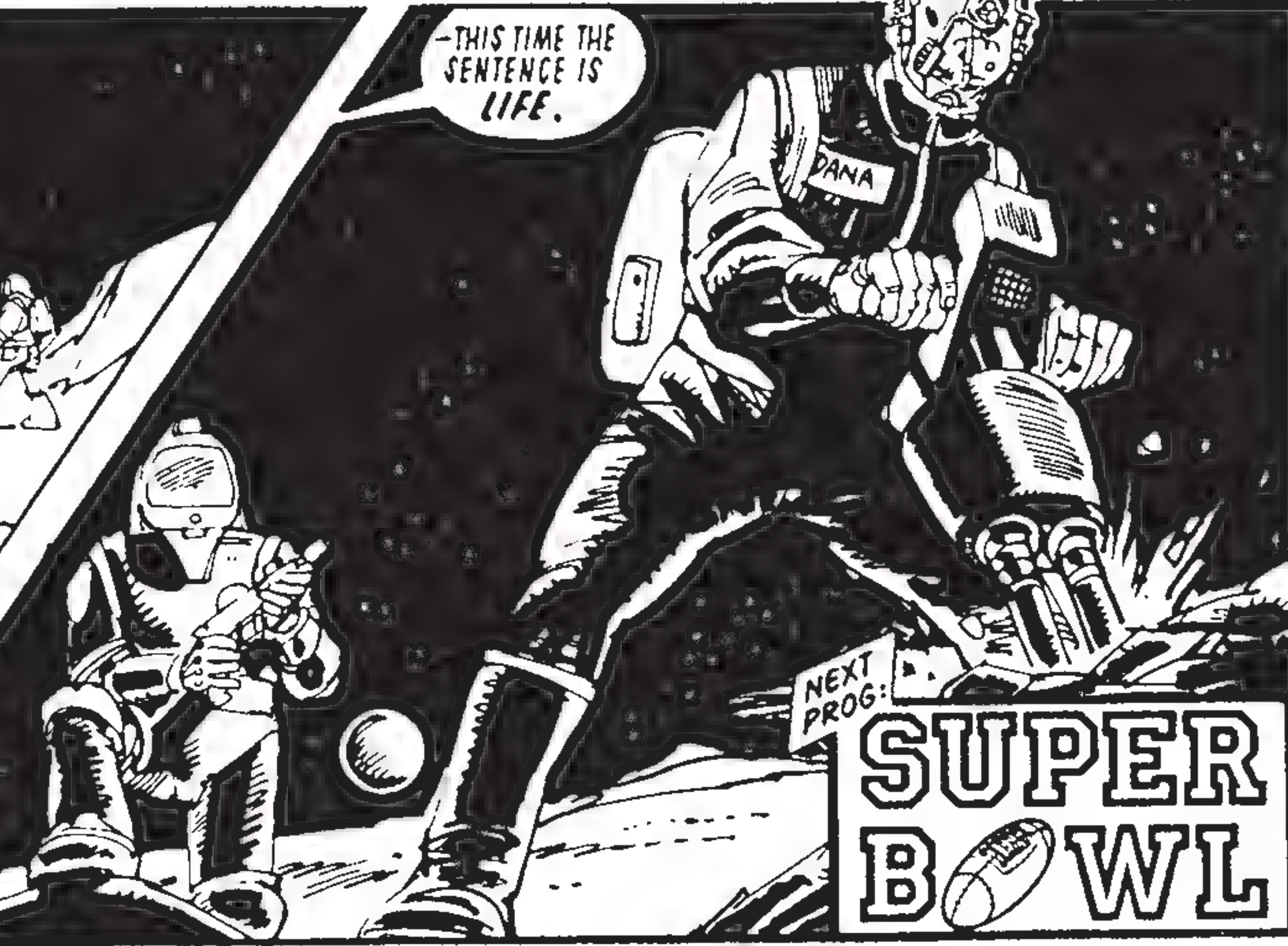


CITIZEN PYM YOU HAVE BEEN THE VICTIM OF A **GROSS INJUSTICE**. NO WORDS OF **MINE** - AND NO COMPENSATION THE CITY CAN OFFER - WILL MAKE UP FOR THE SUFFERING YOU'VE ENDURED.

HOWEVER, THERE IS ONE CONSOLATION. THE MAN WHO DID THIS TO YOU IS TAKING YOUR PLACE. FOR HIM, THERE WILL BE NO ESCAPE.



-THIS TIME THE SENTENCE IS **LIFE**.



NEXT PROG.

SUPER BOWL



THE GREAT GAME OF AMERICAN FOOTBALL IS ONE OF THE FEW TRADITIONS TO SURVIVE THE TURMOIL OF THE 21st CENTURY INTACT WELL, ALMOST INTACT...



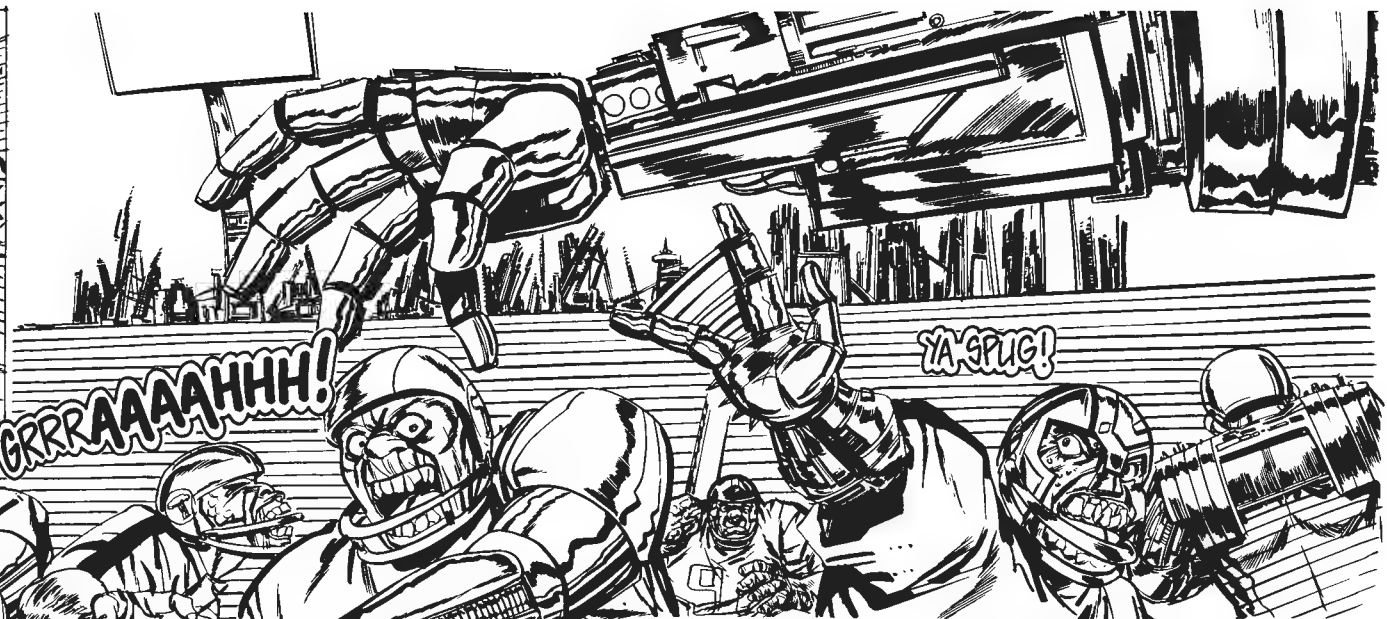
THE PLAYERS HAVE CHANGED A LITTLE — THEY'RE BIONIC. AT LEAST, UNDER THE BIONIC LIMITATION CODE OF THE M.F.L. 25 PER CENT OF THEIR BODIES ARE BIONIC.

THE RULES, HOWEVER, REMAIN EXACTLY THE SAME...

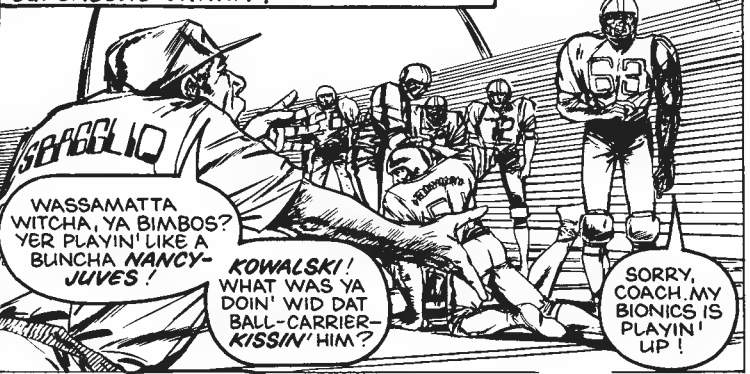


☆☆☆☆☆
SUPER BOWL
☆☆☆☆☆
PART 1

SCRIPT
T.B. GROVER
ART
KIM RAYMOND
LETTERING
T. JACOB



TONIGHT, THE SOUTH-SIDE RADIATORS FACE THE OLD TOWN RATS IN THE FINAL OF GRIDIRON FOOTBALL'S ANCIENT CHAMPIONSHIP — SUPERBOWL CXXXIV!



WASSAMATTA WITCHA, YA BIMBOS? YER PLAYIN' LIKE A BUNCH A NANCY-JUVES!

KOWALSKI! WHAT WAS YA DOIN' WID DAT BALL-CARRIER-KISSIN' HIM?

SORRY, COACH. MY BIONICS IS PLAYIN' UP!



YOU FLUNK A TACKLE LIKE DAT TONIGHT, AN! WE CAN ALL KISS DA SUPERBOWL GOODBYE!

MAYBE YOU CAN KISS IT GOODBYE ANYWAY, COACH BAGGLIO.

WE JUST HAD A CALL SOME MANIAC'S OUT TO BLOW THE RADIATORS TO HELL — BEFORE THEY EVEN REACH THE SUPERBOWL!



IT'S A HOAX, RIGHT?

MORE THAN LIKELY. ON THE OTHER HAND, THERE COULD BE A 100% GENUINE CRAZY OUT THERE WITH A HEAVY DUTY SPIT GUN AND A FISTFUL OF EXPLOSIVES. WE DON'T KNOW YET.



UNNGHH!

MY RADIATORS ARE CERTS TO WIN THE SUPER-BOWL! YOU GOTTA GIVE US PROTECTION!

THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE. CARRY ON WITH YOUR TRAINING SESSION, COACH. WE'LL GET ON WITH OUR WORK.

WITH JUDGE DREDD, HIS LATEST ROOKIE, DEKKER



WE'VE GOT JUDGES CHECKING RADIATOR SECURITY. AN H-WAGON'S TAKING A LOOK FROM THE AIR. WHAT'S THE NEXT STEP, DEKKER?

IF THIS KOOK'S SERIOUS, COULD BE HE'S ALREADY PLANTED SOMETHING—BOOBY-TRAP MAYBE, OR A BOMB.

TO EARN THE FULL EAGLE AND BLACK HELMET OF A JUDGE, EVERY ROOKIE IS TESTED IN ACTUAL COMBAT CONDITIONS UNDER THE STERN EYE OF A SENIOR JUDGE



WE'LL CALL IN A TEK-SQUAD TO CHECK OUT ALL TEAM AREAS. THE MOST LIKELY PLACE FOR A DEVICE IS THE LOCKER ROOM. WE BETTER GET STARTED THERE.

GOOD. CALL IN YOUR SQUAD AND GET ON WITH IT.



OPENING LOCKERS IS ALWAYS RISKY. YOUR BIKE EXPLOSIVES METER WON'T PICK UP BOOBYTRAPS.

OPEN FROM A DISTANCE. KEEP YOUR BODY SHIELDED WATCH FOR THREADS OR TRIPWIRES.



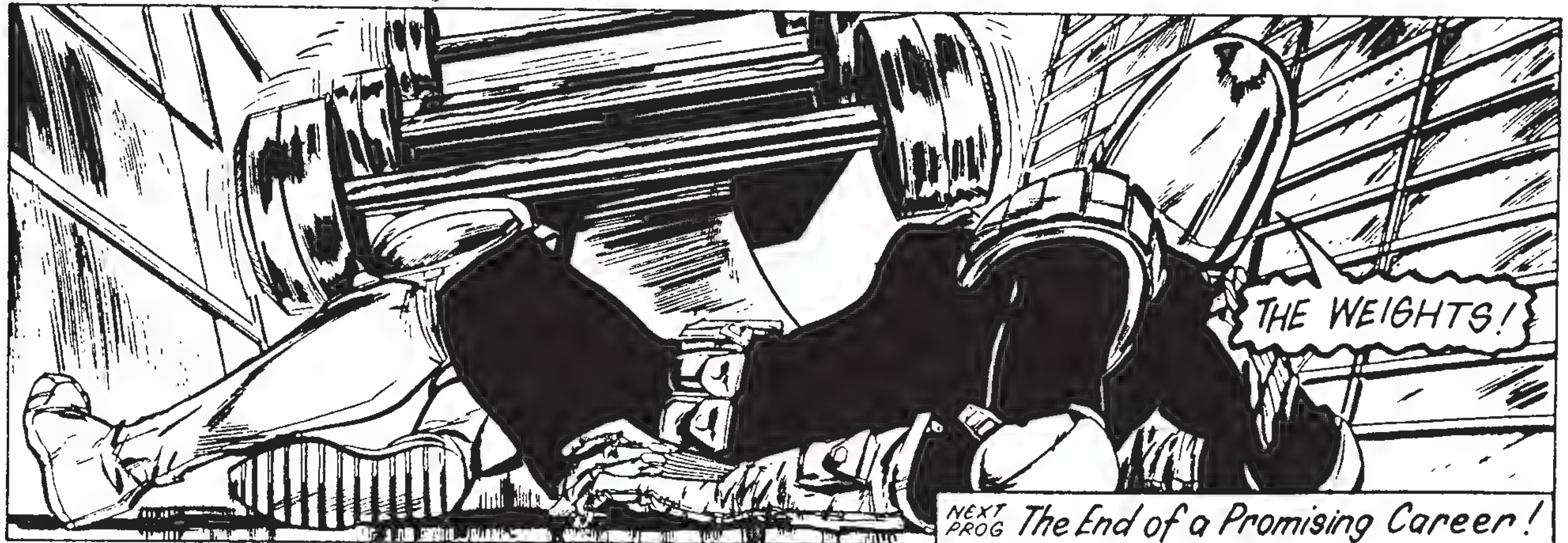
WELL, WELL... WHAT HAVE WE HERE?

BENGHAZI

STOOKIE PILLS! THE ILLEGAL YOUTH DRUG.

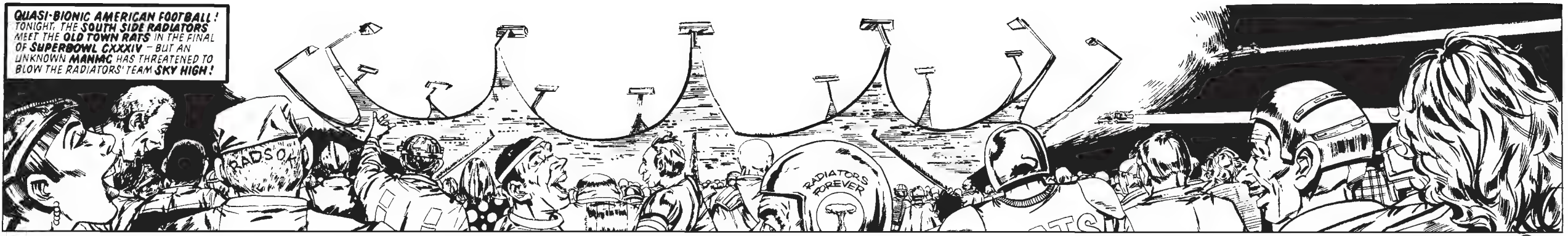






NEXT PROG *The End of a Promising Career!*

QUASI-BIONIC AMERICAN FOOTBALL!
TONIGHT, THE SOUTH SIDE RADIATORS
MEET THE OLD TOWN RATS IN THE FINAL
OF SUPERBOWL CXXXIV - BUT AN
UNKNOWN MANIAC HAS THREATENED TO
BLOW THE RADIATORS' TEAM SKY HIGH!



JUDGE DREDD AND HIS LATEST ROOKIE,
DEKKER, ARRIVE TO PROVIDE PROTECTION.
BUT NOW, IN THE RADIATORS' LOCKER ROOM -

THE
WEIGHTS -!



GOTTA
ROLL!

SMASH!



YOU MOVE FAST,
HONEY - BUT I AIN'T
FINISHED WITH
YOU YET!

YOU'RE
FINISHED
ALL RIGHT...

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
**SUPER
BOWL**
★ ★ ★ ★ ★
PART 2

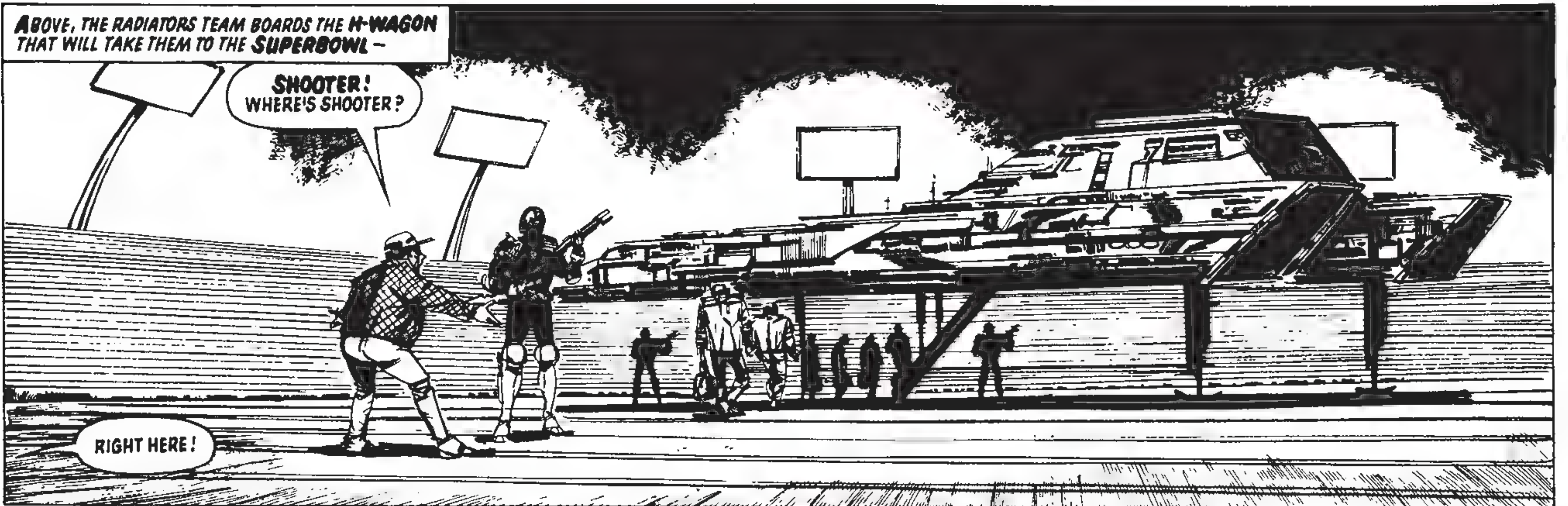


...HONEY!



TROUBLE?

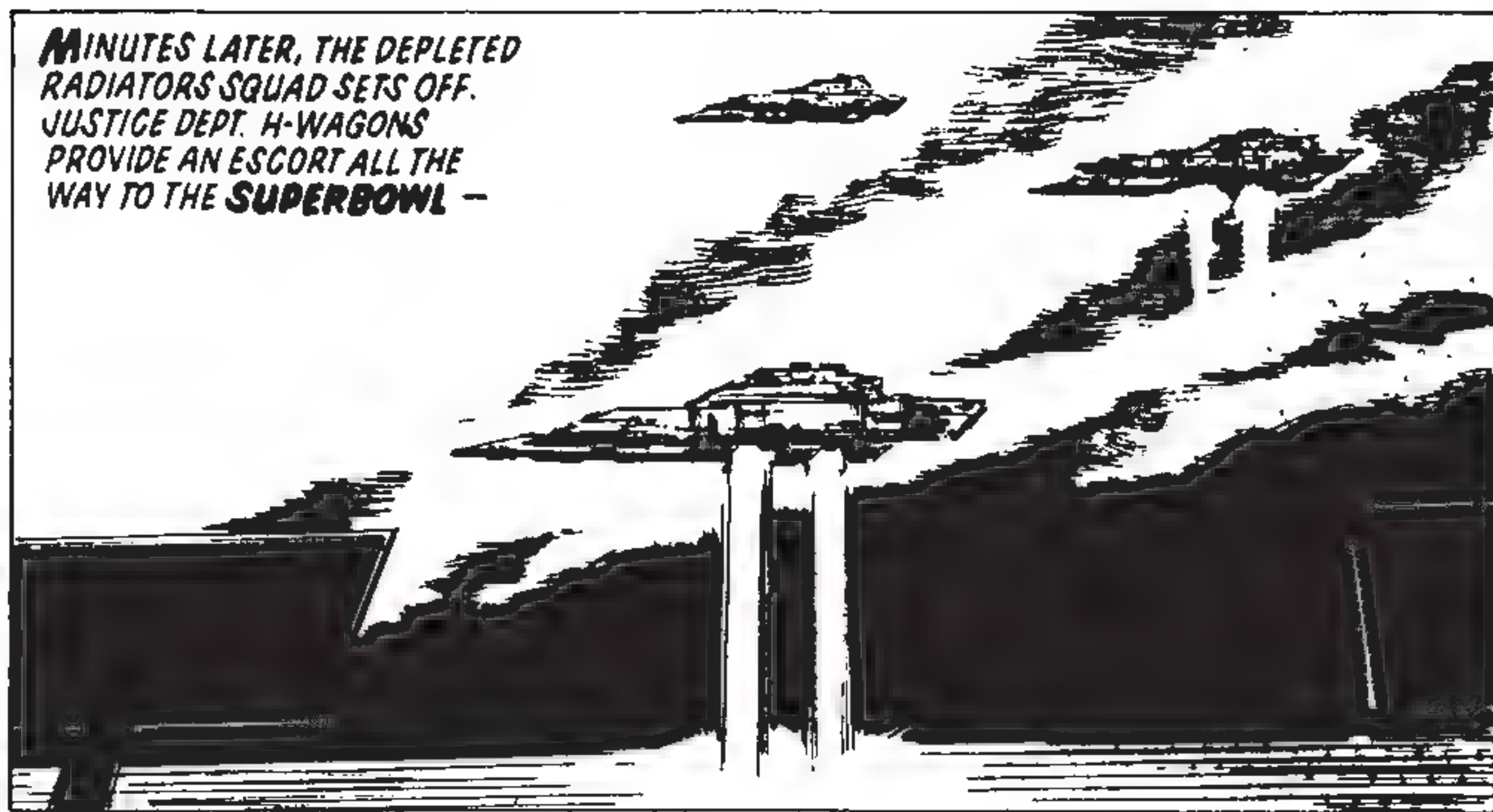
NOT
ANY MORE,
SIR.





DAT'S FIVE OF MY KEY PLAYERS DOIN' TIME SINCE YOU SHOWED UP, JUDGE DREDD! I THOUGHT YOU WAS HERE TO PROTECT US!

I TOLD YOU BEFORE - WE CANNOT IGNORE EVIDENCE OF A CRIME.



MINUTES LATER, THE DEPLETED RADIATORS SQUAD SETS OFF. JUSTICE DEPT. H-WAGONS PROVIDE AN ESCORT ALL THE WAY TO THE SUPERBOWL -



A SOLID WALL OF MEGA-CITY'S FINEST SCREENS THE PLAYERS' ENTRANCE -

OUR MANIAC MIGHT STRIKE DURING THE GAME. HOW'S BOWL SECURITY HOLDING UP?

WE'RE X-RAYING EVERYONE ENTERING THE GROUND. IF YOUR MAN SHOWS, HE'S NAILED!



AS THE KICK-OFF APPROACHES, EXCITEMENT BUILDS TO FEVER PITCH -

IT'S A FINE EVENING HERE IN THE SUPERBOWL, SPORTS FANS, AND THE TEAMS WILL BE COMING OUT SOON! THE RADIATORS ARE STILL HOT FAVOURITES - ALTHOUGH I'VE HEARD THERE ARE LAST-MINUTE TEAM CHANGES!



IN THE RADIATORS' DRESSING ROOM -

OKAY - WE'VE LOST FIVE GOOD MEN. IT'S GONNA BE TOUGH OUT DERE - BUT ARE WE OUTTA DA GAME?

NO!

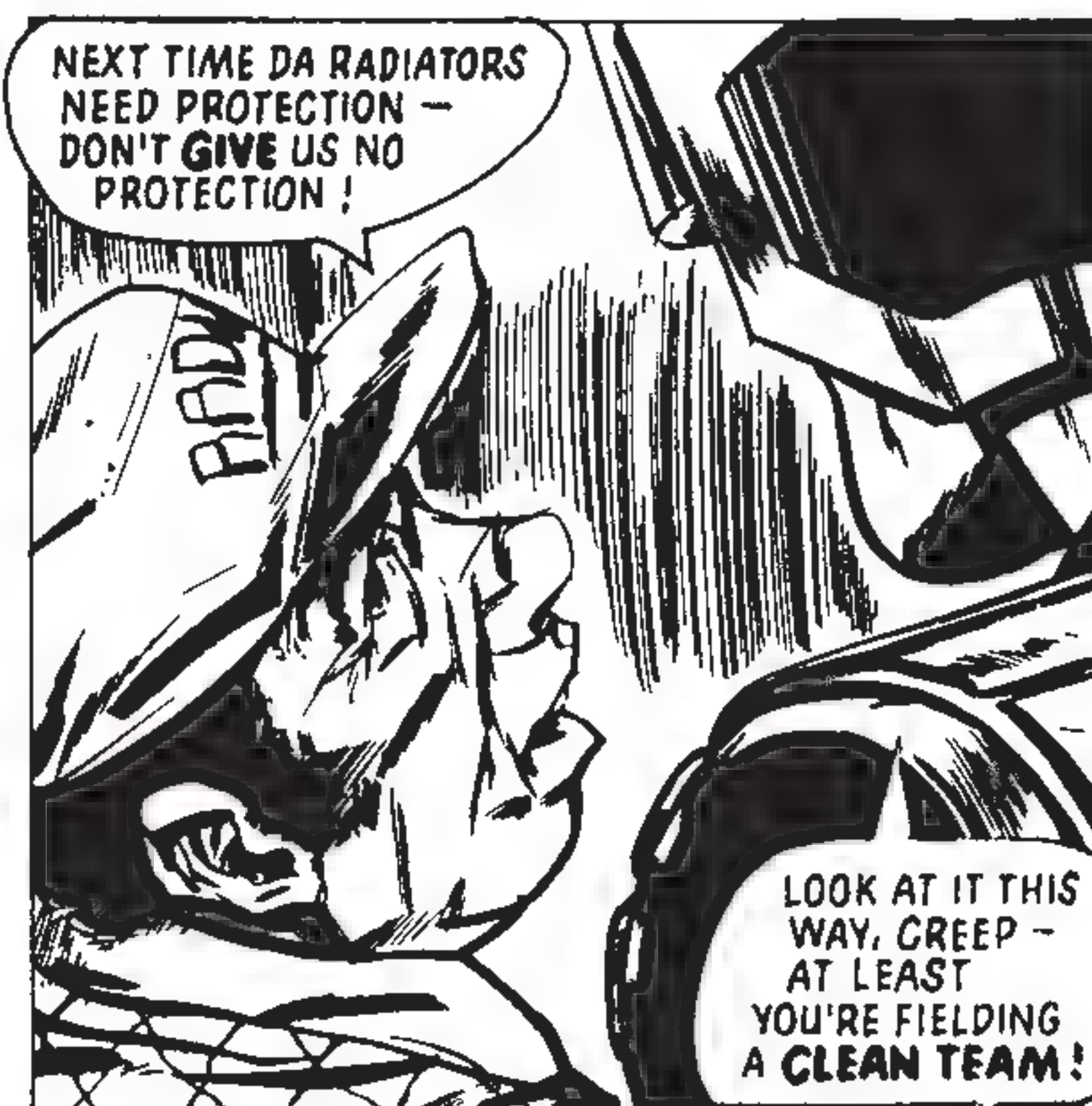


DAMN RIGHT WE AIN'T! WE'RE GONNA GO OUT DERE AN' PULP 'EM! WE'RE GONNA BREAK BONES!

KOWALSKI! DAT QUARTERBACK OF THEIRS HAS GOTTA BE TAKEN OUT. HIT HIM EARLY - FOUL HIM IF YOU HAVETA! I - WANT - DAMAGE!

HE'S DAMAGED, COACH!





ALONG WITH DEKKER, HIS LATEST ROOKIE, JUDGE DREDD IS INVESTIGATING AN ABANDONED 'DUST ZONE' WAREHOUSE -



MUST BE A THOUSAND SENIOR CITIZENS IN THERE. WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, ROOKIE?

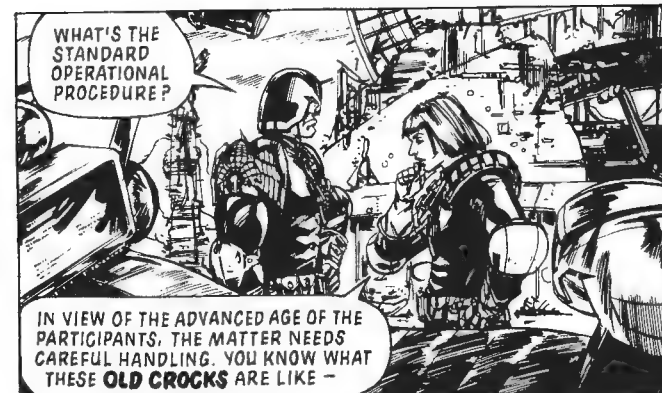
YOU GET THAT MANY OVER-SIXTIES IN ONE BASKET, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING IT CAN MEAN - ILLEGAL BINGO GAME!

IT WAS ANOTHER RELIC FROM THE 20TH CENTURY. A GAMBLING GAME SO COMULSIVE IT COULD NEVER BE STAMPED OUT -

TWO FAT KNEEPADS - 66!



BINGO!



WHAT'S THE STANDARD OPERATIONAL PROCEDURE?

IN VIEW OF THE ADVANCED AGE OF THE PARTICIPANTS, THE MATTER NEEDS CAREFUL HANDLING. YOU KNOW WHAT THESE OLD CROCKS ARE LIKE -



"WE GO STROLLING IN THERE, THE SHOCK OF SEEING US COULD RESULT IN A SERIOUS MASS MEDICAL BACKLASH."

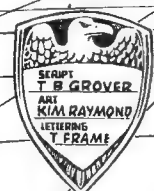
THE BOARD CHECKS OUT, CALLER. WE GOT OURSELVES A WINNER!

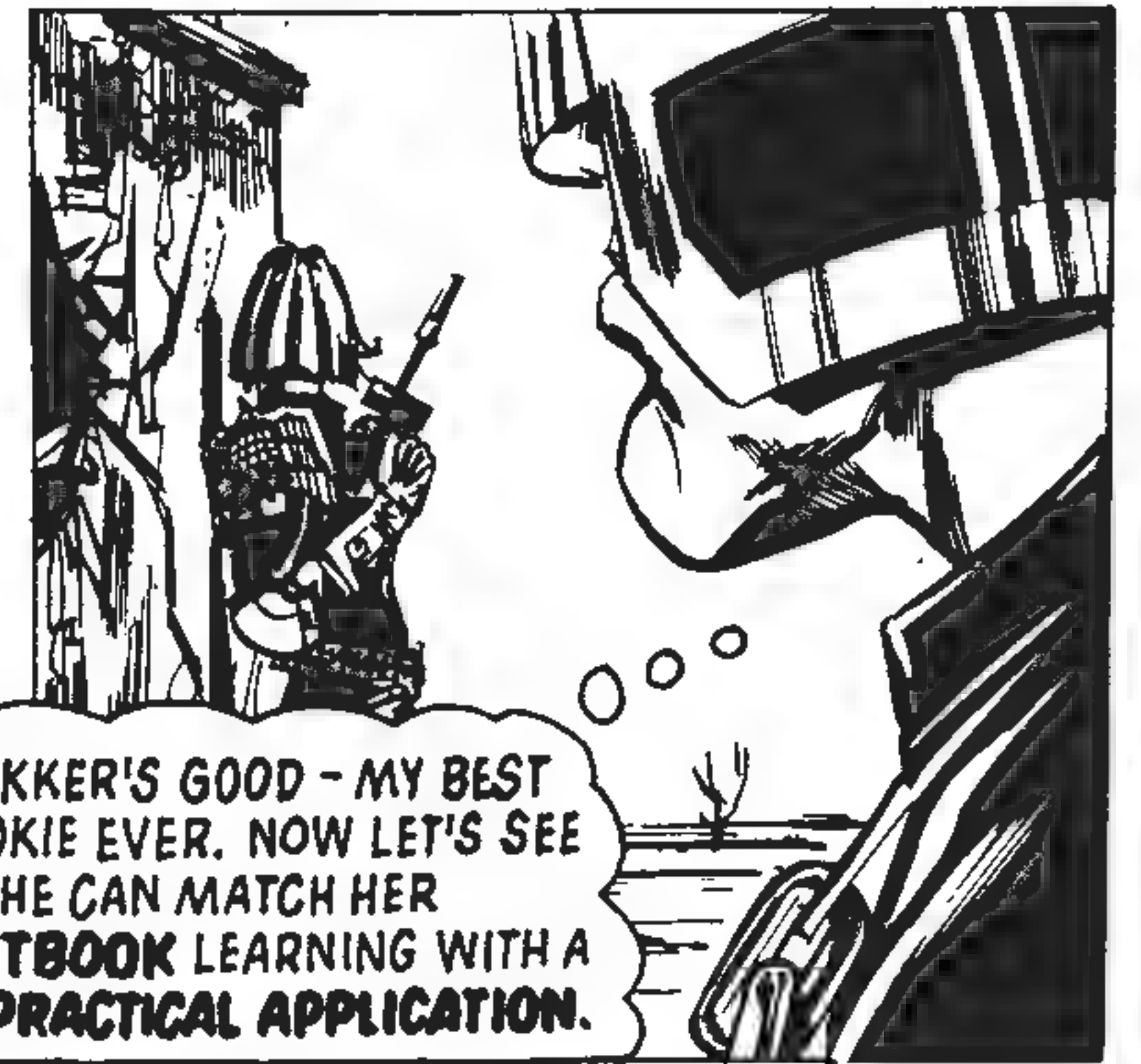
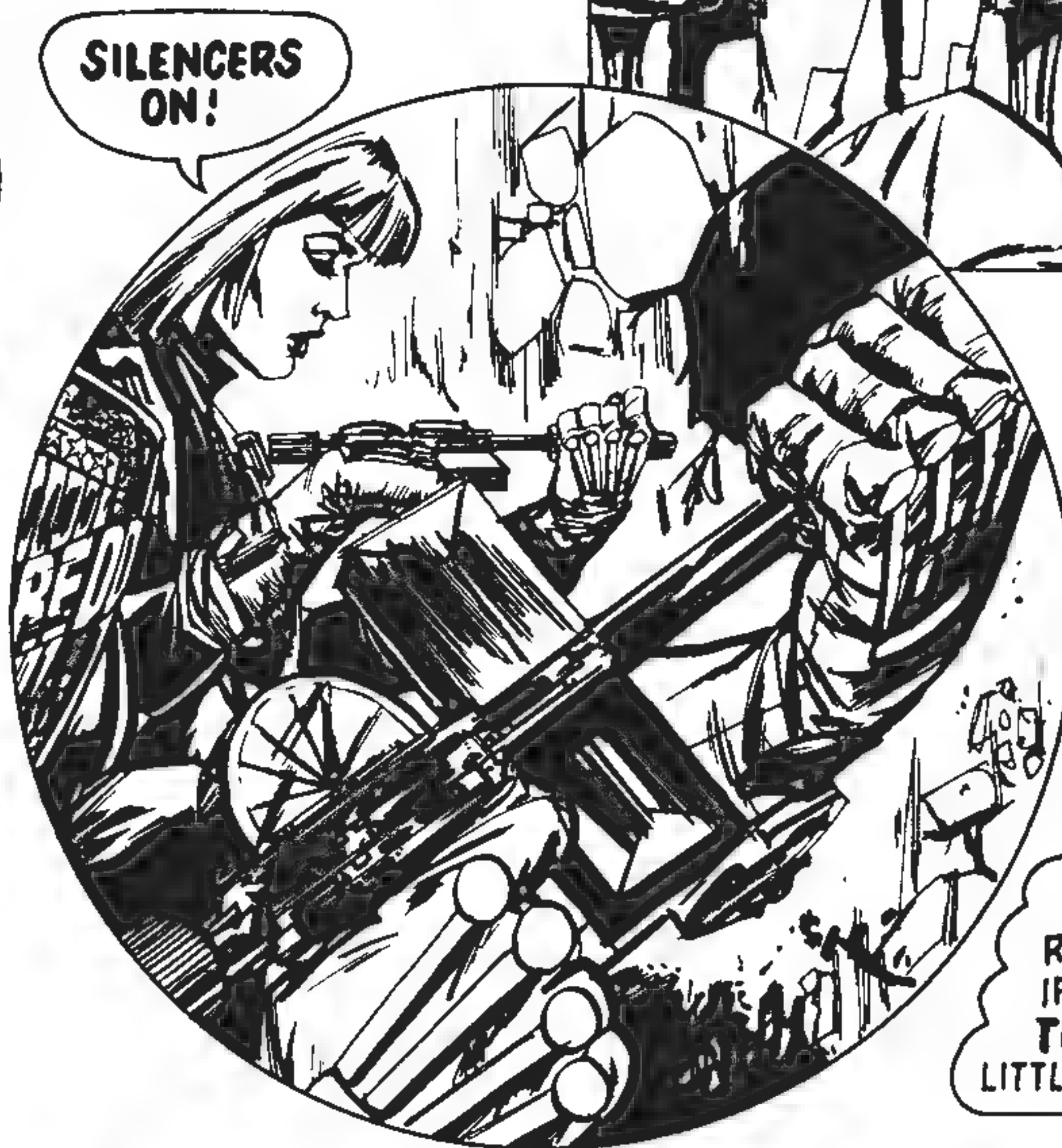
UH- UUUH- UUUH!

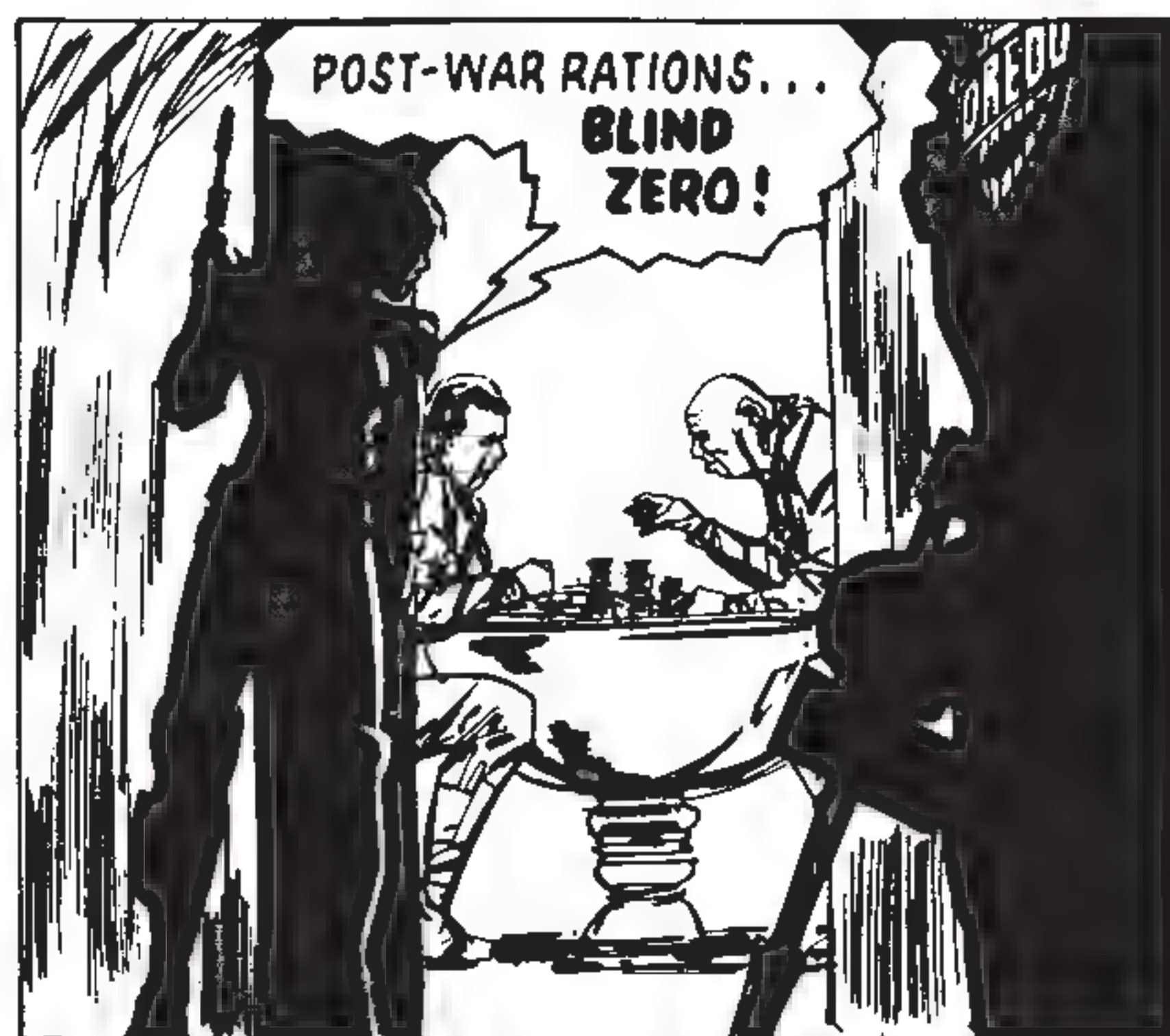
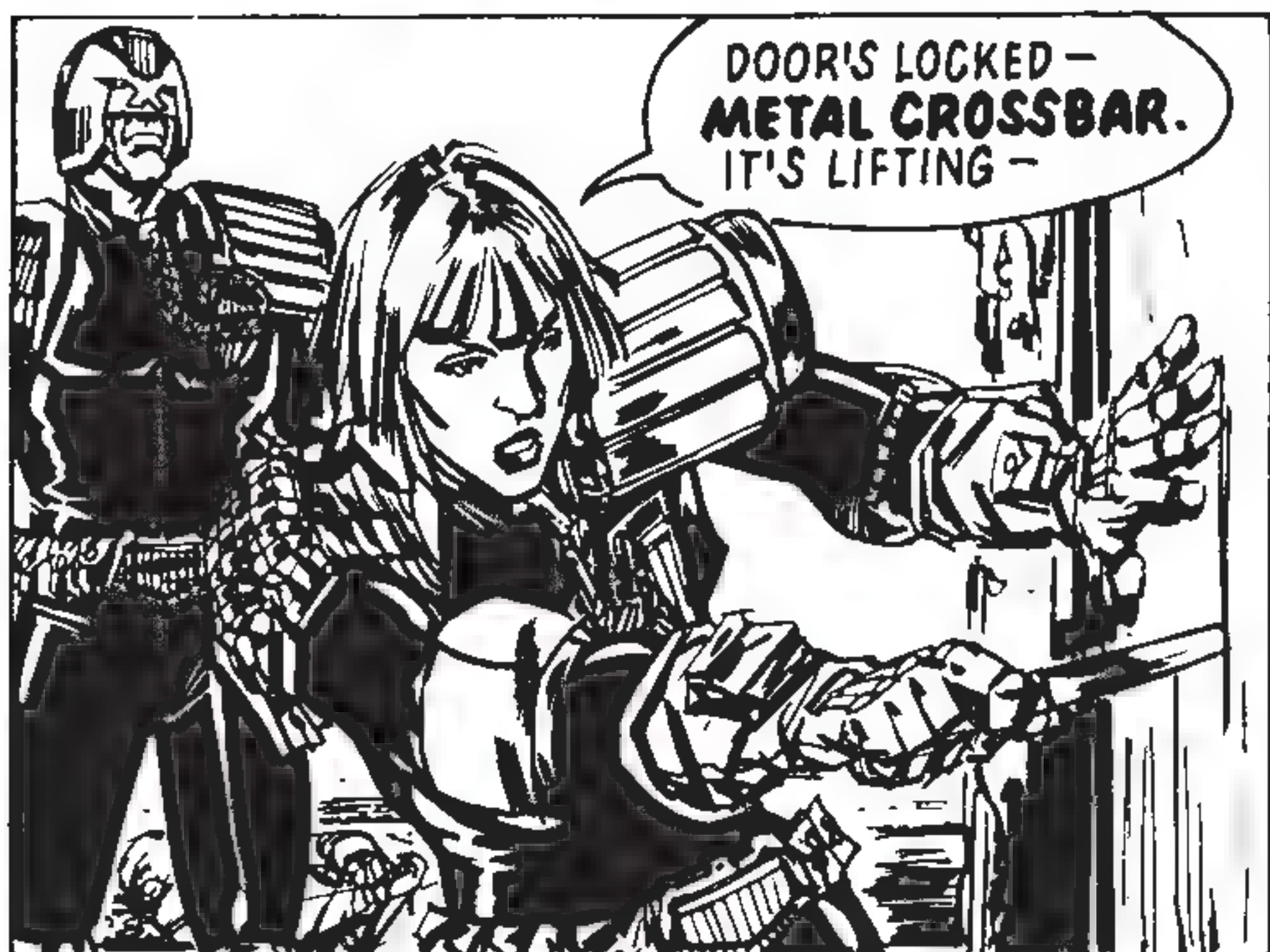


"EVEN THE SHOCK OF WINNING CAN BE FATAL -"

HEART ATTACK! GET THAT OXYGEN ON HER - QUICK!











LADIES AND GENTLEMEN !
OWING TO...ER...CIRCUMSTANCES
BEYOND OUR CONTROL, WE MUST
CLOSE TODAY'S SESSION RATHER
EARLY - IN FACT, **RIGHT NOW !**

THIS WILL ALSO BE THE
LAST BINGO GAME TO BE HELD
ON THESE PREMISES FOR, UM...
QUITE SOME TIME !

TYPICAL !
I WAS JUST
ABOUT TO CALL
BLOCK !

OH DEAR ! **WHATEVER**
ARE WE GOING
TO DO ?

I'VE HEARD THERE'S ANOTHER
GAME OVER ON **BOUVERIE STREET**.
LET'S TRY THERE.

BACKSTAGE, DEKKER MAKES HER ARRESTS -

GAMBLING IS ILLEGAL. YOUR CRIME
IS **PARTICULARLY HEINOUS**
BECAUSE YOU PREY ON THE
ELDERLY - TAKING ADVANTAGE
OF THEIR TRAGIC
COMPULSION TO
MILK THEM OF
EVERY CRED
YOU CAN
GET.

**FIVE
YEARS'
HARD !**



GOOD WORK, ROOKIE.
WHAT ACTION DO WE
TAKE AGAINST THE
PLAYERS ?

NONE. THEY
CAN'T HELP
THEMSELVES.

THEY'RE **BINGOHLICS**. THEIR ADDICTION
TO THE GAME IS A **MEDICAL PROBLEM**.
IT'S BEEN WITH US FOR 200 YEARS -
I DON'T SUPPOSE WE'LL
EVER WIPE IT OUT.

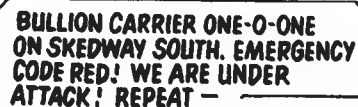
CORRECT - UNFORTUNATELY.

STRANGE. WE CAN COLONISE
DISTANT PLANETS - WE CAN
SEND PROBES THROUGH THE
HEART OF THE SUN -

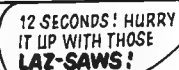


BUT WE STILL
CAN'T FIND
A **CURE**
FOR
BINGO.

NEXT:
PROG: **THE MAKING
OF A JUDGE !**



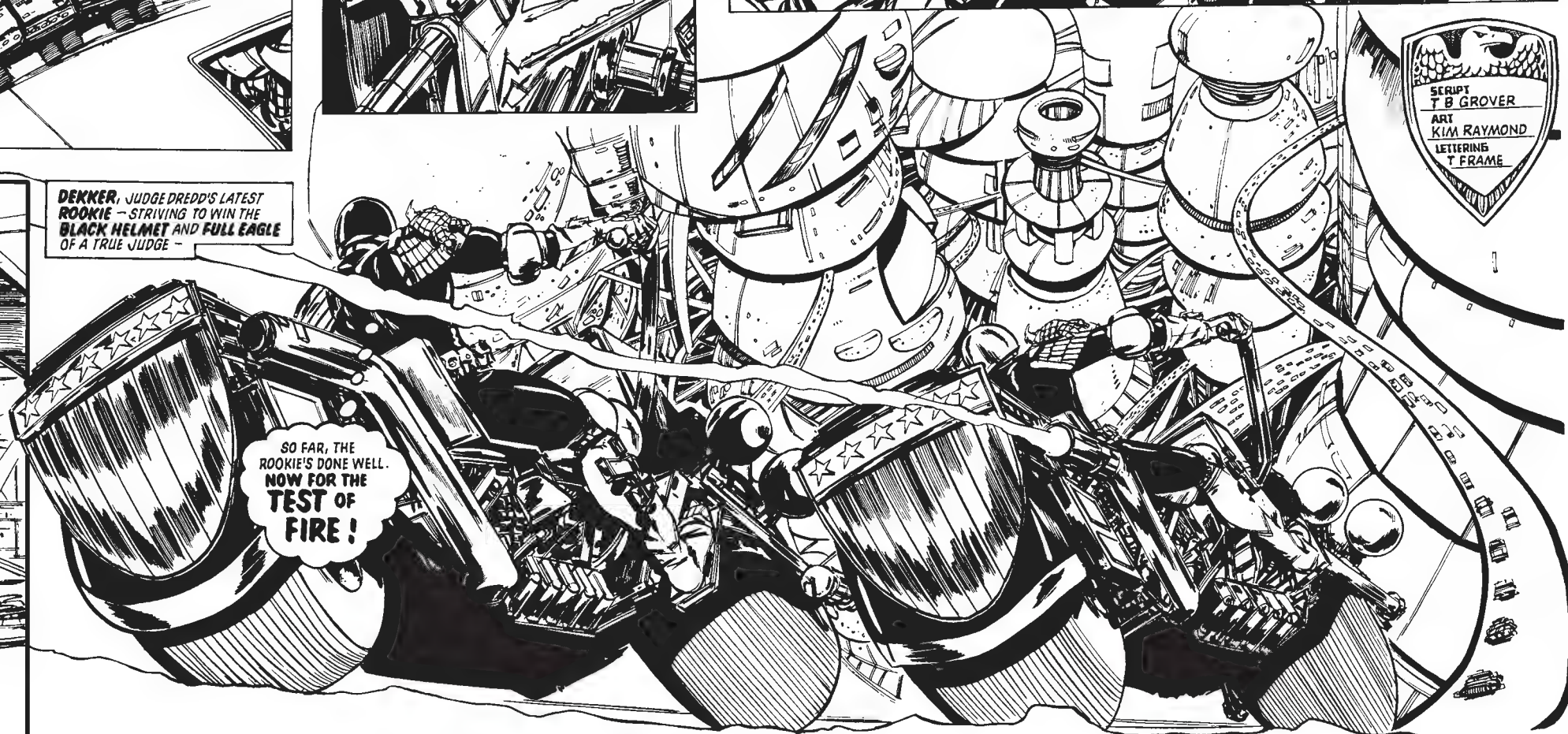
UNDER ATTACK!



MOVE IT,
DEKKER!

DEKKER, JUDGE DREDD'S LATEST ROOKIE - STRIVING TO WIN THE BLACK HELMET AND FULL EAGLE OF A TRUE JUDGE -

SO FAR, THE
ROOKIE'S DONE WELL.
NOW FOR THE
**TEST OF
FIRE!**

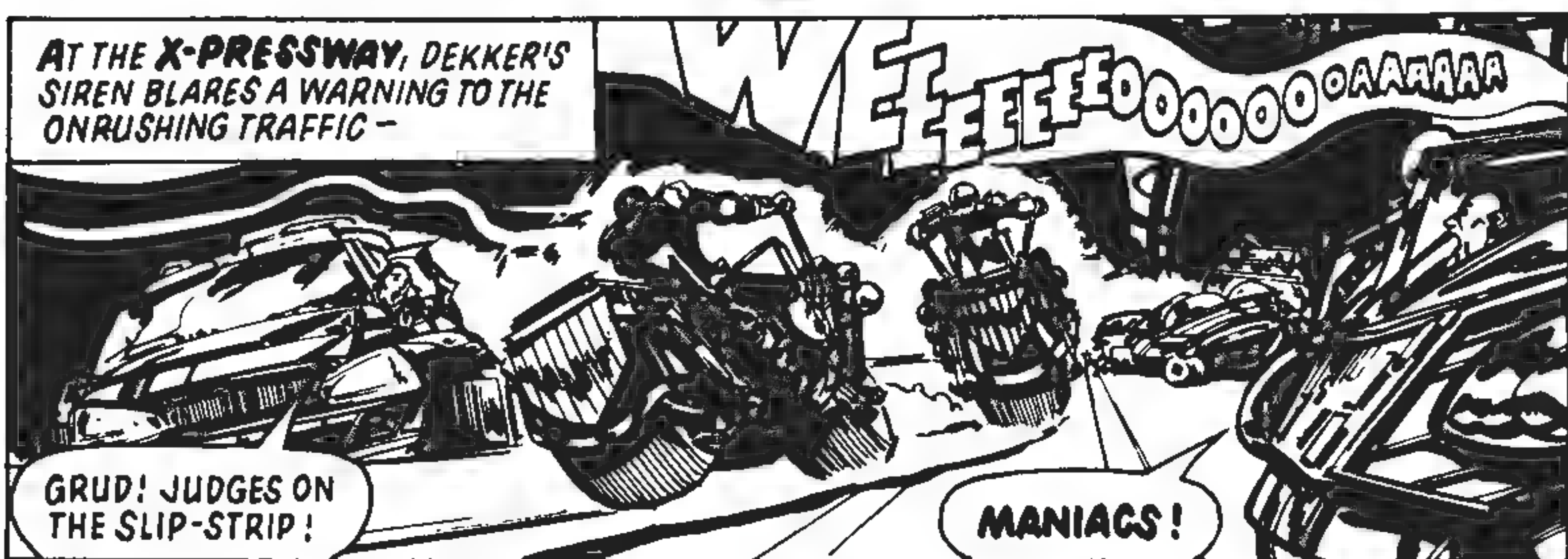
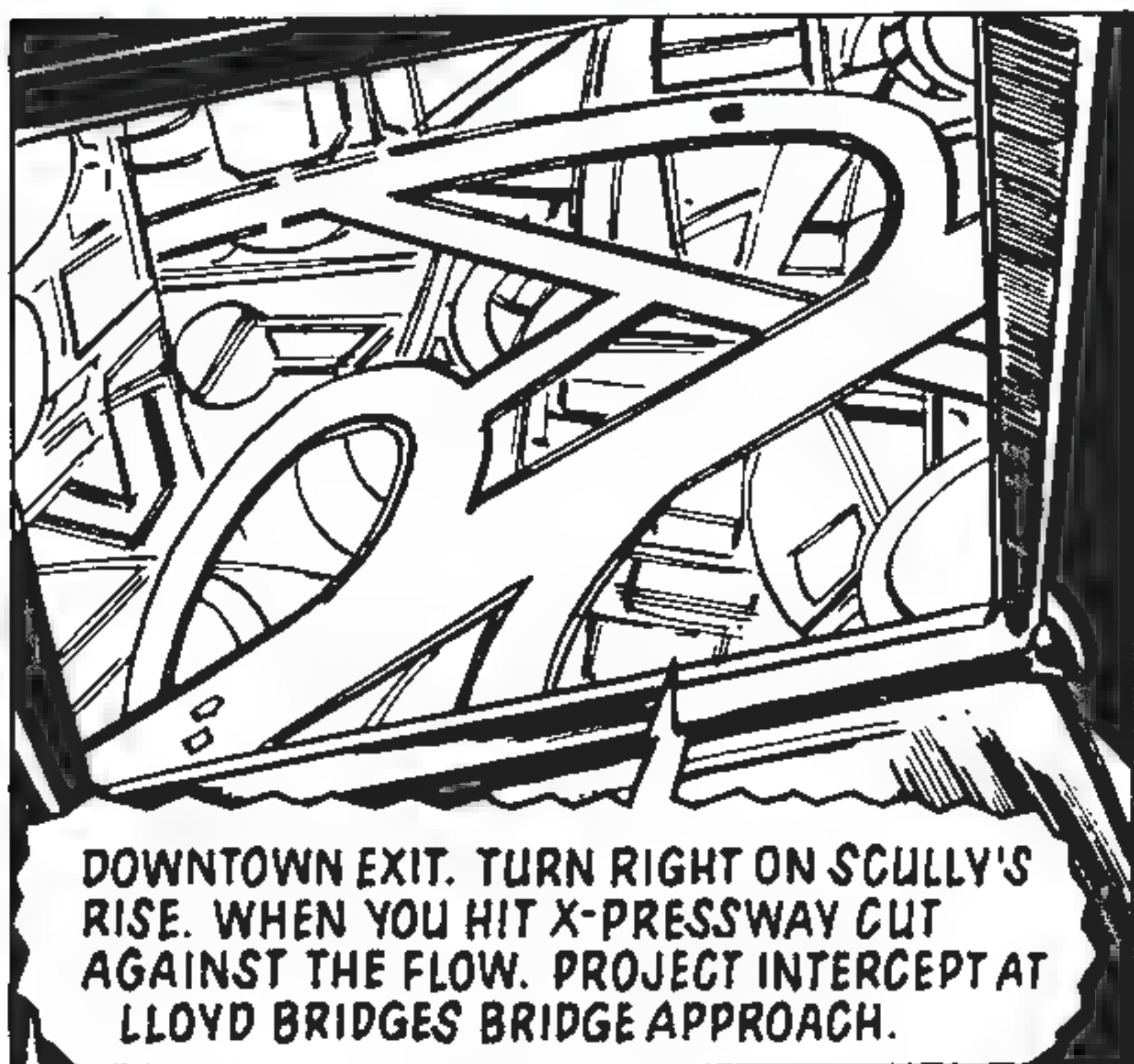


SCRIPT
T B GROVER
ART
KIM RAYMOND
LETTERING
T FRAME

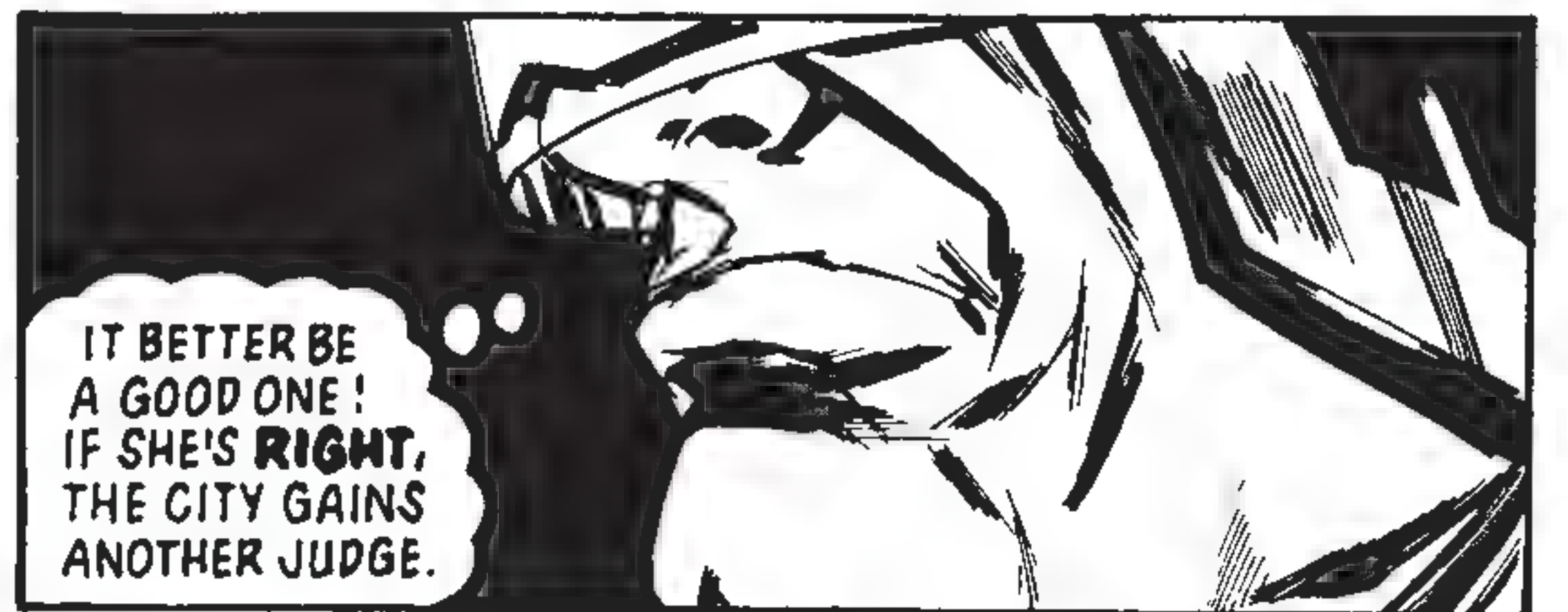
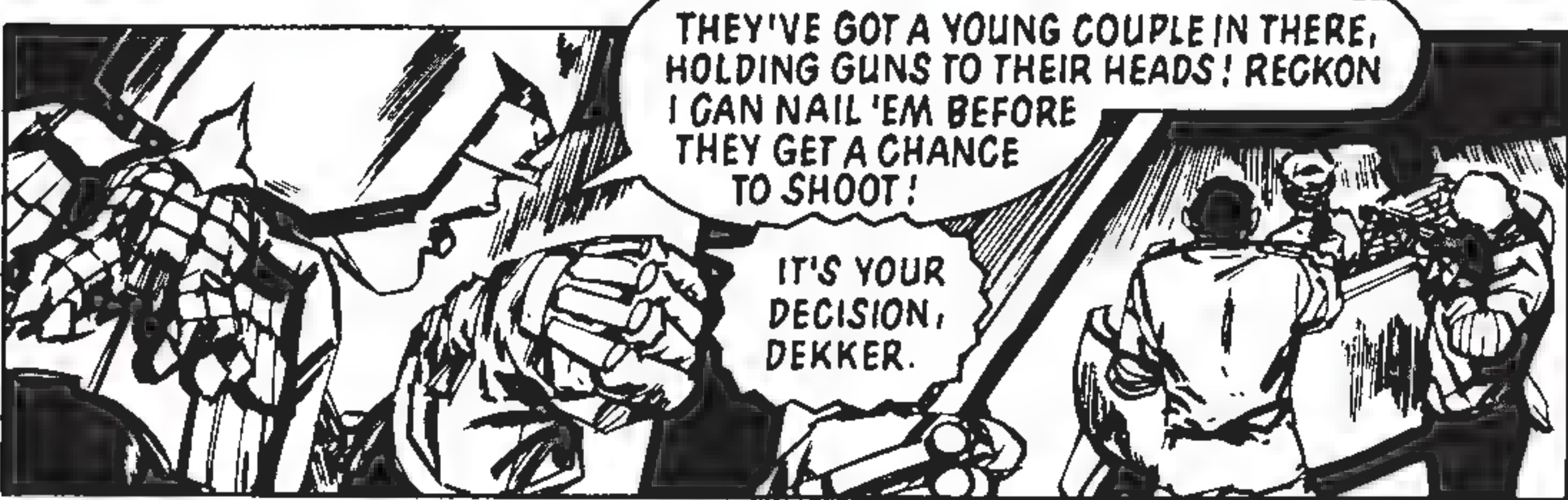
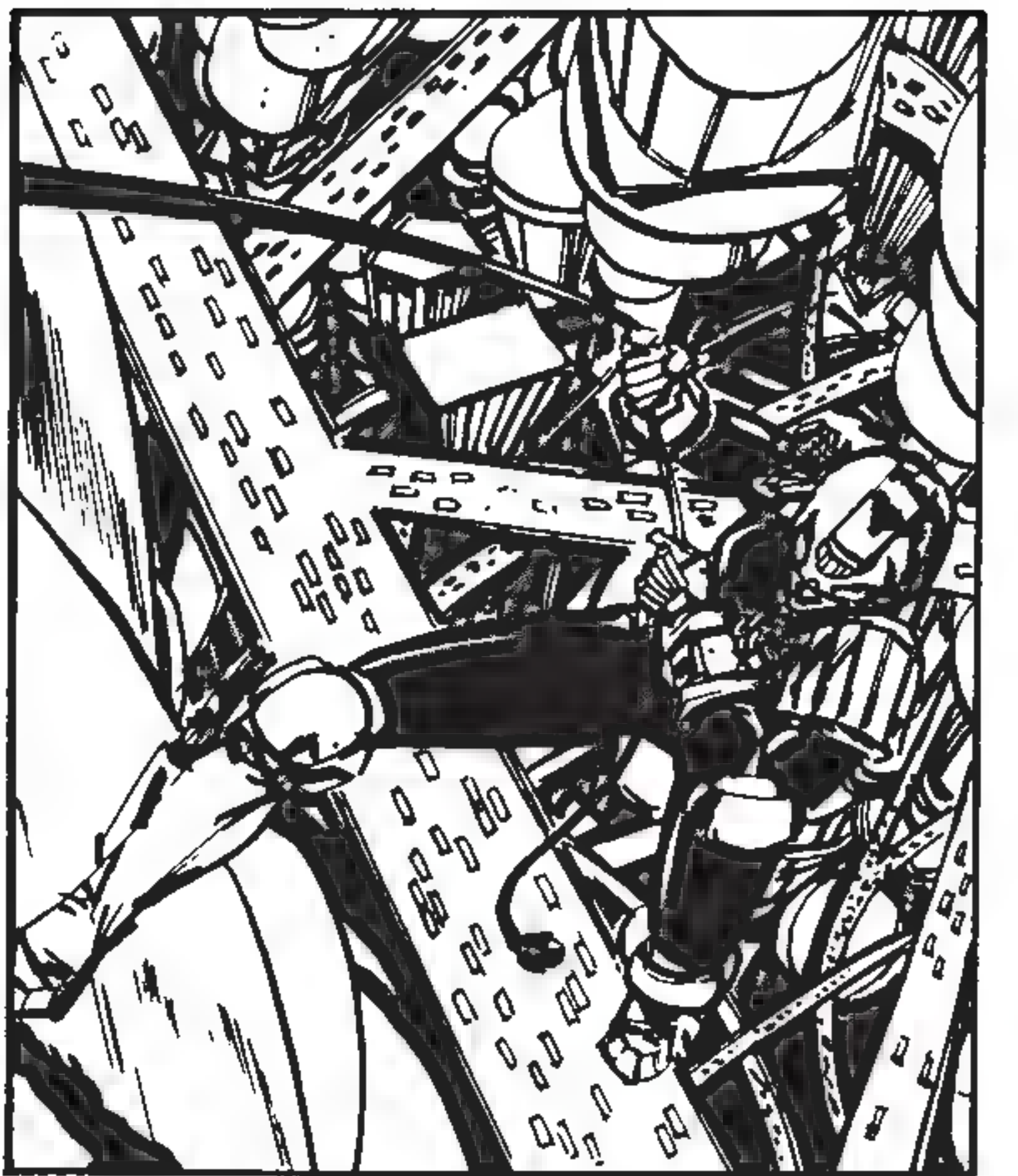
THE MAKING OF A JUDGE.

IN









"IF SHE'S WRONG -"

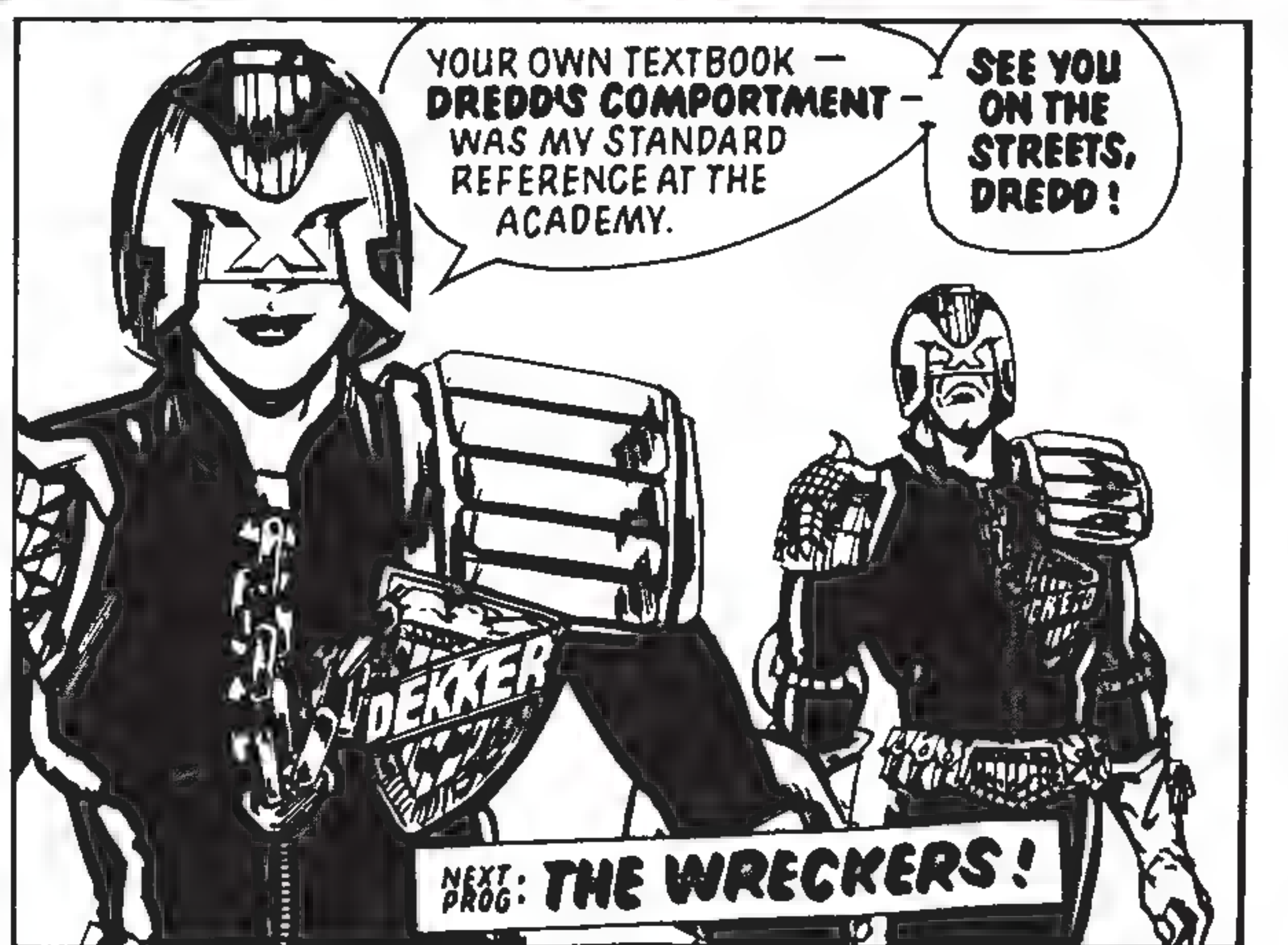




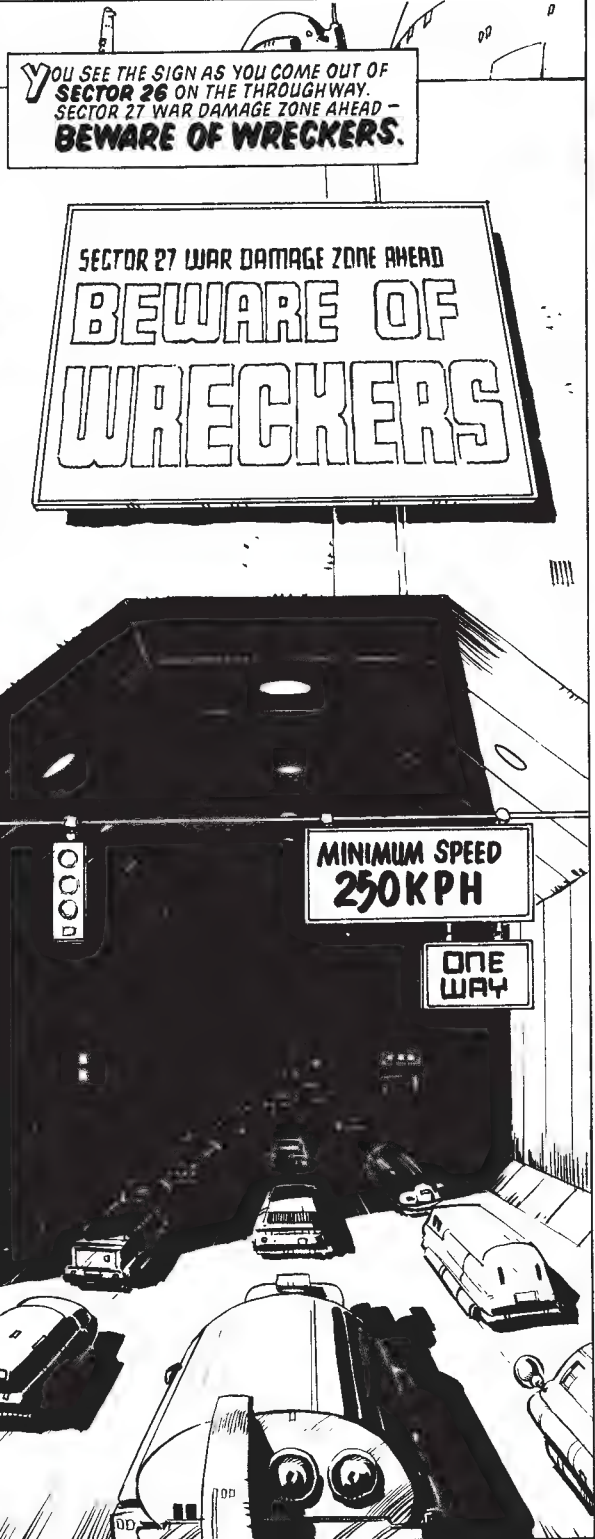
AT THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE, A SOLEMN CEREMONY TAKES PLACE -

DEKKER, YOU HAVE PROVED YOURSELF WORTHY TO WEAR THE BLACK HELMET AND FULL EAGLE BADGE OF A MEGA-CITY JUDGE.

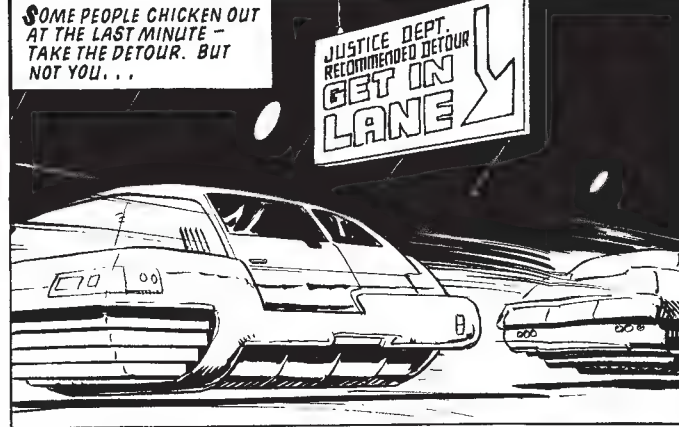
WEAR THEM WITH HONOUR.







YOU SEE THE SIGN AS YOU COME OUT OF SECTOR 26 ON THE THROUGHWAY. SECTOR 27 WAR DAMAGE ZONE AHEAD - BEWARE OF WRECKERS.



SOME PEOPLE CHICKEN OUT AT THE LAST MINUTE - TAKE THE DETOUR. BUT NOT YOU...



YOU'VE MADE THIS RUN PLENTY TIMES BEFORE. NOTHIN' EVER HAPPENED. NOTHIN' WILL HAPPEN TONIGHT.



WHY DO YOU HUNCH DOWN TIGHTER IN YOUR SEAT AS YOU PASS THE LAST NEON WARNINGS?



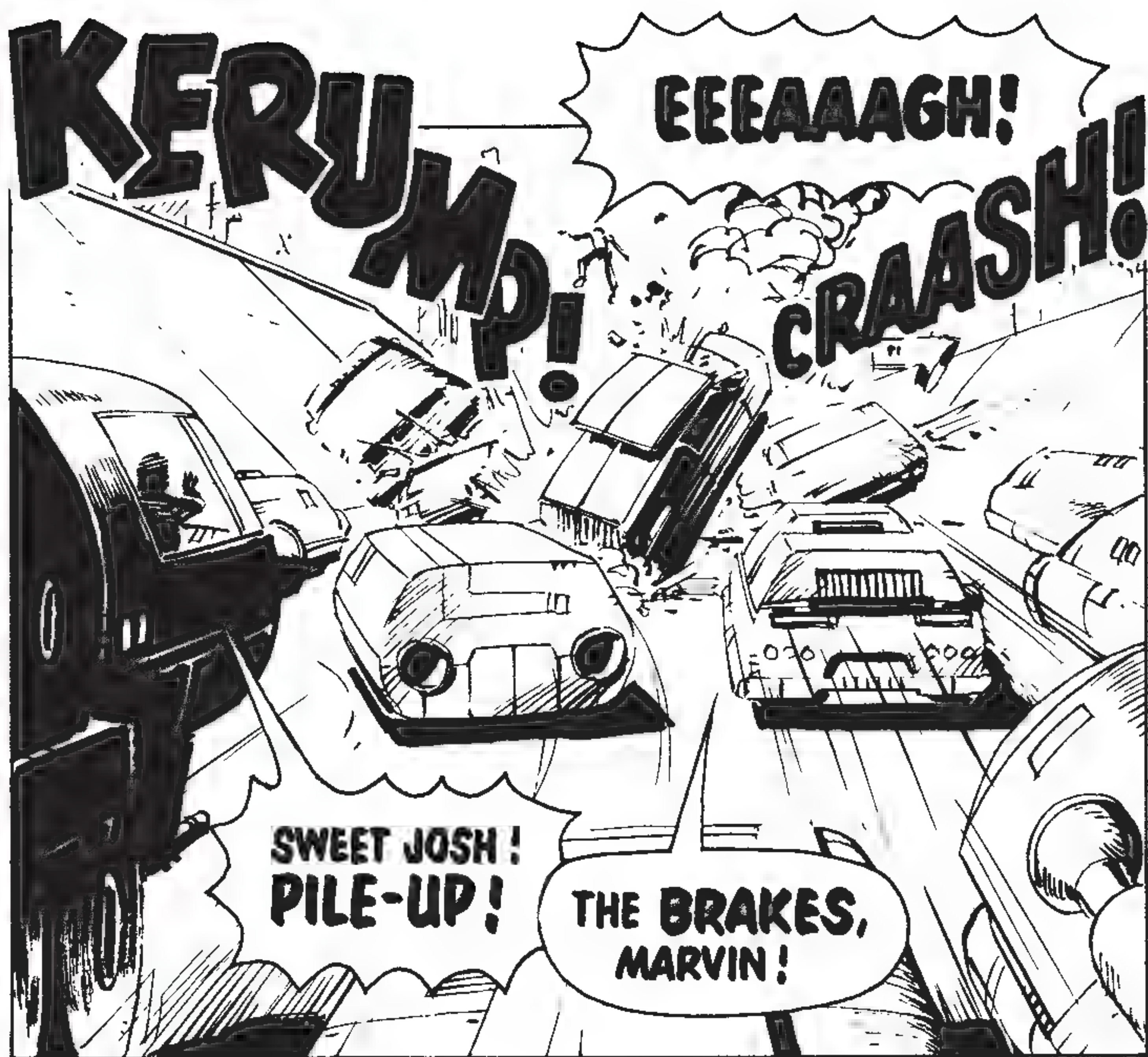
'COS THE WRECKERS ARE OUT THERE - AND TONIGHT COULD BE YOUR NIGHT!



THE WRECKERS!

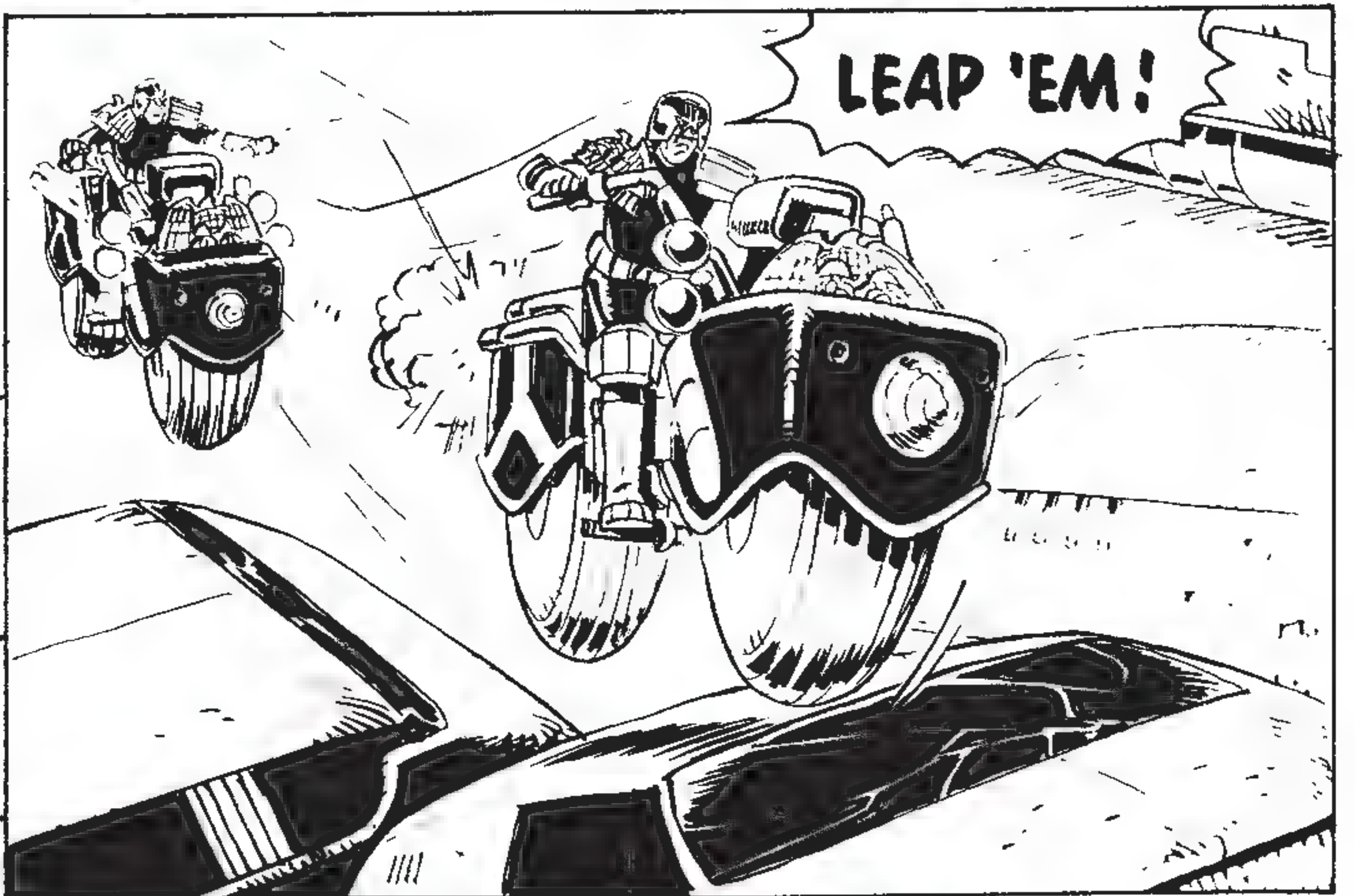
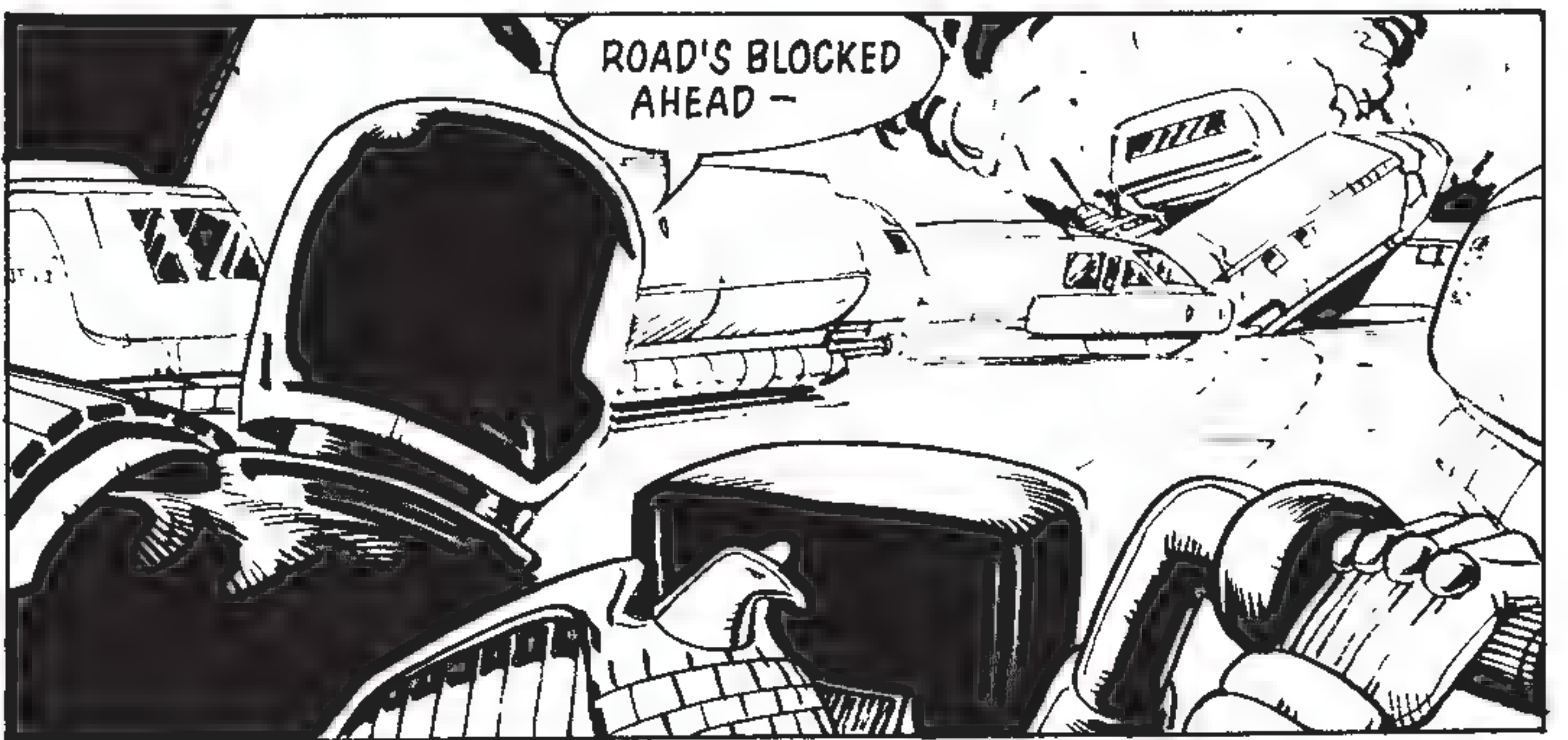
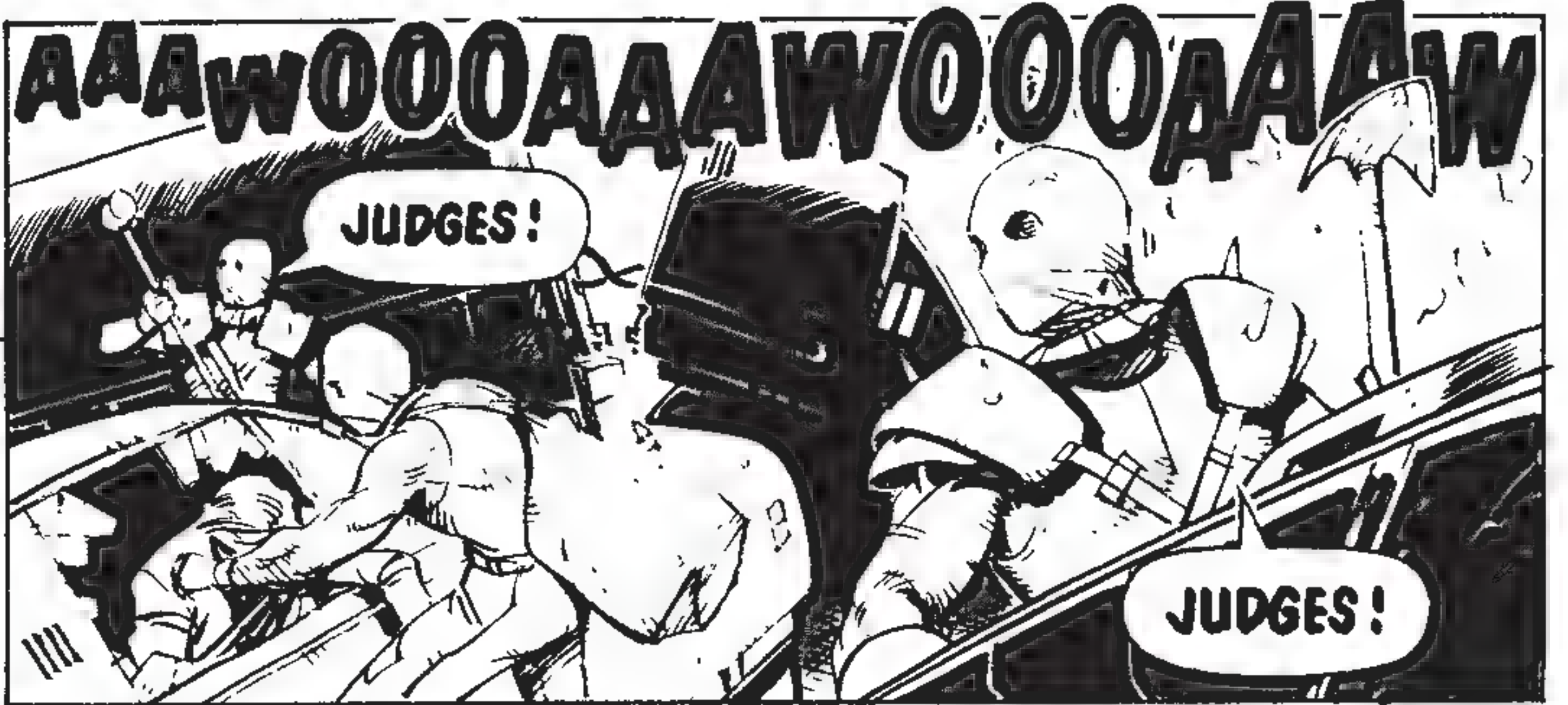
PART 1

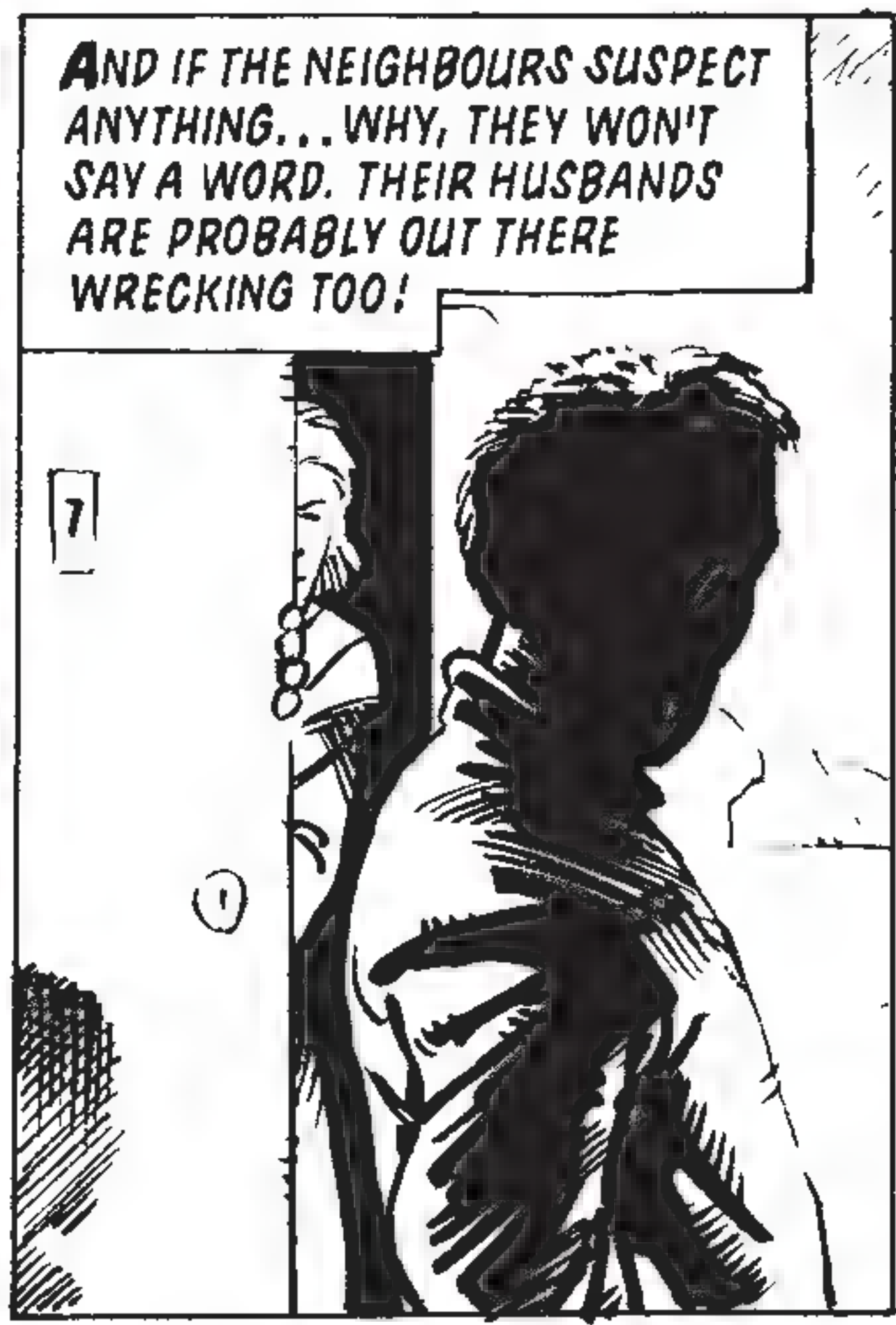
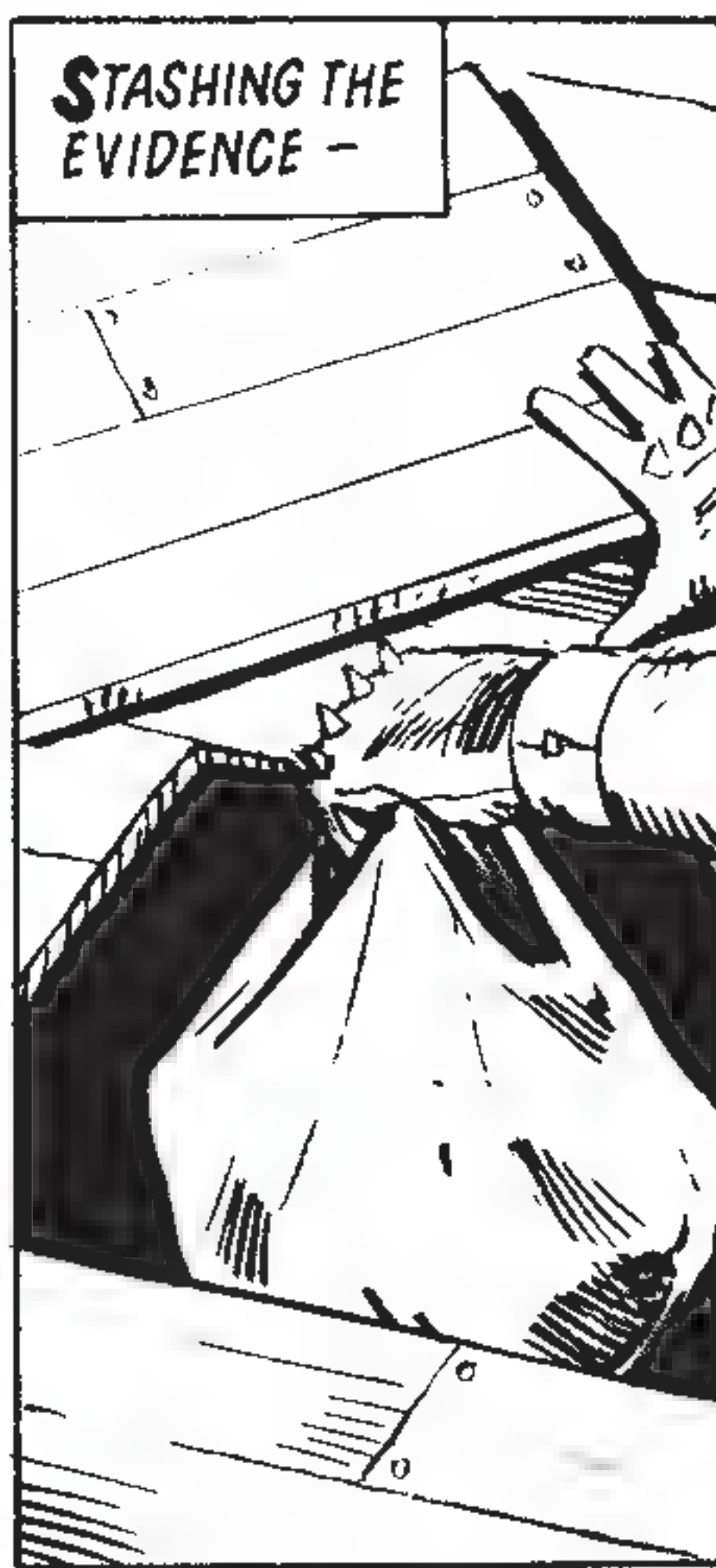
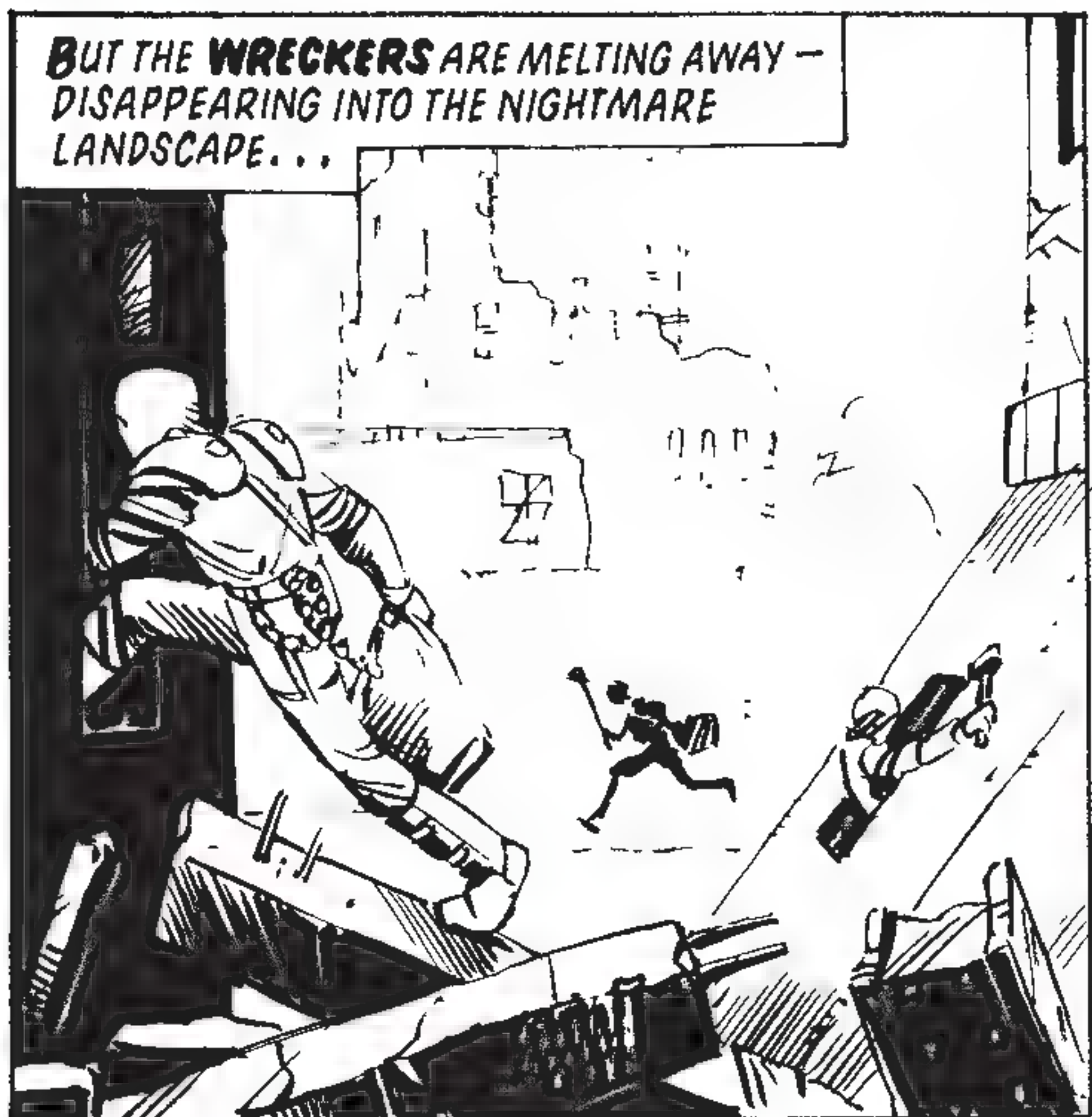
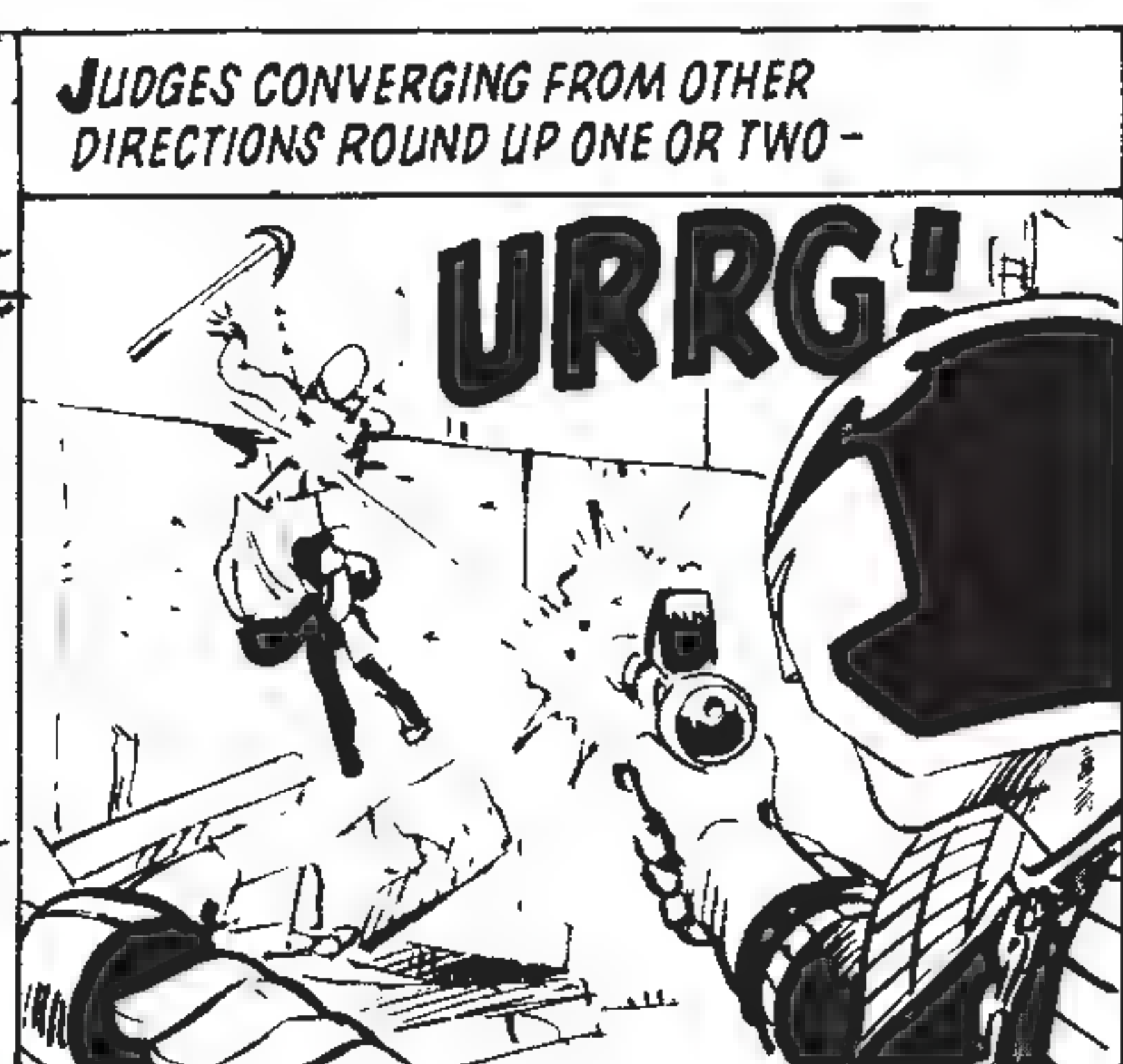
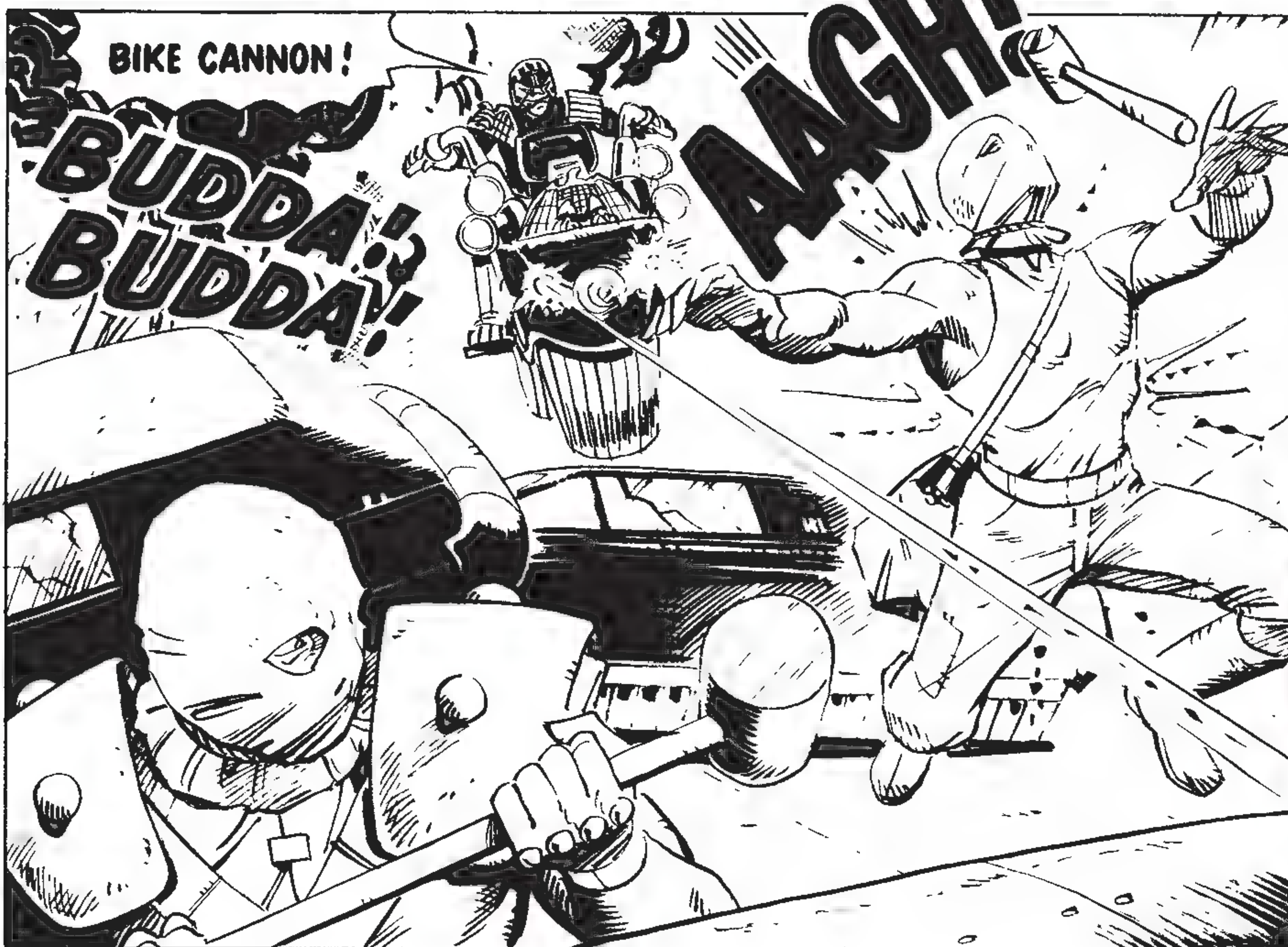
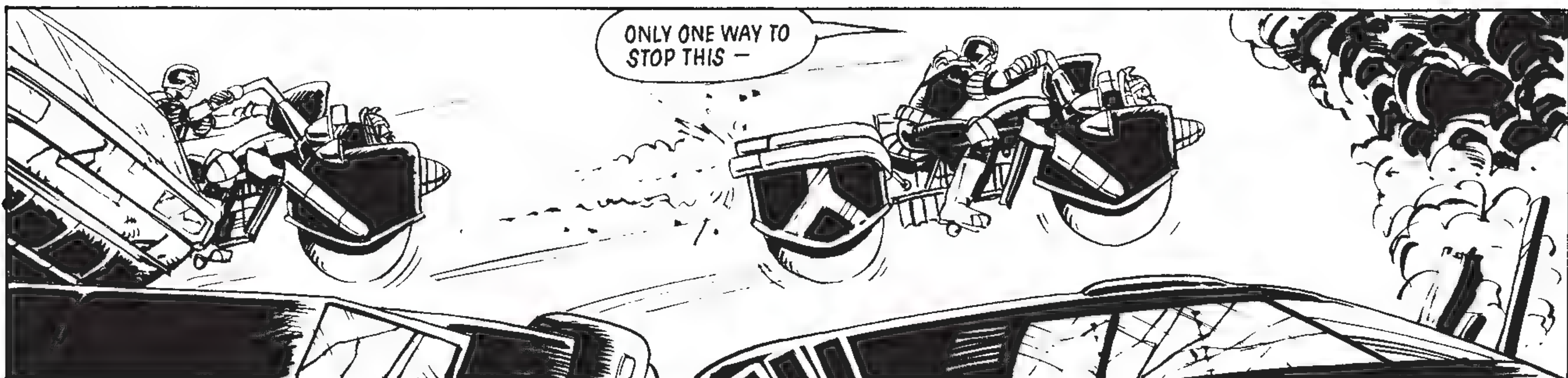
SCRIPT
P. B. GROVER
ART
STEVE DILLON
LETTERING
T. FRAME



THEN THE WRECKERS
COME OUT TO PREY!



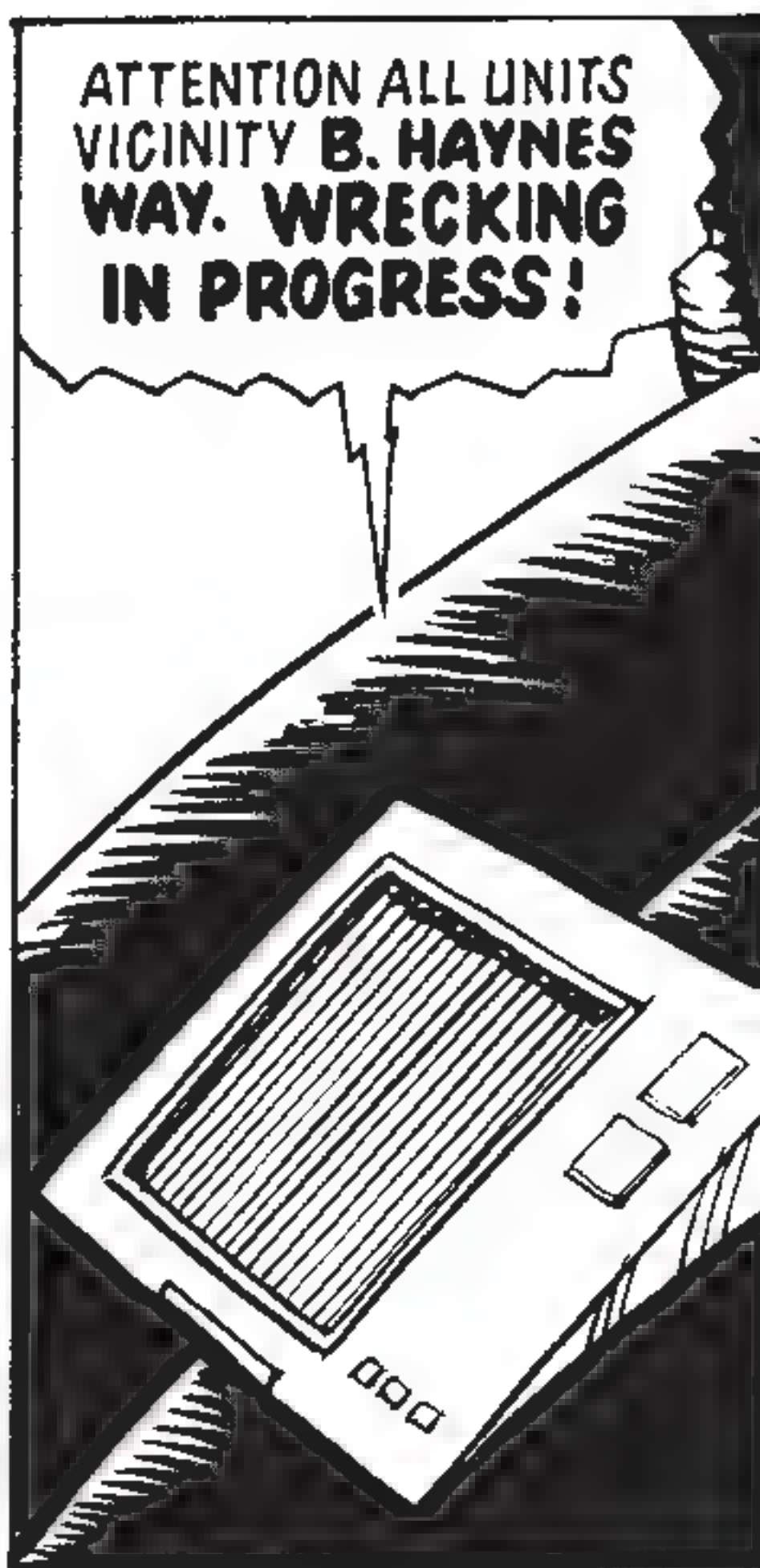






TWO WRECKERS DEAD -
FOUR CAPTURED.
SMALL CHANGE,
AS USUAL!

AND NO TIME TO
FOLLOW UP ON THE
OTHERS.



ATTENTION ALL UNITS
VICINITY B. HAYNES
WAY. WRECKING
IN PROGRESS!



RENSKI, TAKE CARE
OF THINGS HERE!
THE REST OF YOU -
RIDE!



**NEXT DAY, DREDD SEES
THE CHIEF JUDGE -**

THE **WRECKERS** IN SECTOR 27
ARE GETTING OUT OF HAND.
IT'S TIME WE CRACKED
DOWN. I WANT YOU
IN CHARGE OF THE
OPERATION.



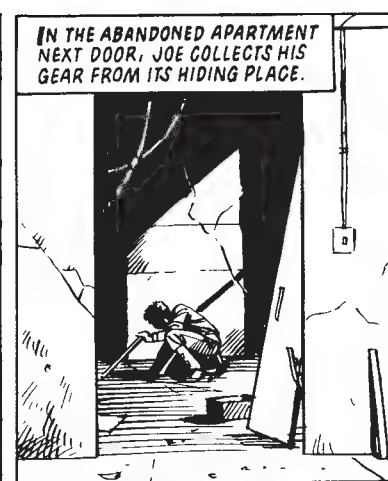
I'M PULLING IN 100 JUDGES FROM
OTHER DETAILS. THAT'S ALL WE
CAN SPARE, I'M AFRAID.

YOU HAVE 48 HOURS. **CLEAN
OUT THE WRECKERS!**



CONSIDER 'EM
CLEANED!

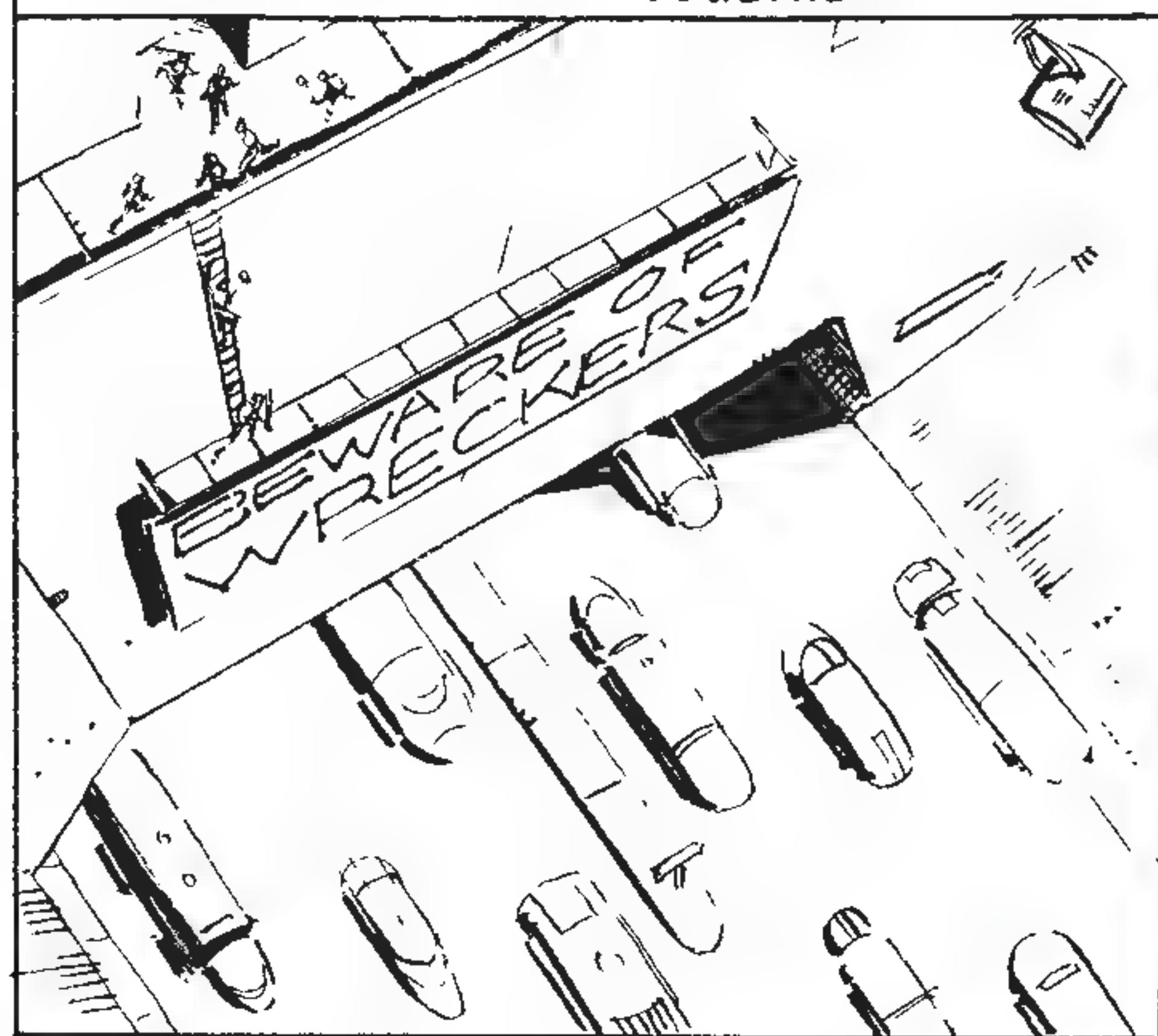
**NEXT
PROG. CRACK DOWN - CRACK UP!**



THE WRECKERS! PART 2



THE **WRECKERS** GATHER ABOVE THE APPROACH TO THE THROUGHWAY. THERE'S **STRENGTH** IN NUMBERS. THEY'LL ATTACK **TOGETHER**.



BELOW, THE DRIVERS STREAK BY, NEVER DREAMING TO LOOK UP. THEIR EYES ARE FIXED ON THE ROAD. THE **SOONER** THEY'RE CLEAR OF THIS SECTOR, THE **BETTER**.



27 IS BAD WRECKING COUNTRY!



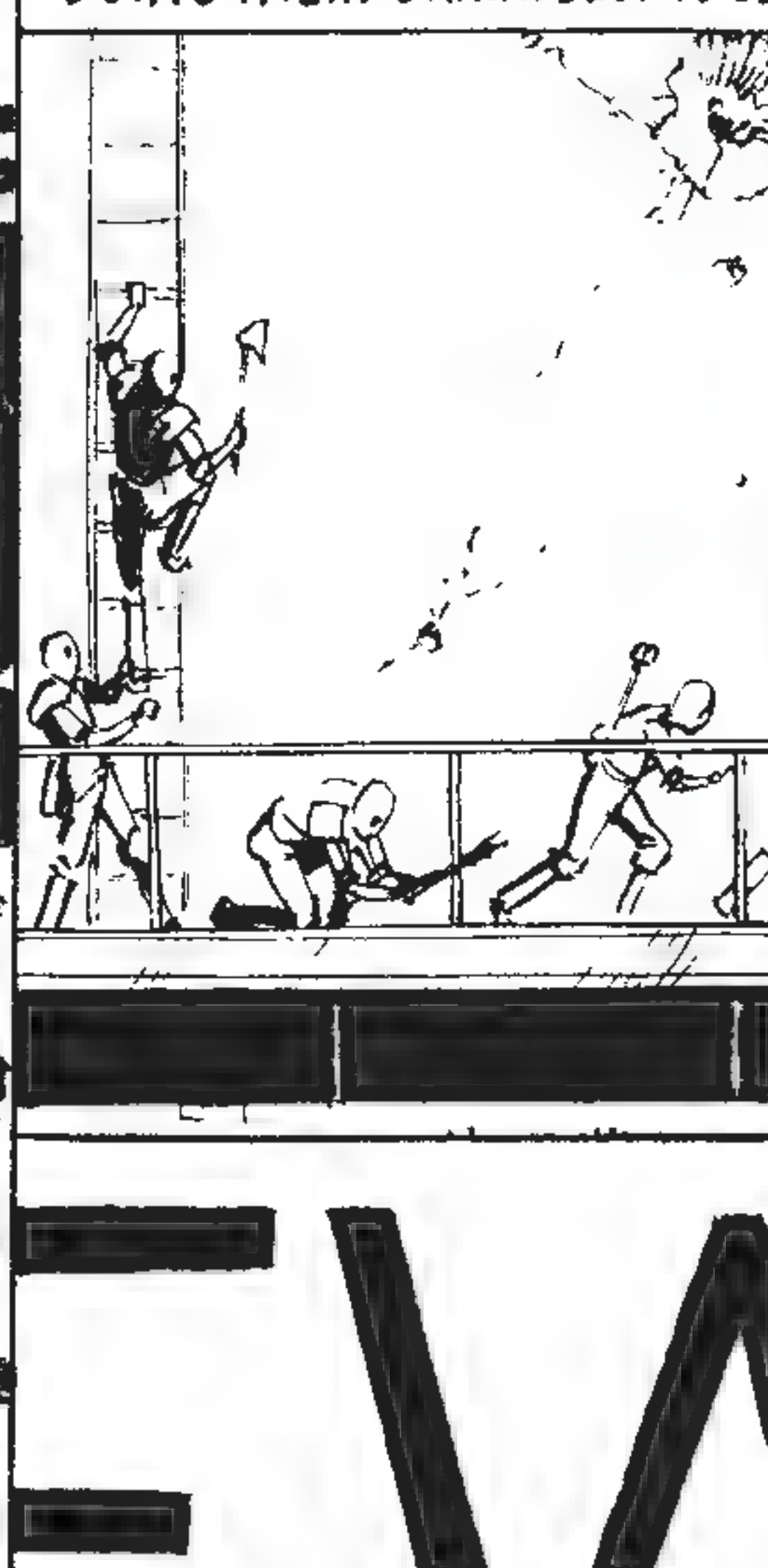
AND NO WONDER. THE WHOLE SECTOR SHOULD HAVE BEEN CONDEMNED AFTER THE WAR. UNFIT FOR HUMAN HABITATION.

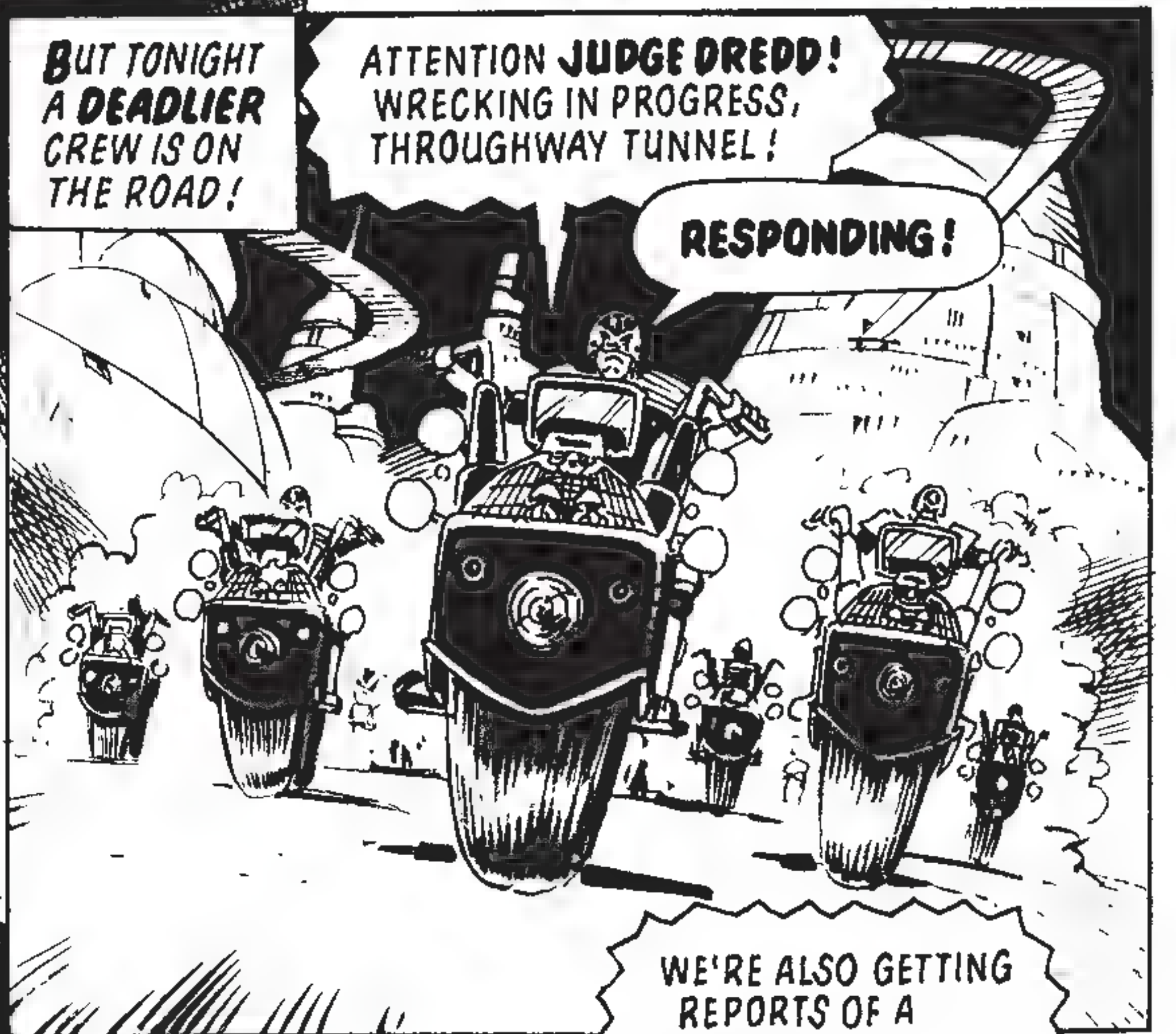
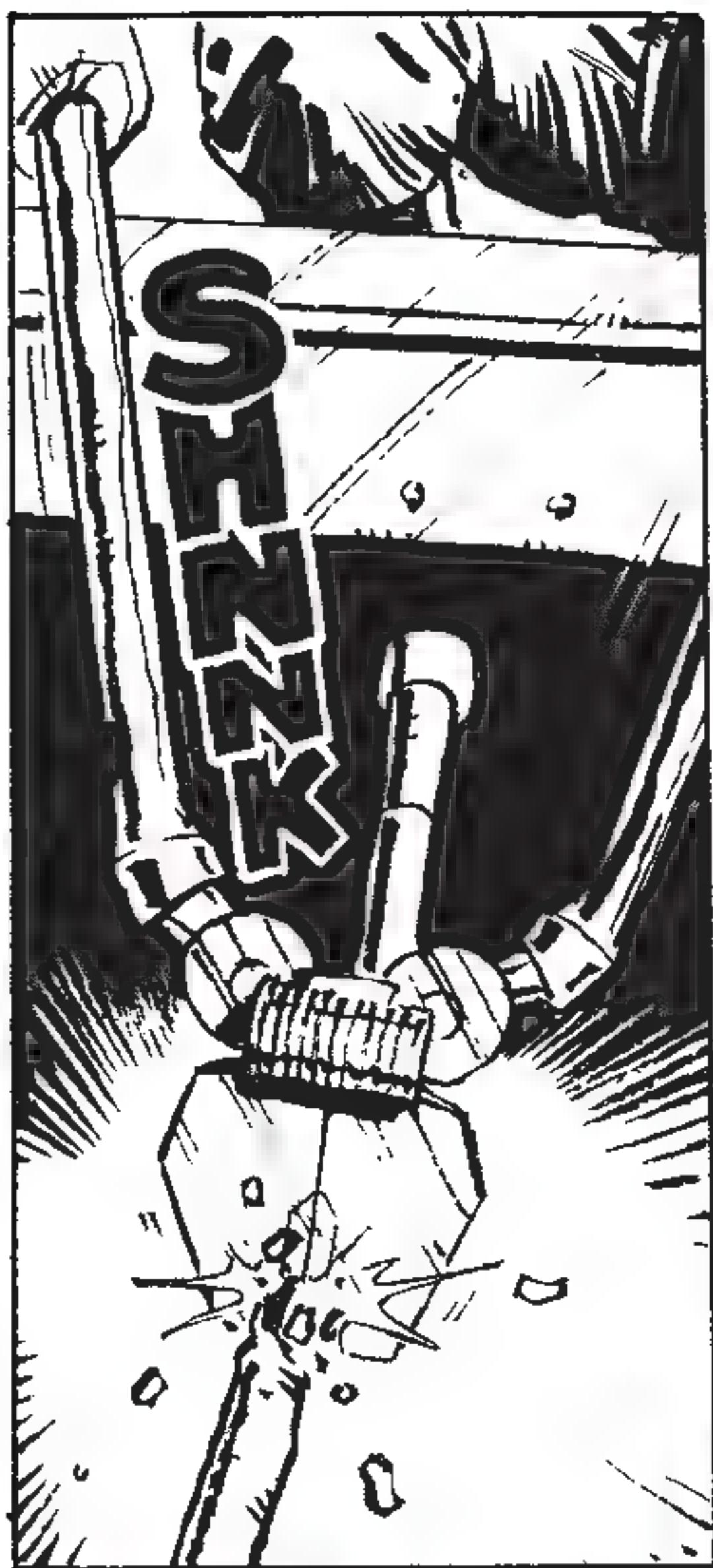
BUT WHAT COULD YOU DO? PEOPLE HAVE TO LIVE SOMEWHERE. AND IF THAT SOMEWHERE HAPPENS TO BE A RATHOLE LIKE **SECTOR 27**, THEN SO BE IT.

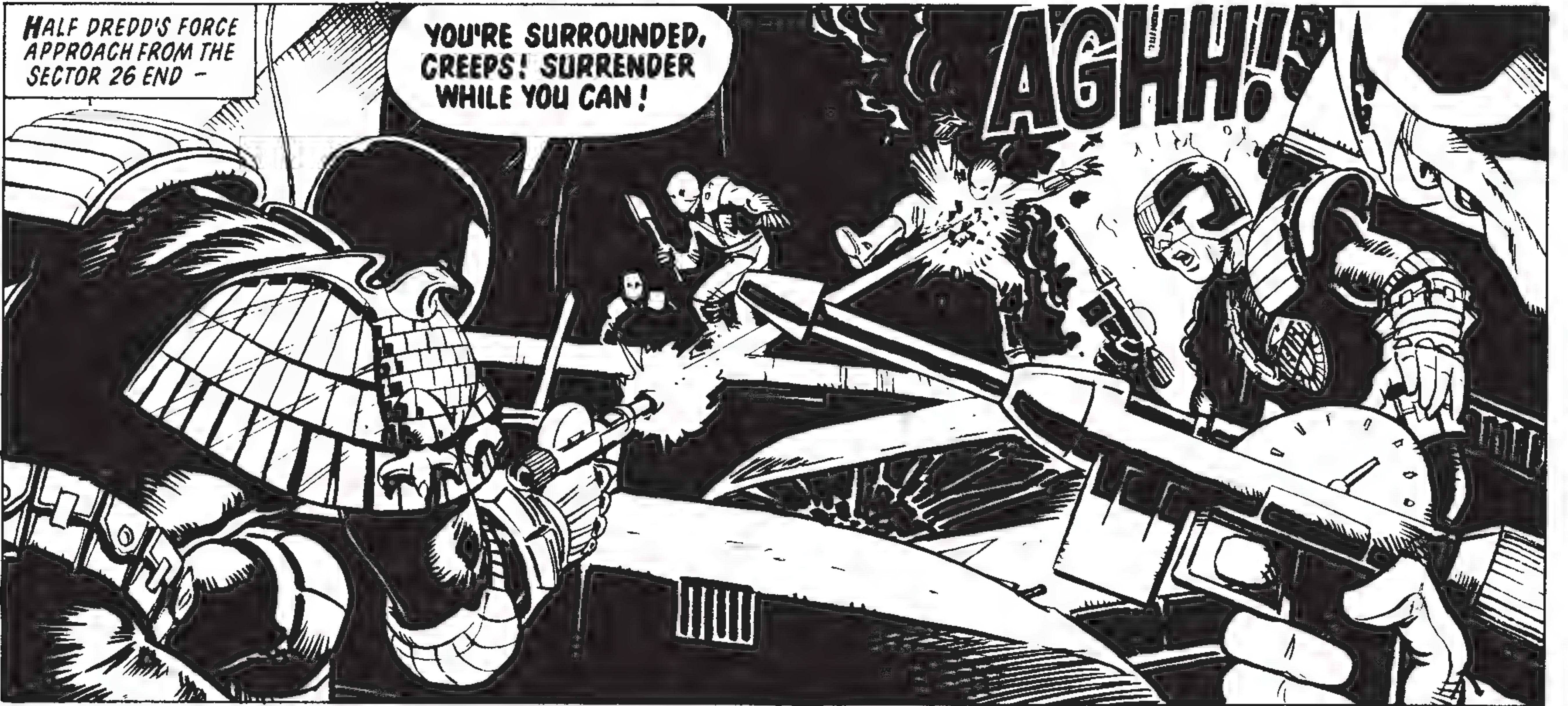
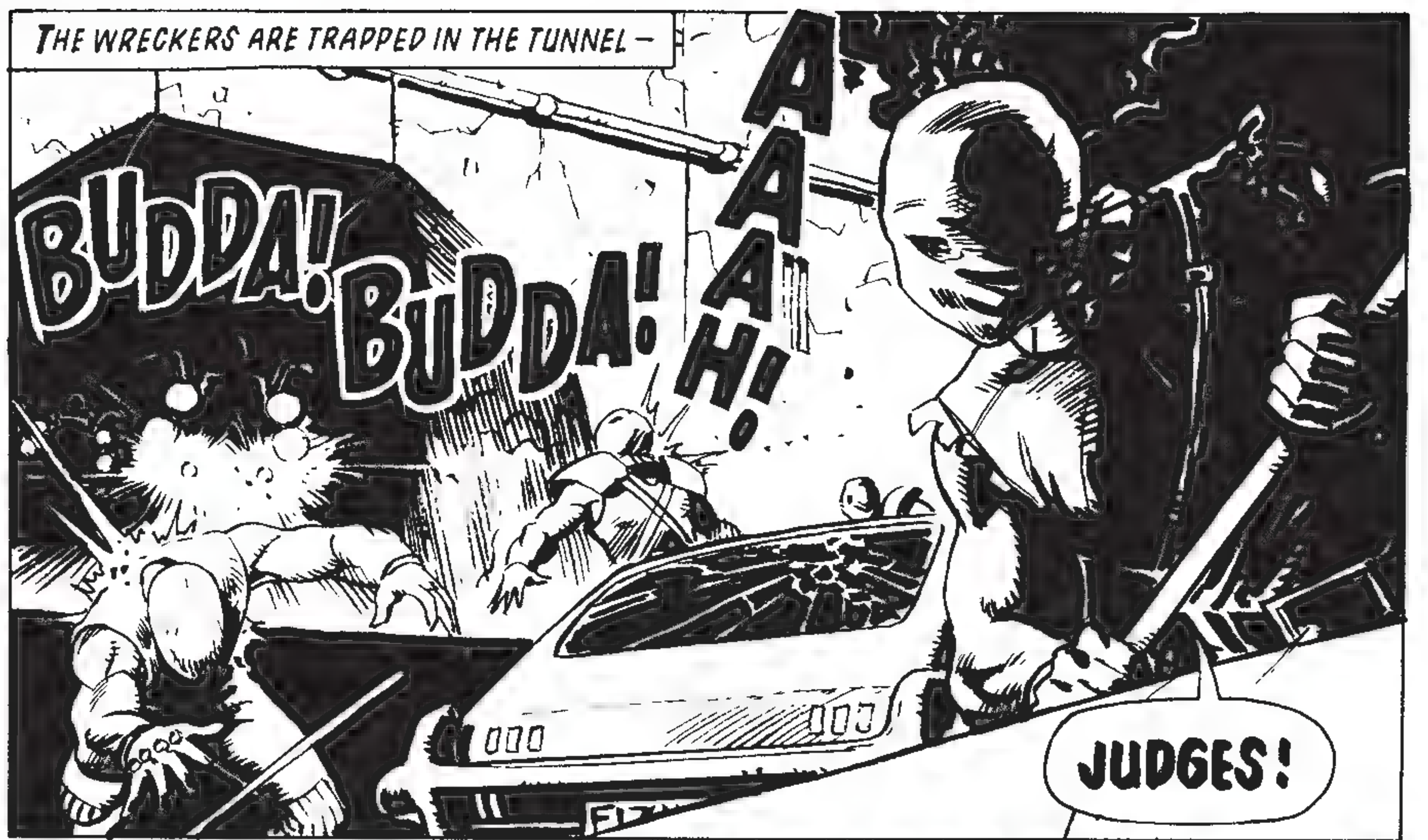
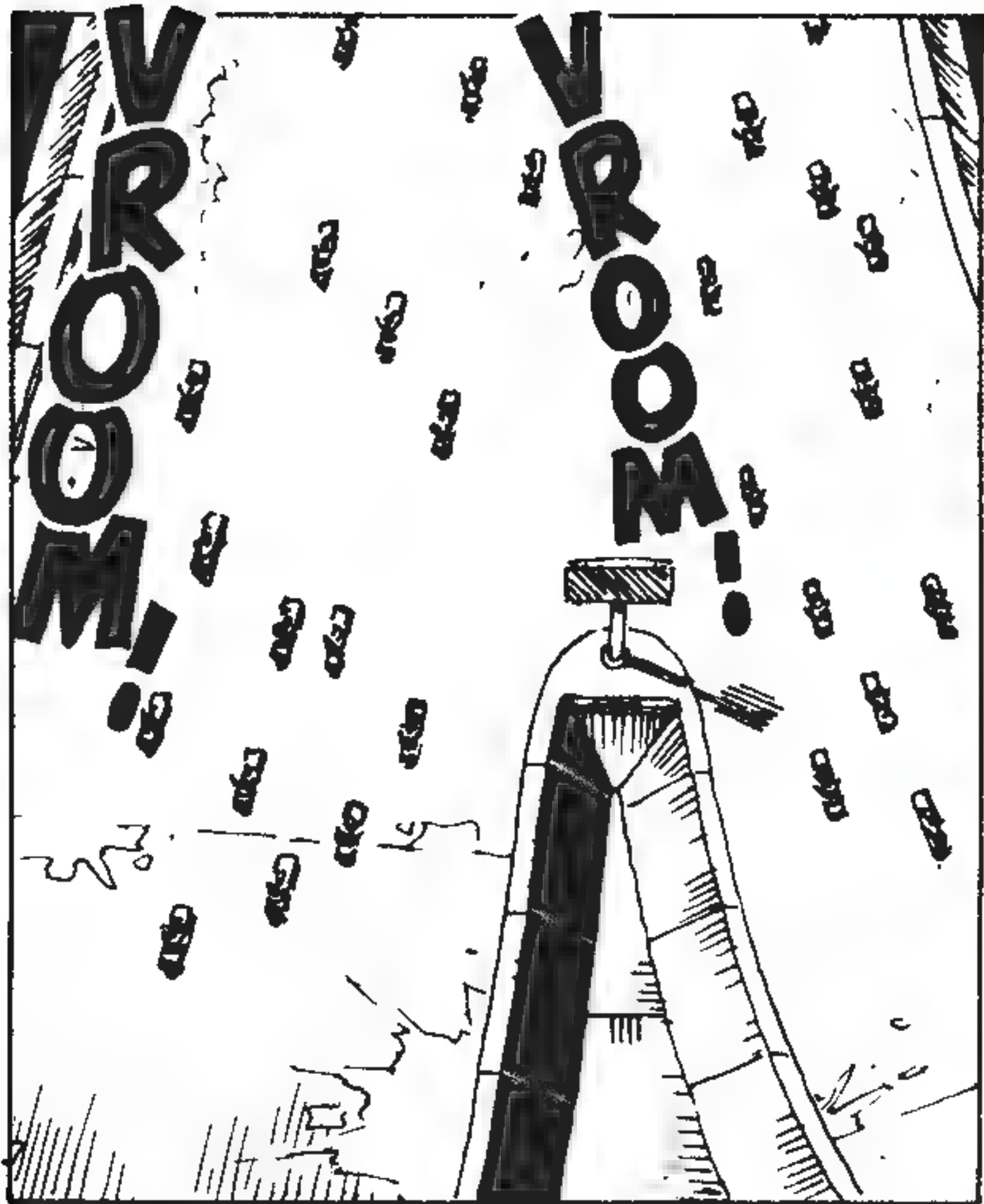


BUT DON'T EXPECT THE RESIDENTS TO **LOVE** YOU.

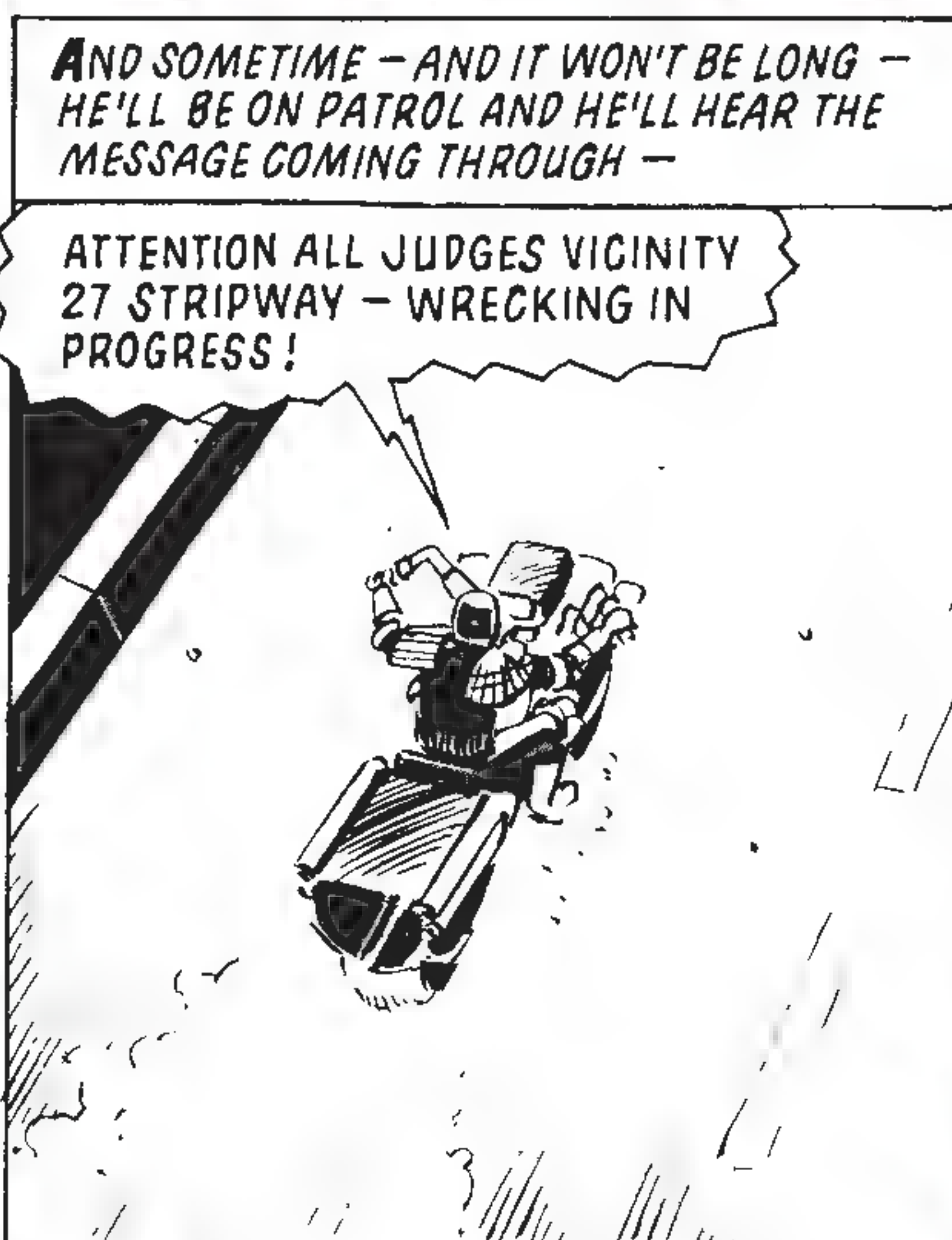
IN FACT, YOU PASS THROUGH **27** AND YOU CAN BET YOUR LIFE THOSE SELF-SAME RESIDENTS ARE GOING TO BE OUT THERE DOING THEIR **DAMNEDEST** TO **NAIL** YOU.











PROG 328
6 AUG 83

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

\$1.45
55c
52c
29p
80g
200g
60g
0.5g
100g
8g
0.1g

Malaysia
Australia
New Zealand
IR (inc. VAT)
Mercury
Venus
Mars
Asteroid Belt
Saturn
Neptune
Pluto

20p
EARTH
MONEY



I AM
THE LAAAAAH!



STEVE DILLON

PROG 342
12 NOV 83

THE SUSPECT

TALK!

2000 AD
FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

\$1.45 Malaysia
55c Australia
52c New Zealand
31p (R inc VAT)
80g Mercury
200g Venus
60g Mars
0.5g Asteroid Belt
100g Saturn
8g Neptune
0.1g Pluto

20p
EARTH
MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY



WRITERS

With over 300 *2000 AD* stories to his name – not to mention over 250 *Daily Star Judge Dredd* strips – **Alan Grant's** prolific creative record speaks for itself. Outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, Grant is well-known to *Batman* fans following a lengthy run on various incarnations of the title, as well as his work on *Lobo*, *Tank Girl* and *The Terminator*. He has also adapted Robert Louis Stevenson's classic novels *Kidnapped* and *Doctor Jekyll and Mr Hyde* in Graphic Novel format with artist Cam Kennedy. His television work includes scripts for the BBC series *Ace Lightning* and *the Carnival of Doom*.

John Wagner has been scripting for *2000 AD* for more years than he cares to remember. His creations include *Judge Dredd*, *Strontium Dog*, *Ace Trucking*, *Al's Baby*, *Button Man*, and *Mean Machine*. Outside of *2000 AD* his credits include *Star Wars*, *Lobo*, *The Punisher* and the critically-acclaimed *A History of Violence*, which was made into an award-winning movie by director David Cronenberg.

ARTISTS

Steve Dillon is a fan-favourite *2000 AD* writer and artist, and the creator of both *Hap Hazzard* and the Irish Judge Joyce. His writing for the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes *Future Shocks* and *Rogue Trooper*, while Dillon's pencils have graced *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Bad Company*, *Judge Dredd*, *Harlem Heroes*, *Ro-Busters*, *Rogue Trooper* and *Tyranny Rex*. Dillon shot to international superstardom as a result of his work on DC/Vertigo's *Preacher*, co-created with *2000 AD*'s Garth Ennis, but he has also worked on *A1*, *Animal Man*, *Captain Britain*, *Deadline*, *Hellblazer* and *Punisher*.

As co-creator of *Judge Dredd*, **Carlos Ezquerra** designed the classic original costume as well as visually conceptualising Mega-City One. He also co-created *Strontium Dog*. He has also illustrated *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Judge Anderson*, *Tharg the Mighty*, *Al's Baby* and *Cursed Earth Koburn* amongst many others. Outside of the 'Galaxy's Greatest Comic', Ezquerra first illustrated *Third World War* in *Crisis* magazine, and has since become a regular collaborator with Garth Ennis, working on *Adventures in the Rifle Brigade*, *Bloody Mary*, *Just a Pilgrim*, *Condors* and *The Magnificent Kevin*. He also pencilled two special *Preacher* episodes.

Ron Smith drew many *2000 AD* stories including some of the epic *Judge Dredd* tale "The Day The Law Died." His other work for *2000 AD* includes *Chronos Carnival* and *Tales of The Doghouse*.

Cam Kennedy is another hugely popular *2000 AD* artist, having illustrated many *Judge Dredd* strips and co-created luckless wannabe creator Kenny Who? and the Taxidermist. A key early *Rogue Trooper* artist, he has also drawn *Batman/Judge Dredd: Vendetta in Gotham*, *Judge Dredd*, *Tharg the Mighty*, *Tharg's Future Shocks*, and *The V.C.'s*. His extracurricular work includes *Axel Pressbutton*, *Batman*, *Lobo*, *Nick Fury: Agent of S.H.I.E.L.D.*, and *Star Wars*.

One of *2000 AD*'s best-loved and most honoured artists, **Ian Gibson** is responsible for the co-creation of *The Ballad of Halo Jones* (with Alan Moore), and created Bella Bagley, an unfortunate character in Judge Dredd's world who fell head-over-heels in love with 'Old Stoney Face' himself! His work outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes *Chronicles of Genghis Grimtoad*, *Star Wars*, *X-Men Unlimited*, plus the designs for the TV series *Reboot*.

Kim Raymond illustrated various *2000 AD* strips including *Future Shocks*, *Judge Anderson*, *Judge Dredd*, *Strontium Dog*, and *Time Twisters*.

Since his Future Shock debut in Prog 37, **Brett Ewins** has been one of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic's most beloved artists. Co-creator of the classic *Bad Company*, Ewins has also contributed to *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Judge Anderson*, *Judge Dredd*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Ro-Jaws*, *Robo-Tales* and *Universal Soldier*. Beyond *2000 AD*, Ewins was a co-founding editor of *Deadline* magazine, and co-pencilled and inked the hugely acclaimed *Skreemer* series, which he co-created with writer Peter Milligan. He also created *Johnny Nemo*, which was released by Cybersia Publishing in the US.

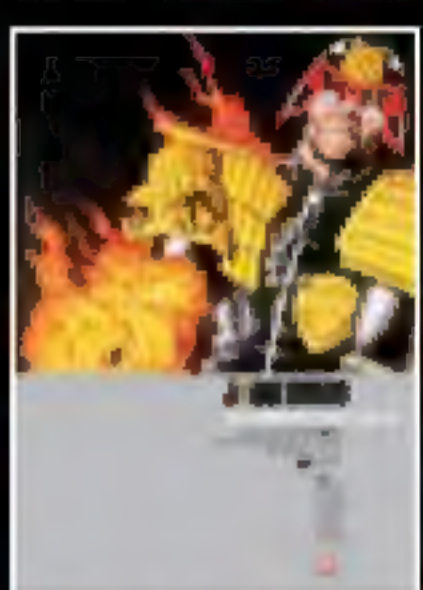
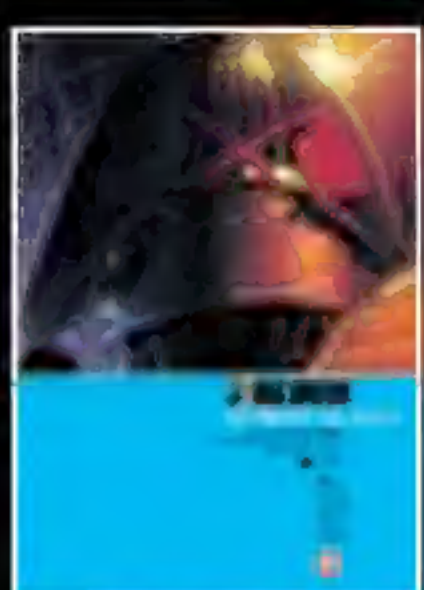
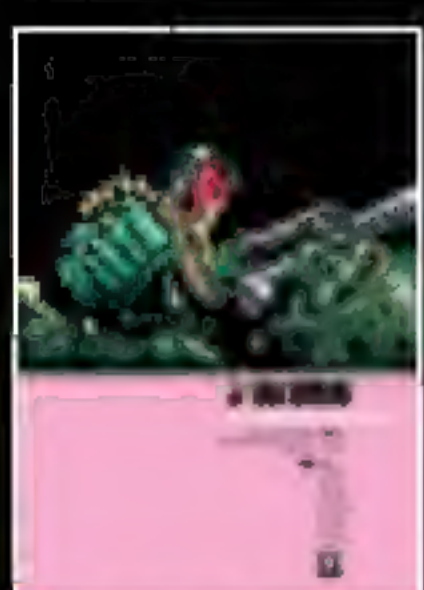
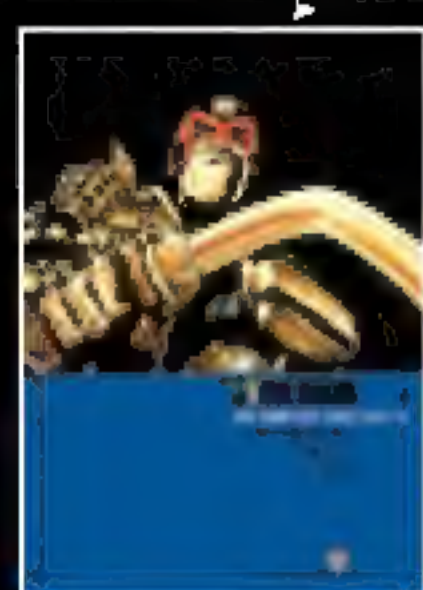
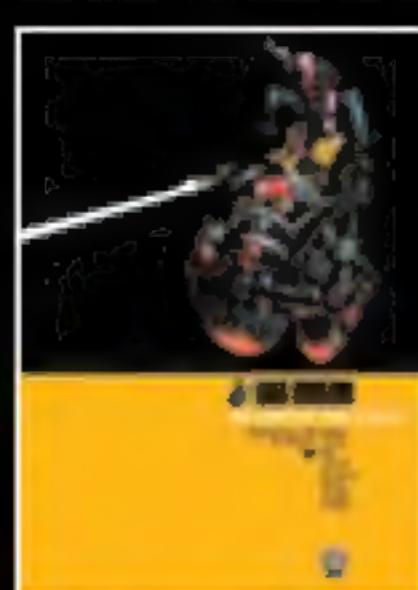
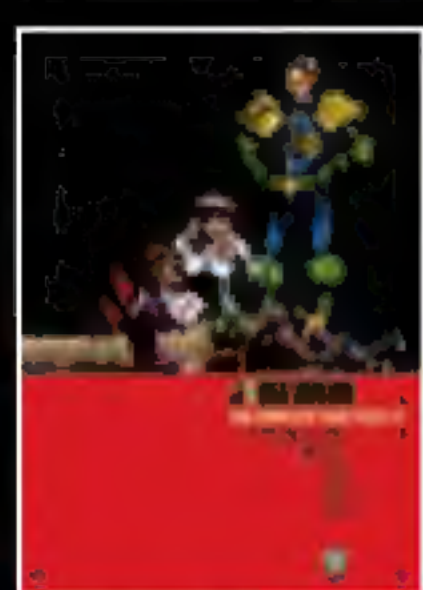
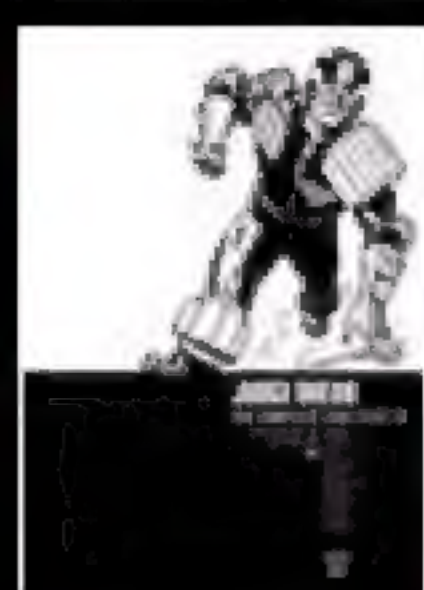
Jim Baikie is co-creator of one of the more lovable aliens to ever feature in the Galaxy's Greatest Comic – *Skizz*. In addition to co-creating the character Baikie has illustrated *Cursitor Doom*, *Future Shocks* and *Judge Dredd*. He also co-created the hard-hitting political superhero series, *New Statesmen*, in *Crisis* magazine, and contributed to *Warrior* magazine's *Laser Eraser* and *Pressbutton*. In the US, Baikie has contributed to the *America's Best Comics Sketchbook*, DC's *Blackmask*, Clive Barker's *Nightbreed*, *Deathblow*, *Electric Warrior*, *Tomorrow Stories* and *Vigilante*.

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